

DRUMMER

ISSUE 113

BOOTS

FETISH
FEATURE

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by TOM OF FINLAND

SCOTT TUCKER
Interviews
ETIENNE

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MR. DRUMMER 1987

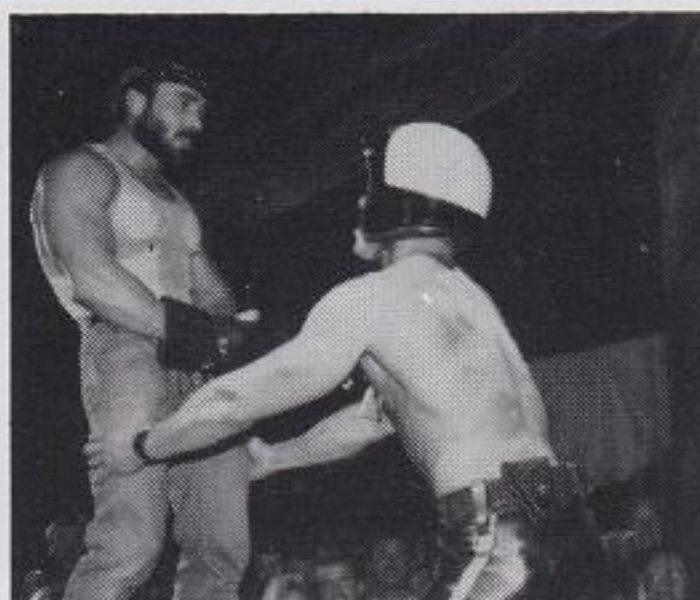
Mark Alexander and Peter Morrison

in a cop/leatherman toilet sex/safe sex scene that stole the show.

Mr. Carolinas Drummer has an erotic orgy with his breakfast.

Mr. Northern California Drummer breaks up a fag bashing and turns the tables on two hunky sailors.

Mark Tully, coverman for *Drummer 111*, gets his ass branded by Mr. Northwest Drummer and gets bullwhipped by the Whipsmaster. and much much more



MIKE
MURRAY

MR. DRUMMER 1986

Motorcycles and cops predominate in the fantasies in the contest that made Mike Murray Mr. Drummer 1986. But the real showstopper this year was a spectacularly erotic Martial Arts performance by JimEd Thompson and Chris Burns.



STEVE
REISWIG

MR. DRUMMER 1985

Mr. Drummer 1985, Steve Reiswig, takes the honors with a fantasy that involves AIDS and death and is still uplifting and erotic.



SONNY
KLEIN

MR. DRUMMER 1984

Ray Woods and Steve Reiswig do an impressive and very macho Big Bird number, but Sonny Klein takes the title with a spectacular high-ladder act.

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DRUMMER

ISSUE 113

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER

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Cover: A MAN AND HIS BOOT by Tom of Finland

Available as a signed, numbered, limited edition lithograph. \$60.00 + \$2 S&H; see ad page 51 for address and/or phone.

OFF THE TOP

by FLEDERMAUS

It was a cold winter day in Chicago, a few weeks before Christmas. Suddenly the doors burst open and in stormed dozens of men wearing SWAT uniforms and carrying automatic rifles. Several men and women, who had been going quietly about their business, were ordered to stay put and were kept covered by the heavily armed men. The building was searched from top to bottom and "secured." Then it was safe for some 40 federal agents to enter and begin a nine-hour search of the premises and intensive interrogation of every person found on the site.

A major drug bust? No. A crackdown on illegal weapons sales? No. A raid on a gambling den? No. An auto theft chop-shop? No. A major Mafia operation? No. A prostitution ring? No. The raid was on the offices of one of the major erotic video distributors in the country. The federal agents, both postal inspectors and FBI agents, showed the owner a search warrant that authorized them to look for and confiscate anything they wanted. They took a wide range of male/male videos, including most of the ones which depicted S/M, as well as a variety of heterosexual and vanilla gay ones, some of which have been on the market for many years.

During hours of intense interrogation, employees were asked for life histories, even including parents' names and addresses. The owner was told he would be charged under the Federal Racketeering laws, which could result in federal confiscation of his total assets. But the actual charges against him were sealed until mid-January so that he would not be able see them, or to begin preparing a defense, for at least a month after the raid.

The conservatives want courts and lawmakers to follow "original intent" when it comes to interpretation of the Constitution, but they don't seem to be bothered by such constraints when enforcing a law like the one that covers racketeering,



Photo by Royale Studios

POSING STRAPS, A FASHION FOR THE FUTURE: *This is one of Fledermaus' favorite photos from the early 60's, and VERY risqué for the time. With luck future censors will allow us to keep using photos of men in posing straps, though it is doubtful that this risqué bondage will be permitted.*

which was designed to snare drug dealers and organized crime activities that could not be cornered by other, more conventional, means. This was not an operation that feeds off the poor and downtrodden. No drugs are ruining person's lives. Nothing is being stolen. No one is being coerced into performing in, or buying, videos. No minors are involved in any way. The only offense is against some prude's morals. And the prudes just can't stand it that somewhere, someone, is having a good time watching an

erotic video!

It is probably not an accident that the Chicago raid was targeted at the distributor of the *Slave and Master* series of videos, the heaviest line of S/M videos available anywhere today. S/M has been and will continue to be one of the main bludgeons the blue noses will use, because they consider it to be the least defensible by the freedom-of-speech advocates. Unfortunately, much of the women's movement, and a lot of gay rights activists, are among those who agree. The leather-

S/M crowd is going to get the brunt of the censorship that has started, and which will increase unless we start yelling our bloody heads off.

The Chicago raid, with its patent overkill, was obviously designed to scare the pants off of everyone present. What did that huge SWAT team expect to encounter? Armed machine-gun nests defending the tape warehouse? Secretaries lobbing hand grenades? Crack-crazed junkies throwing knives from behind the addressograph? It's only purpose was to scare the shit out of everyone. This is what our federal tax money is going for! The kinds of tactics that used to be winked at when they were directed at "niggers" and other "undesirables" are apparently still perfectly acceptable when used against "pornographers" and "queers."

Very few pornography cases are actually won by the government agencies pressing them. Usually the accused is scared into pleading guilty, or if the accused is determined to press on, the authorities settle out of court, often demanding in return only that the accused drop countersuits against the police! THEY don't win, but oh the hell they can put you through in losing. THEY don't lose any money or time away from work or normal activities. THEY are only doing their job. It's the poor "weirdos" they persecute who get hassled and inconvenienced and lose money and time and energy—and often jobs and family. In the end, even if everyone is found completely innocent, THE PERSECUTORS have still won! They collect their pay check and go on to select the next victim!

One of the agents on the Chicago raid was heard to comment, "If God had wanted this kind of thing it would be in the Bible!" I wonder how many computer showrooms or airline ticket offices he has raided; after all, they're not in the Bible either. This is the mentality behind the persecution. We have got to STOP it. NOW! □

MALECALL

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO DRUMMER MALECALL
PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314

FINAL JERK-OFF

After reading the letter "Who is Jerking Who" by A.B. in issue 107 (which was a terse rebuttal to my major letter in #103, with editorial and postscript in #105), I decided to attempt contact with the writer . . . alias the Beast. This particular individual, I found, lived in Tucson and I began a regular correspondence with him by mail and phone.

After numerous conversations, I figured the guy just might be a real leatherman, so I approached the subject of visiting him while on vacation to see what developed. "No problem" was the reply. During the two months of contact (at least four letters and nearly a dozen phone calls) he had specifically implied that he was into leather, S/M, B&D, heavy mind-fucking and most important, my kind of potential animal training coupled with *safe sex*!

He also guaranteed me that he had the "perfect set-up," (a real stable and barn combination) since he lived past the city limits with his newly trained pet. In the correspondence, he implied he was a horseman who knew how to break the unruliest stud via whip and tack!

Well, readers!! There is no fool like an old fool! I took the bait . . . hook, line and sinker, traveling two-thousand-plus miles by train to meet this good old boy. (Keep in mind I was very explicit in our conversations about what I expected. Again he assured me that he was going to break me in the manner I chose.)

Arriving in Tucson I was met by a rather mousy-looking character, in a shirt and tie. With him was his lover (a man about 50+) and a young chicken, presumably A.B.'s pet he'd "trained." Well, looks can be deceiving and although A.B. was not dressed in leather (or denim) I decided to check it out.

Upon arriving at their home, I began to suspect that maybe I had been suckered again. Not only was I now in the company of closet queens, but the secluded "country" home with "set-up" turned out to be a trailer park with neighbors less than twenty feet away! The barn/stable that was promised turned out to be a cement block storage shed, crammed to the rafters with junk, with just enough pushed aside to cram in a metal bed.

While unpacking (I demanded the guest room in their trailer), I was offered the "pet" (resplendent in leopard G-string) for the remainder of the evening, which I declined. Exhausted after two and a half

days of train travel, I went to bed, *alone*.

The following morning I assessed the situation I had fallen prey to. Another whose own fantasies were greater than he could ever produce. From what I observed, A.B.'s "pet" manipulated and controlled his so-called master via pouting and tantrums. Let me remind you that in my lengthy conversations prior to going to Tucson, I made sure I wasn't going to come between lovers, etc. A.B. assured me he had his lover and his pet both under his control.

As for A.B.'s tactics via mind-control and animal training, he had no bona-fide stable, no tack, no leather, no bondage toys, and for the most part no interest in psychological leathersex. He tried unsuccessfully via "hypnosis" to get me to submit to his will, so I would be ripe for fucking . . . as an animal. I told him there were too many barriers and he just might as well forget it. I was totally turned off by his bullshit.

He and his roommates are very concerned about maintaining a proper image for the neighbors, so no one will suspect a thing. I was more than once chastised about my leather appearance and my obvious disregard for their paranoia.

After eleven days of this I decided to play a mind fuck game and pretend to "go under" in hypnosis. Under, I gave him a fictitious story of a prior affair. Finally I blew up at him and ordered him to take me to the "tubs" in Tucson and for him to pay for my stay there. I found out later I wasn't the first he'd done this to via his ad as Beast, but I was the first to demand compensation for my time wasted.

In closing I'd like to gripe a bit more to your readers. Hey guys, when someone advertises for a particular scene, don't play a con game. If you're not into S/M, etc., say so, but don't string a person along. When I've advertised for a real rancher, horseman, etc. with a real barn/corral for heavy S/M, B&D mind fuck sessions and I am explicit in my needs (animal training), with tack and toys, don't fuck around. Be honest with yourself and the ones you write to. If you dig leather as a fetish—say so . . . don't imply you're into anything heavier. Don't send phony correspondence, fake photos, or lie about your interests, your age, where you live, sexual turn-ons, etc.. If you have a particular fantasy, but don't have the balls to carry it out, be honest when you're writing . . . maybe the other guy just might help you

out. If the ad doesn't fit your needs . . . DON'T WRITE!

This very uncompromising man is still searching!

J.D./Milwaukee, WI

ORIGINS OF FASCISM

For some reason it is fairly easy to convince Italians that they are living in the middle of a Grand Opera. This is the origin of Fascism. The Califia-Witonski letters ignore this. Fascism is strictly an Italian phenomenon. The National Socialist or Nazi party was considered close enough to the Communist party that at one time A. Hitler allowed Communists to join easily. Thus Victor Sorge. Logically it would seem that the Fascists with their interest in uniforms would be a greater fetish object than the Nazis. It would be interesting to study the origin and types of fetishes, but this would require more honesty than is legal in today's society.

So JET's family goes back to the eighth century. I would watch him. Like Pooh-Bah, mine goes back to the preprotasmic atomic globule. I just can't trace it that far. Spontaneous generation was popular then, and it is impossible to rule out fallen angels (also quite popular at the time); of course, there would also be no record or understanding of some sort of extraterrestrial.

G.F.H./Los Angeles, CA

GERMAN GUILT TRIP

I would like to comment on that "NAZI" controversy between T.R. Witonski et al. I must admit, being German, I feel a bit ambivalent about anything connected to Nazi Germany. Don't get me wrong: rationally I understand what erotic potentials lie in all these accounts of prisoners and captives being subjected to every whim of their guards—and have read since my puberty a lot of those accounts, jerking off to the pictures of the bondage implements the SS used, and was both turned on and off by the accounts of the "medical experiments" the mad SS doctors made on their victims—but now I am several years older and have other experiences, other friends, etc. Especially "my other friends" play an important part in my slightly different point of view.

Let me tell you a bit about myself to help you understand my problem. After having

FLASH



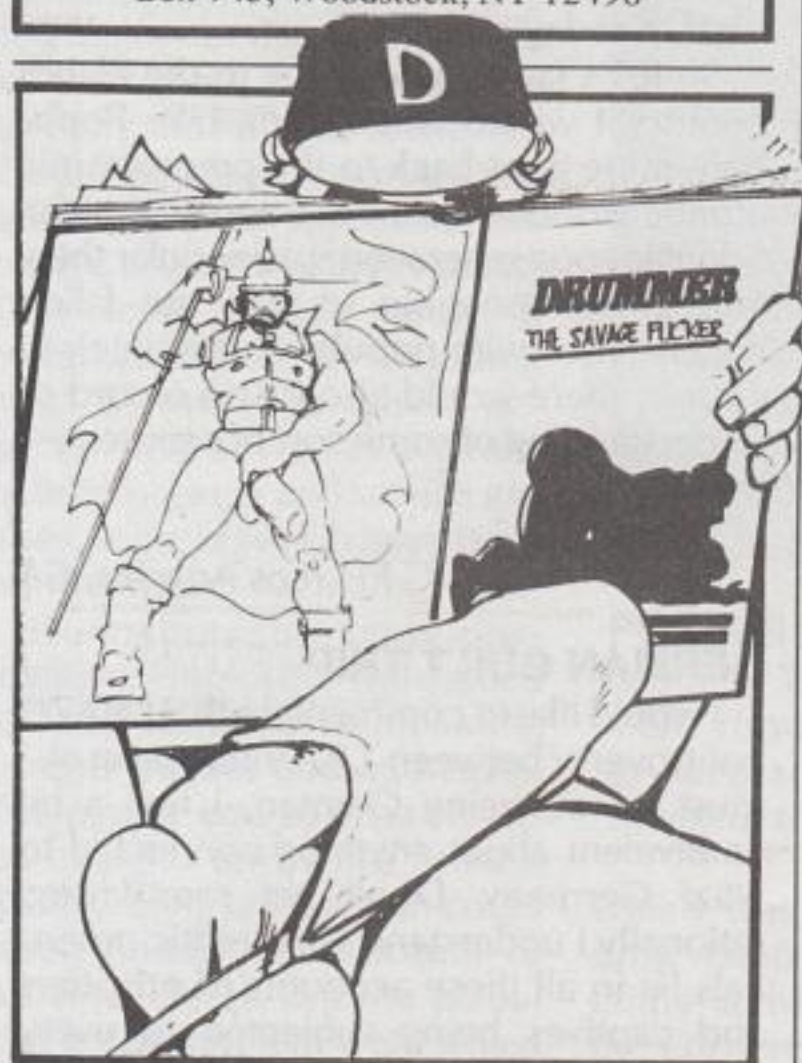
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finished my first studies I then specialized in the field of Jewish Studies, especially in Rabbinic Literature. That means that I have studied not only in Germany, but in Israel as well—and here is the point: since I have several very good friends that either were in Nazi camps themselves or lost part or all of their families there, I always feel a bit apprehensive or guilty to look at these woes as a sexual stimulant (they still are to me partly, openly admitted).

All these accounts of torture are somewhat unreal, as long as it happens elsewhere or in some long-gone times, but this is still part of my actual history, though I myself was born after WWII and the 3rd Reich. As long as victims live and suffer from their memories, it is part of my present life. That certainly doesn't mean that I don't feel a very distinct stirring in my cock whenever I hear or read about sexual or even plain Nazi torture. I have the feeling that I shouldn't allow myself to get turned on by my friends' sufferings. I know that this is stupid, since after all it's the same with torture accounts of other people, but then those "other people" are not close friends. I don't know if you can understand my hang-ups (and you may know people, even Jews, that don't have these hang-ups). I simply wanted to tell you about my feelings. Probably I would look at this differently if I were a Jew myself. I think it is more a question of taste and style than anything else. Rationalization...? I wonder...

B.S./Oberhausen, West Germany

AGEISM REIGNS SUPREME

On Saturday, November 14th, my lover and I had just finished touring Washington D.C. and couldn't imagine a better way to cap off the day than to visit the capital's largest leather bar, the D.C. Eagle. After wandering to the top, we stopped in at the second-level bar. Dressed in leather, we were happy to see a bar that we thought was going to welcome us. Instead, after dropping a twenty on the bar, we were ignored. We were overwhelmingly ignored, the bartenders stared us down and turned away.

My lover and I were quite shaken, why had we been so obviously shunned? Maybe in someone's mind it seemed right not to serve us. However, the experience is too similar to many that I've had trying to

interact in the leatherworld. Once again I felt that my lover and I had been discriminated against because of our age. I am twenty-three and my lover is twenty-one but we are leathermen in every way.

I have been the GMSMA's youngest member and have walked with these fine men at the March on Washington. Most importantly, I know what S/M is for myself and know that this is all one needs to know to be a real leatherman. Unfortunately, I am a communal being and, with the exception of the members of the GMSMA in New York who represent some of the most open-minded and accepting attitudes, the leather community has often closed its doors to the younger members. Ageism reigns supreme.

AIDS has driven so many young gay men back into the closets, that I find it appalling that the leather society gives such a hard time to its younger associates. The leather community has got to give up its fervent separatism. If not, the strides in sexual freedom will be lost. Our community will splinter even more and the society that is S/M will wither. There are as many young men interested in S/M as there were ten years ago; probably more young men are aware of S/M than ever before. Their choice to enter the gay leather culture will not be possible if the present leather community continues to turn its back on younger members.

M.W. & P.L./Philadelphia, PA

D.C. EAGLE REPLIES

It seems hard to believe that any leathermen would be ignored at the D.C. Eagle, especially in the 2nd floor Levi/Leather bar. Of course a Saturday night Levi/Leather couple and a \$20 bill on the bar are rather regular events on any night, especially Saturday nights. Our bartenders have many years of experience with the Eagle here in Washington and certainly do not have time to ignore, much less stare at, anyone on Saturday night... of all nights.

Richard A. McHugh/Owner/D.C. Eagle

DRUMMER COVER-UP

I wonder how many newsstand issues of *Drummer* have not been sold because the title of the magazine is obscured due to the cover model's head blotting out a

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recog-

nized safe-sex—as well as safe-and-sane—play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products. □

good portion of the title. Walking past a newsstand and seeing only an obscured title does not contribute to sales, I should think. Mainstream publications rarely hide their names under the cover illustration. With the name obscured, it is impossible to see it from a slow-moving car and very hard to read from a pedestrian's normal walk. Don't hide your light under a cover photograph.

Drummer #110 has the name not in the traditional bright red/orange but in silver. There is no law that says the title must be in red/orange, but, like Pavlov's dogs, *Drummer's* readers have become conditioned to expect that color on the magazine, and I wonder how many sales you will lose from people who at newsstands look for the color as a primary means of finding the magazine (especially helpful since the full title is hidden by the cover photograph) and will pass over the silver color, not recognizing it (and not being able to read the title easily). We can all become unconditioned, I suppose, but if you got a good thing going, why change it? A change does not mean progress.

J.R./New York, NY

Ed.: Most of our readers who do not receive Drummer by subscription seek out the magazine each month. Few people, even those who have never heard of Drummer, could not decipher our

banner, in whatever color it might be.

The issue #110 banner color of silver was picked because the background for the cover photo was a burgundy. Our traditional red/orange colors would have clashed hideously. Apparently our readers thought the color pleasing—the issue sold well.

—JET

FANTASIES AND REALITIES

A long overdue note to congratulate you in your not-so-new role with *Drummer* and the many improvements made.

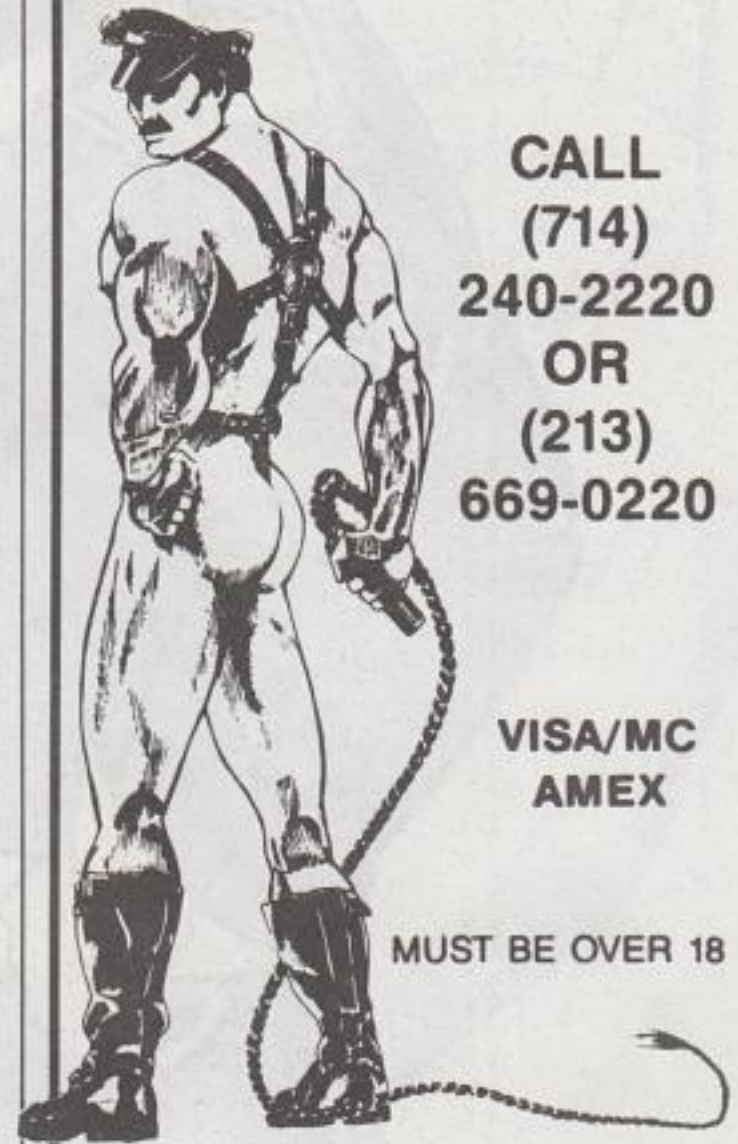
Articles like "Ties That Bind" keep our feet on the ground while our minds and actions run wild with the hot fantasies and photos found in *Drummer* and *Mach*. Keep it all cumming.

As a Daddy/Top, I have wondered if there is a correlation between masochism/slavery and low self-esteem. I have not noticed it in my relations with bottoms or as a bottom; in fact, I believe the opposite to be the case. Since S/M is a mental as well as physical trip, one should be aware of potential problems that might exist. Perhaps Guy Baldwin would address this subject.

Also want to thank you for the Club Listings, I rely on them a lot. It appears that the Wisconsin clubs not listed should get on the ball.

J.M./Green Bay, WI

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CHA

by Gabriel

Christ, not again.

My brain is exploding in pain. Every cell in my body feels like it is being blown into tiny fragments. It always feel like this. Something like getting hit by lightning while having an epileptic seizure.

Jed's dick is buried deep in my ass, eleven inches of thick, hard cock reaming out my butt. I don't want to cum, I want it to last much longer, but my body betrays me. The electricity hits me, always upon orgasm, and everything changes . . . everything.

The only way to prevent the change is to never have an orgasm. This time I've lasted longer than ever, but still, it is happening again. The shocks are making my hair stand on end.

I have no one to blame but myself. I brought this on.

If only Jed hadn't been so attractive . . . if only his dick hadn't been so incredible . . . if only I had the will power to resist.

Jed's fat dick is unloading deep inside my bowels. The warmth of his jism heats my butt wonderfully, but adds to the electricity that will ultimately bring about the change.

Consciousness slips from me slowly, in the throes of my orgasm. Jed collapses on top of me, my own cum coating both our bodies.

*

As always, I don't recognize my surroundings when I wake.

There's a knock on the door. "Wake up, Mr. G. Breaking fast in fifteen minutes."

It's the soft, melodic voice of someone's kindly mother. The landlady, perhaps. "Mr. G." . . . well, she knows my name. No matter where or when I find myself, my name is always Gabriel. Sometimes it's my first name, sometimes my last, and once it was my middle name, but it is always the name by which I am known.

Gas lamps. Pre-electric light. A glance out the window shows an outhouse in the yard. Pre-indoor plumbing. The clothes set out for me suggest the mid-nineteenth century.

I need to see a newspaper. Find out the exact date, and more importantly, where I am.

Jed is still haunting my thoughts, and his cum is still dripping out of my ass. I wish I could have brought him with me, but he won't even be born for another couple hundred years.

Christ, I hate this. I wish I knew why it happened, but even after all this time, I still haven't figured it out. I'd love to settle down, fall in love, and live happily ever after, but no. The change keeps that from ever happening. Every ejaculation and I'm somewhere else, sometime else. I'll never get used to it.

I dress and head to the outhouse. In the yard I meet a very attractive man, in his late twenties. Dark wavy hair, and a full mustache, atop a muscular frame of about five foot ten. He recognizes me instantly, and while his face is somewhat familiar, I cannot place it in my travels.

"Gabriel, joining us for breakfast today? Or is Seward keeping you too busy to eat?" his rich, deep baritone voice asks me.

Seward!!! With that name, my eye catches the unfinished dome of the United States Capitol Building. I am in Washington, D.C.,

THE NGE

sometime before the 1870s, when the dome was completed.

"Mr. G., Mr. B.! Come in and eat."

"We'll be right there, Mrs. Surratt," my "friend" calls back.

I wait until the others sit down, so I know which seat is mine. Mrs. Surratt sits at the head of the table, with a young woman at her right, obviously her daughter. To her left sits Mr. B., so I take the seat on his other side, instinctively knowing not to sit at the empty end of the table, set for the absent Mr. Surratt.

There is a newspaper by each place, *Washington Herald*, Thursday, April 13, 1865.

Mr. B. distracts my attention from the newspaper. His hand is on my knee under the table.

"So, is Seward letting you have the day off tomorrow?" he asks.

Personal questions are always a problem after the change. I try to appear as if I have an idea of what's going on, but of course, I don't.

"I haven't checked the schedule yet. I'm not sure." It sounds lame to me, but no one else at the table seems to be aware of my discomfort.

Mr. B.'s hand starts making its way up my thigh, its warmth stimulating my skin under the twill of my trousers. My dick starts to engorge itself with blood, and rises.

"Is he still bedridden?" Mrs. Surratt asks me.

"Who?" I ask in return.

This was a mistake. Mrs. Surratt looks at me funny. "You told us that Seward was in bed with influenza. Is he still?"

Mr. B.'s hand is on my crotch.

"I won't know until I get to work. If he is, I'll probably be busy tomorrow." The save has worked.

Mr. B. deftly undoes the buttons of my trousers, and starts to give me a practiced hand job under the table, out of sight of Mrs. Surratt and her daughter.

His fingers gently caress the head of my penis, causing the entire shaft to grow even harder with the excitement.

"You will be able to handle Johnson tomorrow night, won't you?" The query comes from the younger Surratt.

"Of course I will." What the hell are they talking about?

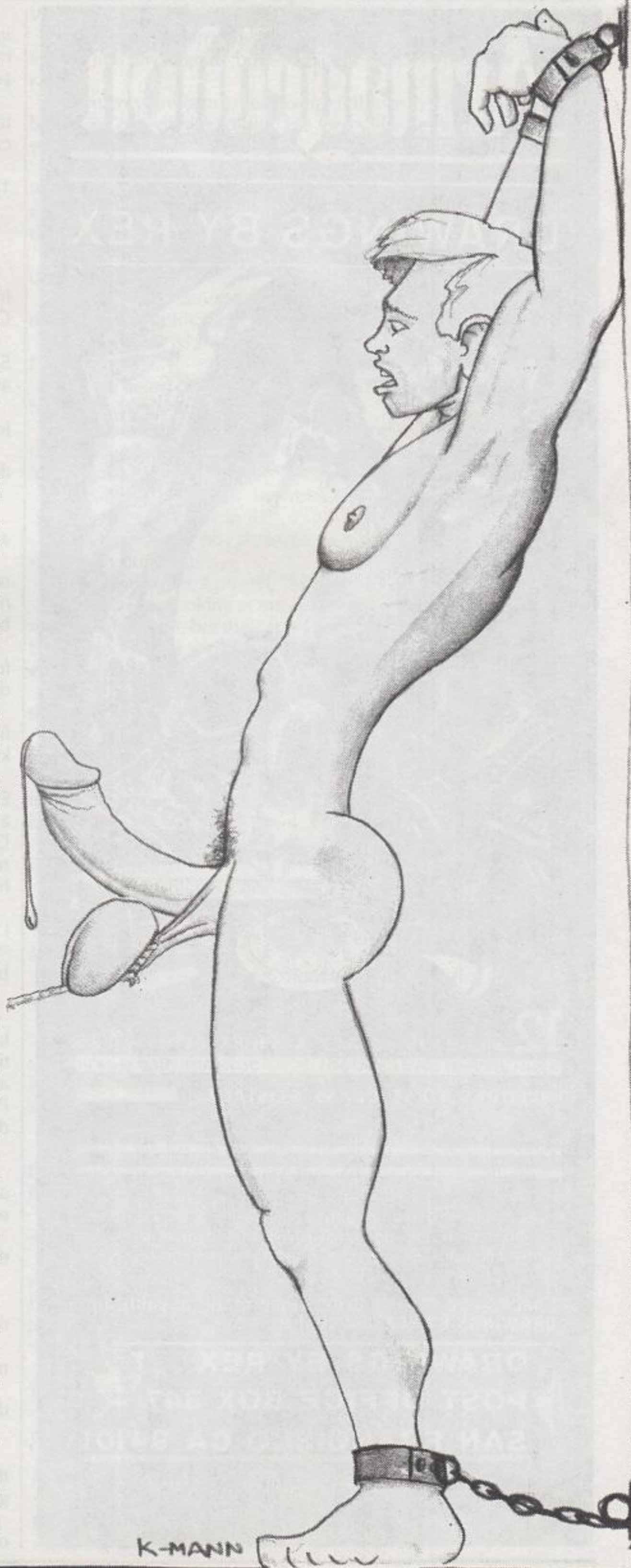
Mr. B.'s fingers are expertly manipulating my cock, and I can feel an orgasm starting to build. If he brings me off, I'll be out of here. Close . . . close.

Outside, a bell is ringing.

"That must be your carriage, Mr. G." Mr. B. manages to get my rock-hard dick back into my trousers, and with the same agility it took to unbutton my fly, he buttons it. No orgasm, just blue balls, and I am still here.

"FOURTH DAY OF PEACE" the headline rings as I read the paper in the carriage.

A front-page article tells me that Secretary of State William Seward has been in bed ill all week, and his assistant, Undersecretary of State Louis Gabriel, is in charge of the State Department in his absence.



Armageddon

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Undersecretary of State of the United States of America. I'm impressed with myself. In about two hundred years, Jed is going to rag on me for being a Nuclear Dildo Repairman. If only he could see me now.

Another article tells me that President and Mrs. Lincoln will be taking General and Mrs. Grant to the theatre tomorrow night, to celebrate the long-awaited peace.

President Lincoln . . . the theatre . . . tomorrow, Friday, April 14, 1865.

It hits me like the proverbial ton of bricks.

I was wanked at breakfast by John Wilkes Booth.

*

Tomorrow, Good Friday, shortly after 10 p.m., "Mr. B." is going to put the heaviest bullet in American history into the brain of the Great Emancipator.

At about the same time, an assailant will attack the bedridden Secretary of State, but will be unsuccessful in the murder attempt.

A third man will be sent to assassinate Vice President Andrew Johnson, but for some reason, won't get there.

Oh my god . . . I'm supposed to murder the Vice President of the United States.

*

No sooner have I found my office at the State Department, than a young man comes in.

Tall—very tall—six three or more. His hair is unkempt, but other than that he is impeccable. His suit is very closely tailored, much closer than the styles of the times dictate. A large bulge brings my attention to his crotch.

Sexuality drips from him. With a sensual grace usually reserved for gazelles, he lowers his lanky frame into the chair in front of my desk.

He speaks to me with the kind of informality that only close friends use with each other. The hardest part of the change is not knowing anyone, when they all seem to know you.

"I've got to escort the Senate Reconstruction Committee to the Executive Mansion, but I'll be back in time for lunch. Will you be around?"

Desperately hunting around the desk for something that may help me answer this question, I locate a daily schedule in my own handwriting.

"I'm going to Seward's house to report to him this morning, but I should be back for lunch."

"Good." He starts to rub his crotch. "I wish we had time now, but I have to get to the Senate."

*

As luck would have it, Secretary Seward is so drugged up on laudanum, I could tell him that I was born in 1961, and have been time travelling for some eleven years of my life, every time I have an orgasm, and he wouldn't notice that I wasn't talking about the Pope's condemnation of Jefferson Davis, or the French ambassador's visit.

*

When I get back to my office, the man is there. I still don't have any idea who he is, but his cock is out of his pants before I can even get the door closed.

"On your knees, Mr. Undersecretary." His voice, so pleasant this morning, is now rough and demanding.

"Now!" he growls at me.

I hit the floor quickly, and with such force I think I have dislocated my knee.

His hard, uncut pole juts out from his trousers and is waiting for my tongue.

I start at the tip, lick around the hole at the end, and suck under the foreskin.

A low moan comes from deep inside the handsome stranger. The cock feels so good in my mouth. I dart my tongue around the shaft, as inch after inch of his meat disappears into my gullet.

It's a good-sized cock, about ten inches long, with a loose, overhanging foreskin. It is also very, very thick, strangely so, in

comparison with his lean build.

He begins to sway his hips, driving his huge phallus in and out of my mouth, getting deeper and deeper with each stroke, until I choke and spit the cock out.

His right hand slams into the left side of my face with enough force to know me off balance.

"Where are they?" he screams at me.

"Where are what?" I ask.

The left hand slams into the right side of my face, knocking me in the other direction. Pain envelops my head.

"If you don't know by now, you're more worthless than I thought." The venom in his voice poisons the air. I am frightened, but excited. My own hard-on presses against the rough material of my trousers, longing to be freed.

"They're in their usual place."

He buys it. After eleven years of this, you figure out ways to keep people from noticing that you don't have an iota of an idea of what's going on.

He walks to my desk, pulls open the bottom drawer, and retrieves two pairs of prison shackles, wrist and ankle, and a bullwhip.

"Strip," he says quietly.

I have never removed my clothes faster. In seconds, my wrists and ankles are shackled, and the first crack of the whip slashes across my shoulder blades.

Naturally, I scream . . . loudly.

"Shut up!!" another whiplash cracks across my back, as I try to stifle my yells. Harder and faster he lashes the whip at me, for what seems like hours, each lash hurting less and exciting more. When he finally stops, my entire back, from buttocks to shoulders, is one large welt.

He moves in front of me, pushes me to my knees, and shoves his entire ten inches straight down my throat without any consideration for how I feel about it.

He fucks my mouth powerfully for nearly the same amount of time he whipped me. Finally, I feel his thick cock get even thicker in my throat, and he starts pumping gallons of cum right into my belly.

He tucks his dick back into the pants he never removed and kisses me passionately on the lips.

"I love seeing you in chains, Gabriel, you look just like one of the slaves my father freed."

My erection is painful, and I long to relieve it, but I don't dare. If I do, there will be no chance of my saving Abe Lincoln's life.

*

"Ford's Theatre," Mrs. Surratt chimes in.

At a meeting of the conspirators, Booth is explaining how he had planned to assassinate the President at the State Theatre, where "Aladdin" is playing.

Mrs. Surratt continues, "The evening edition said that the Lincolns and the Grants are going to see 'Our American Cousin' at Ford's, instead of 'Aladdin.'"

Booth winces. "Our American Cousin" is an old, dated, cornball comedy. Laura Keane has been touring with it for over fifteen years. However, Ford's Theatre is better for the plan than the State Theatre. Booth and John Ford have been friends for many years, so he'll have no problems getting in, and the theatre is closer to the bridge into Virginia, making escape easier.

Booth throws a glass vial at me.

"Arsenic," he says as I catch it.

"Johnson knows you, he'll think you're just coming over to discuss policy. Slip this in his bourbon, and he won't have time to swallow."

*

First thing in the morning I set out in search of Colonel Lafayette Baker, Chief of the National Detective Police, later known as the United States Secret Service.

His office is in a building behind the boarding house in which I am supposed to kill Andrew Johnson later in the day.

The door is unlocked, and I walk into the last thing I ever would have expected to see on the other side of an unlocked door in

Washington City in 1865.

Lee may have surrendered to Grant at the Appomattox Court House five days earlier, but in Colonel Baker's office the war still rages.

A torn grey uniform in the corner tells me that the naked blond boy is a Confederate soldier. He looks like he is about eighteen years old.

The boy is standing against the wall in a crucifix position, his wrists and ankles shackled to the wall behind him. A rope tied around his testicles stretches in a taut line to a spike impaled in the stone floor.

Baker is wearing a full dress uniform, with a huge cigar sticking out of his mouth.

Circular burns around the rebel's nipples are proof that Baker does more with his tobacco than just smoke it.

The Colonel is a big man. Not tall, not fat, big. Muscular. Powerful.

A heavy beard doesn't quite hide the harshness and brutality of his rough features.

"Mr. Undersecretary," he says to me, never looking away from his prisoner, "have a seat for a few minutes while I finish interrogating this rebel."

He pulls the cigar from between his lips, and starts to burn the boy's pubic hair off with it.

The Confederate boy screams, as his dick and balls get singed with each burnt hair.

"The war is over, Colonel," I inform Baker.

Without ever looking at me, Baker answers: "The Confederacy may be busted, sir, but their spies are still rampant in our city." His booted foot slams with incredible force against the young rebel's extended balls.

"Rebel scum!!!" Baker screeches as his gloved fist sends one of the boy's teeth flying across the room.

He unchains the boy, unties his balls, and bends his bruised and burnt body over the back of a chair.

Right in front of me, as if it were something he would do no matter who was in the room, Baker starts to push his fist up the boy's asshole.

No preliminaries, no lubrication. Baker doesn't even go in one finger at a time.

No. He is pushing his clenched, leather-gloved fist against the young man's tightly closed sphincter.

The boy locates the strength to scream. His pain is obvious to anyone in earshot.

With all his might, the Colonel presses his fist against the unrelenting muscle.

I watch in awe of this spectacle.

Suddenly, the rebel's asshole gives way, and Baker's fist flies up the boy's ass with immense force. The boy's eyes seem to bug out, his mouth opens for a scream, but he is unable to produce a sound.

Baker starts to punch fuck the boy.

He pulls his fist all the way out, and sends it flying back at breakneck speed. The rebel's dick squirts its juice all over the floor, and he passes out.

Baker pulls his fist from deep inside the unconscious boy's ravaged butt, and asks what I want.

Later, when the boy has regained consciousness, Baker signals two officers to take him away. Before he leaves, the Confederate boy turns to Baker and asks, "Will you please interrogate me again tomorrow?"

"No."

*

I go back to Mrs. Surratt's boarding house, confident that Colonel Baker and the National Detective Police will be able to stop Booth with the information I have given them. Baker and his department now know Booth's entire plan.

After a short meeting to go over the plan once more, I am heading to Andrew Johnson's lodgings. I have no intention of making an attempt on the Vice President's life, of course, but Baker suggested that I head over there, just in case Booth has someone watching me.

As I round the corner near Johnson's building, I am hit in the head from behind and black out.

When I come to, it is still daylight, and I'm in a cell in Colonel Baker's building, behind Johnson's boarding house.

Abraham Lincoln doesn't want to see "Our American Cousin." He and Mary have seen it twice before, and he thinks it is corny and not funny. Abe much prefers Shakespeare, having thoroughly enjoyed the Ford's Theatre production of "Julius Caesar" starring the Booth brothers, Edwin and John Wilkes, a few months earlier.

Mary, however, doesn't understand the classics, and loves the homespun comedy of "Our American Cousin." Abe can't figure out why, but he is taking her to see it again.

The Grants have cancelled. Julia Grant wanted to leave early to visit their daughter in New Jersey. After a dozen people, including their own son, Robert, decline the Lincolns' invitation, finally Senator Harris' daughter, Clara, and her fiancé, Major Rathbone, accept.

The Lincolns get to the theatre late, and the show is already in progress. John Ford holds the curtain for no one.

Abe isn't sorry. He had procrastinated while dressing, hoping to miss the dreadful first act.

As they walk into the theatre, the play stops, and the pit orchestra starts playing "Hail to the Chief." Mary loves the attention, but Abe just wants to get to his seat, so he can doze off while Mary enjoys the play.

Baker comes into my cell. "So, Gabriel, Booth never told you of my involvement."

Shit. I've got to get out of this cell.

"You see, John wanted an easy escape from Washington City, and I can provide it. We both want the same things."

"Lincoln's death? Why would an officer of the Union want Lincoln dead?"

"Old Abe wants to pardon the Rebs. He wants to give them all full citizenship, from Jeff Davis on down. These are war criminals, we can't treat them like people. They need to be tortured for what they did to our country. Lincoln refuses to see it this way, but Booth understands, and so does Ed Stanton."

Christ, so history recorded this backwards. Booth is not a Confederate; he wants Lincoln dead because the President is too easy on the Confederates!

I look at the Colonel. "Stanton is involved! Why? I understand that Lincoln and Stanton don't really like each other, but why would Stanton want the President killed?"

"Why, Mr. Gabriel, I would have thought that even you are intelligent enough to figure that out. With Lincoln, Johnson, and Seward dead, Stanton, being Secretary of War, will become President."

Stanton! I thought the Speaker of the House of Representatives was next in line to the Presidency, but suddenly I remember that the line of succession will change in 1947. The truth of 1865 is different from what I am going to learn in high school in the 1970s.

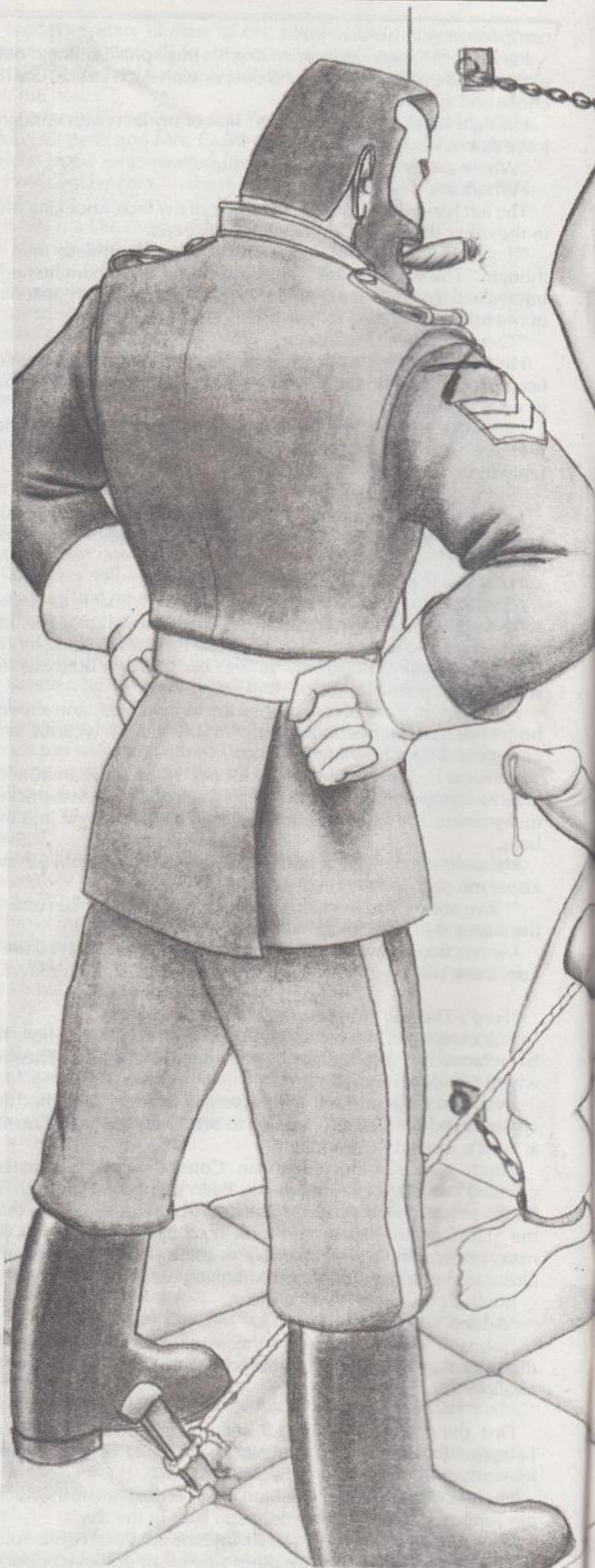
Booth hands the reins of his horse to Edward Spangler, a stage hand at Ford's Theatre, and tells him to have the horse waiting by the stage door.

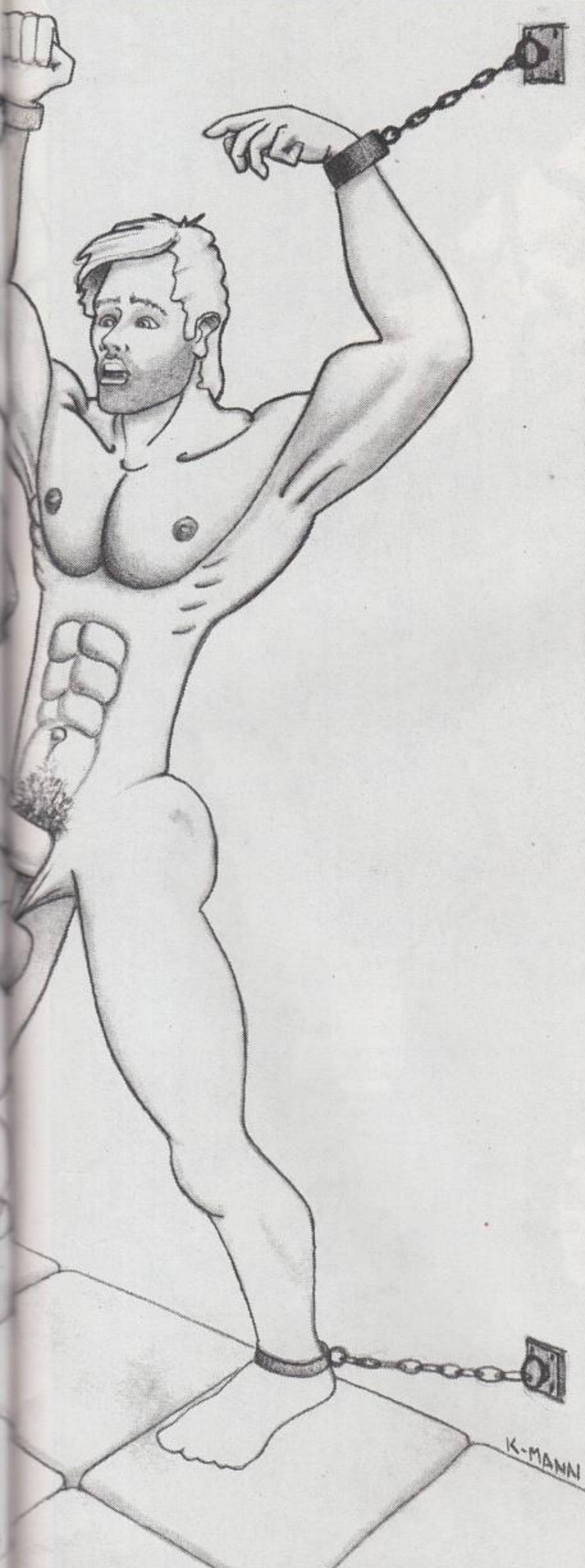
Baker ties my wrists behind me, binding them so tightly that I lose all feeling in my hands in a matter of seconds.

John Ford is sitting in the box office, reading the evening edition of the *Washington Herald*. He is happy that tonight is the last night of "Our American Cousin": its popularity has dropped and the new show, "The Octoroon," should prove to be a big draw. Booth stops in to say "hello," and the two of them play a few hands of cards.

With a sharp dagger, Baker cuts all my clothes off my body. I am standing in front of the burly man stark naked, except for the rope binding my wrists.

Booth excuses himself, saying he wants to go backstage and say





"howdy" to Harry Hawk, an old friend, who is playing Asa in the show.

Baker pulls his dick from the front of his uniform, and pushes me down to my knees.

Booth doesn't go backstage, but instead to the stairs that lead up to the stage left boxes. As he starts up the stairs, he puts his pistol in his left hand, and a dagger in his right.

Baker's dick is the largest I have ever seen. Even Jed's eleven incher would go limp from embarrassment in the present of this monumental hunk of flesh.

There is no guard posted by the door of the President's box. "Thank God for Lafayette Baker," Booth thinks to himself as he crouches to look through the hole he drilled in the box door this morning.

I can feel Baker's large hands pushing on the back of my head, forcing my mouth on the enormous piece of meat in front of me. My tongue finds the tip of his cock, and starts around it.

Booth can see the back of the President's head from the hole in the door. The First Lady is giggling like a school girl at the inane jokes in the play; the President is asleep.

Baker shoves the entire length of his cock down my throat in one strong movement. I can't breathe. He starts to fuck my face with a force that I have never felt before. My entire jaw aches, as the dick slides in and out of my face, beyond any control.

Booth quietly opens the door a crack. It isn't General Grant and his wife with the Lincolns. Booth is very disappointed. The chance to kill Grant as well as Lincoln was something he was hoping for.

Baker's cock explodes in my throat. Cum coats the inside of my belly, my throat, my mouth, and starts to dribble down my face and onto my chest, but the monstrous dick remains hard. Baker is not done with me yet.

Booth only has one bullet, and he made it himself. He has to do this right the first time, or he will never get a second chance.

I find myself face down on the cold stone floor of the cell. It is clear, Baker is going to shove that Washington Monument of a cock up my ass. From watching him with that rebel boy I know lubrication is not his style, and I try to prepare myself for the anal assault to come.

Booth lifts his pistol in his left hand, and steadies his aim, to shoot Lincoln directly in the center of his skull.

One hard shove, that's all Baker needs. His dick sinks into my butt all the way up to the balls in one long stroke. I know I am being torn apart. Baker has his lubrication—my blood.

Mary Lincoln whispers something to her husband, waking him. Booth steps back into the shadow, so as not to be noticed.

With each long stroke, as Baker's giant penis scrapes against my prostate, I can feel my balls begin to churn. My ass will be beyond repair when Baker is done.

The President starts to doze again, and once again Booth begins to train his gun on the back of Lincoln's head.

My brain starts to feel the lightning. Shit, the change is beginning again. I know I cannot keep getting my ass fucked like this without shooting my load.

Laura Keene and Harry Hawk are doing a droll little scene on stage. Booth waits for Keene to exit: the fewer people on stage, the easier to get out the stage door on the other side.

Baker doubles his speed, if that is at all possible. His huge battering ram is splitting my entire being wide open. I am lost in the buildup of orgasm, and the electricity of the change.

Laura Keene finishes her stage business and exits. Harry Hawk starts his monologue, alone on stage.

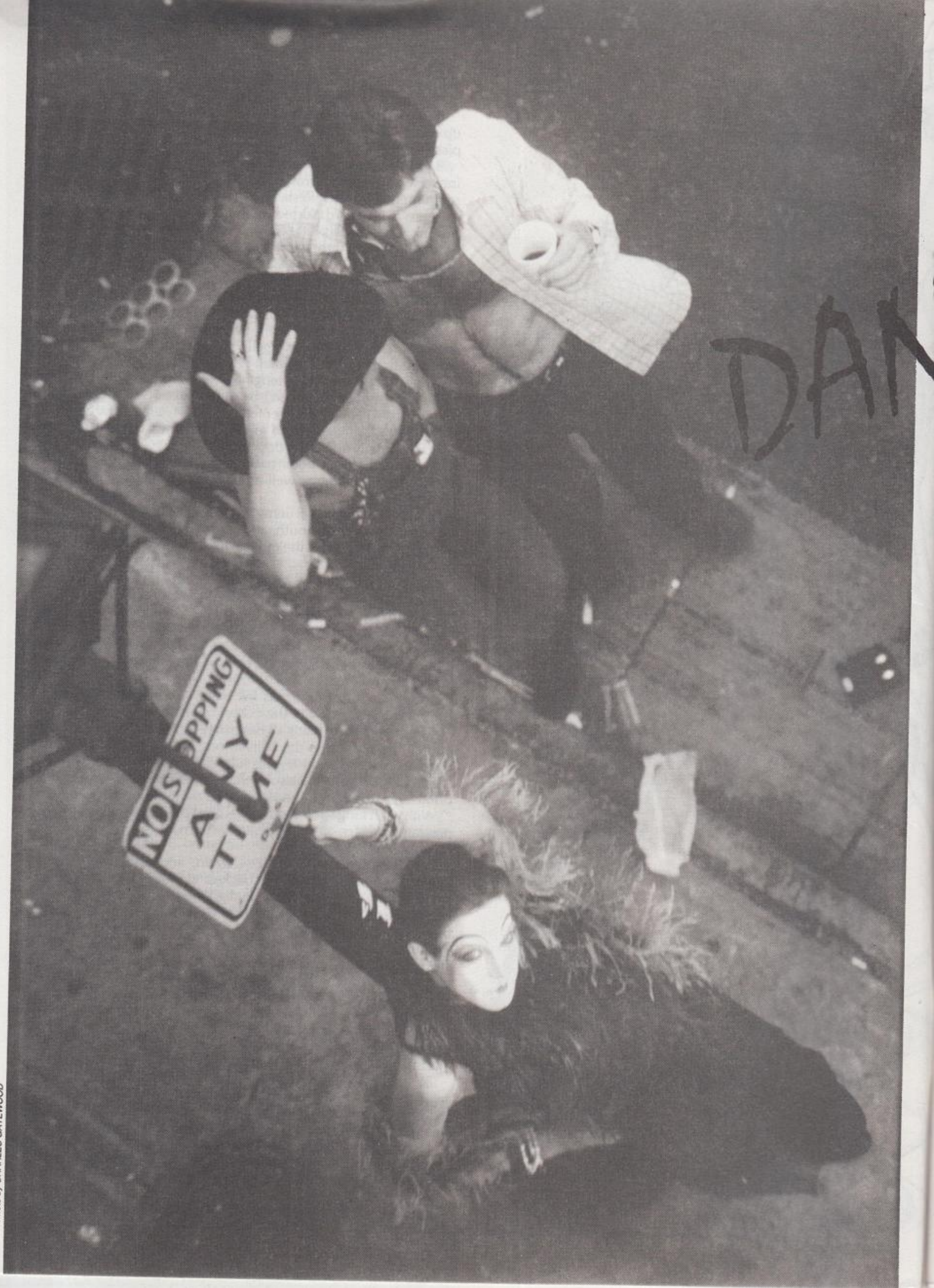
Baker starts to grunt on top of me. His orgasm is about to flood my ass. My own orgasm starts to shoot.

"This is it," Booth says to himself, and then he shouts. "Sic Semper Tyrannis!"

My orgasm floods the floor of the cell, and as I lose consciousness I know that John Wilkes Booth has assassinated President Abraham Lincoln.

*

As always, I don't recognize my surroundings when I wake. □



A GEROUS PLACE

by Bill Lee

I first saw him sagging against the wall of the empty elevator, his eyes glassy and far off, his faded levis patched and grimy, his sneakers scuffed and close to falling apart. He was a prime target.

My instincts told me that my night wasn't over yet. My lids were heavy but there was one more scene to do on this theatrical night in that city overpowered by the theatrical and hyped-up mundane. The clamor from the street revelers reached me in blasts in the hotel lobby each time the doors swung open to admit another couple or group, all exhausted, draped with strings of silly beads and trinkets tossed from floats, and driven by mass hysteria, as I was. They were piling up behind me as I blocked the elevator door. Six-foot-two with broad shoulders in full leather can intimidate even George and Suzie from Memphis who would be teaching Bible school again next week after their sodden trip to the Mardi Gras.

He didn't really look at me, not then. He was gazing at something else, perhaps a memory, perhaps a fantasy, but it didn't matter. He was a piece of humanity that I could use to impose my will, make him eat shit. Without moving from the door, I touched the "Close" button, shutting out all those chattering tourists.

He still didn't respond as we ascended to my floor. He took in the black vision of death and punishment without a flicker of resentment or fear. It was all the same to him. His plaid shirt was open almost to the navel, the buttons gone, and the liberal clustering of brown chest hair matched the curls on his head. His chin showed scatterings of stubble that hadn't seen a razor recently. The blue eyes seemed hypnotized by the red "On" light of the elevator panel.

There were lots of guys like him in New Orleans, college students mostly, who went from bar to bar, bed to bed, or maybe got sucked off in the alley a few feet away from a piano pounding out blues. Sometimes the rising scream of a saxophone coincided with the orgasmic surge, leaving them uncertain if they had dreamed it or if it had been only a momentary interruption in their euphoria.

It was Sunday night, or early Monday morning, I think; at least it was after the Bloody Marys at Lafitte's and the Hurricanes at Pat's. We all took whatever was available. Leathermen, aging faggots, teeny-boppers, blacks, whites, Cajuns, straight and gay, hesitant and flamboyant, we jammed the streets and alleys and courtyards

under French lattices. Our schedules were all pretty much the same but did not often coincide exactly. The days and nights were episodes of seeming clarity with parades down Canal and Bourbon Streets every few hours and always with a drink in our hands. The streets were already a foot deep in plastic cups and the occasional broken glass bottle, forbidden but there just the same. When we saw a crowd we would barge into the middle of it, just to feel the hands over our bodies and groping our leather crotches; sometimes the hands belonged to frizzy-haired matrons whose dreary husbands were too drunk to get it up. And when it got hard we would head for a gay bar, where we knew the masses of guys high on whatever drove them would envelop us in nudging shoulders while someone knelt between our boots, his mouth warm and succulent.

But then we would return to our beds for a few hours and try to recover sufficiently for the next parade, the next shot in the arm. We would return to the streets and the bars and the alleys, never disappointed because the rerun crowd was still there, revitalized from their own few hours of respite.

When the door opened the floor was silent as a tomb. A faint light from the end of the hall suggested a dawn that had not yet made up its mind.

My gloved hand around his neck pushed him down the hall, and he stumbled a little on the worn carpeting. When we reached my door I grabbed his shirt collar to stop him, or he would have continued down the hall into that hazy grayness. I fumbled the door open and pushed him through it. He landed on his knees by the bed, not a bad place to begin.

I leaned against the closed door, watching him, but he merely stared at the floor, as if viewing a landscape etched in silver like those on easels in Jackson Square. I had left on the bathroom light, and it was enough. I stripped off my gloves, sweaty and stiff, as I watched him and surveyed his young ass, the crack showing above the levis. Another slave to ravage. Another body to prove my mastery over. On his knees, of course.

I slapped it hard with my gloves, but he didn't grunt. Good. I wanted to rip off these levis, but had the sense to know that he needed at least a top button. I reached under his belly and unfastened it, then tore them down. The white roundness showed he was not a beach boy, although he had that kind of body. His ass was hairless but his asshole was reddened, a green light to me in my mood.

Even when I entered him he made no sound. Didn't he know I needed resistance, some sign of chagrin at being stuffed full? I knelt behind him, my leather crotch pressing intermittently against him; he merely braced himself silent and unresponsive. After a few more strokes I pulled out—not much fun after all.

Instead I sat on the edge of the bed, my battered erection still game for more, and pulled him forcibly over on it. His mouth opened dumbly and he accepted his assignment. When he didn't move beyond that point, I pushed him down, then up, insisting on my due.

For the first time his eyes focused on my face, his throat stuffed, as if trying to associate my face with my prick. His blue eyes searched my dark ones, perhaps wondering if he had been there before, or if he could recognize me from some previous episode in the midst of revelry and debauchery. I snarled at him, but it made no difference. He was going to make me work for it, it seemed.

Growing bored with his passivity, I facefucked him, holding his curly head until I disgorged my frustration. He swallowed automatically. Immediately I was bone-weary. I lay back on the bed and then moved up to the pillow without undressing. I found my cap on the floor beside the bed the next morning.

Sometime during those few hours of sleep I awoke enough to realize that he had crawled on the bed beside me, his limbs

entangled with my leather ones, and I think he kissed my chest.

The sound of drums and whistles penetrated the old walls of the hotel. It was morning and somebody-or-other was strewing silly medals and beads into the drunken crowds on Royal Street. Monday, the day before the big one. I buried my head under the pillow, unable to face the sunshine streaming around the shade, but the sounds persisted. I felt his warmth next to me.

I felt clammy in my leather jacket and pants, and my boots had left muddy smudges on the cheap gray coverlet. Lafitte's was probably jammed by now, the Bloodys-with-the-beef-broth cocktails pouring down throats parched from whiskey and smoke and trying to talk over the din that was everywhere. And to top it off, somebody was pounding on the door—the maid, I suppose. I growled something and she went away.

When I finally surfaced, his eyes were fixed on mine. They had little flecks of brown. I didn't want to see clear eyes with questions in them. I shut my eyes. He didn't move.

"Undress me," I ordered, but had to clear my throat before the words came out with authority. I kept my eyes closed while he struggled with the boots and the damp socks. I raised up enough for him to slip the jacket over my shoulders. It took him a while to figure out the buckle on my studded belt, and then I could feel his uncertainty about the method of getting my pants off. Eventually he stripped them off like a glove so they ended up inside out, but I was a dead weight for him to move around.

"Tongue bath," I ordered shortly, my words muffled by the pillow. He showed his experience by starting at my toes and working up, but he missed a few spots.

"Kiss my ass," I growled when he had reached my shoulders. I knew he didn't like that—a master can tell—but he did it. And when I turned over, my boner slapped his face.

This time he took it like a man, or maybe he was just hungry. He was playing with himself and I cuffed his hand away.

I took him in the shower with me and instructed him how to bathe a man. Once in a while his shiny blues would search my face, not so much looking for approval but in a wondering way. I ignored the unspoken questions.

He watched while I shaved. I caught the beginnings of a smile as I trimmed my mustache and beard.

When we reached the street I patted him on the shoulder and started down the street. Something made me turn around, and he was walking slowly toward me, his eyes moist. I shook my head and lost myself in the crowd.

I ran into him again that night. The whole she-bang of Mardi Gras takes place within a dozen square blocks or so, so that's not unusual. It was how his face lit up when he saw me that was unusual.

I had just left a raunchy Spanish bar, I remember. The music was mostly maracas, the drinks were either beer or tequila, and all the guys had girls in peasant blouses with them. But the same guys stood patiently in line in the back to watch or to suck or get sucked off by whomever was in the mood, and there were always plenty who were.

I was in a good mood, the kind that flies high before it crashes. I didn't even swing at the guy who bumped me and knocked my cap askew; the guy's fly was open and his dong was half out, but nobody cared. The blue eyes came at me like a laser from the darkness.

He stood tall and straight, the fuzz gone and with a more or less clean polo shirt. His thumbs were hooked in his pockets as he leaned against the dirty brick wall.

I don't usually repeat, you know. Why bother, when practically every guy is available and happy to get on his knees for a stud? But there was something about him—maybe I had missed a secret source of energy that seemed to radiate from him.

I placed a leather arm around his shoulders and his face seemed to glow. His own arm encircled my waist and I was ready to pull away, but he pulled me toward the hotel instead. I went along for a while as he chatted to me about some dumb parade or something. He even gave me his name—Steve Komaranski or

something like that. The booze kept me a couple of feet off the ground. Before I knew it we were in my hotel lobby and he had pushed the button for the elevator.

I started to pull away, but just then the door opened and he almost pulled me in. When the door closed he put his arms around me, resting his head on my chest. I guess I was getting soft-hearted.

In the room he undressed me as I stood in the middle of the floor. It was almost as if we were equals, and he was a clerk in a men's store or something. Still I didn't toss him out on his can.

"Now you can undress me." He just smiled. I was hard, although I don't know why. I yanked the polo shirt over his head, making his jaws snap shut from the constricting neck, and started to rip off his levis, but he backed away and stepped out of them himself. I was getting mad.

I guess he noticed my expression. He dropped to the floor and started servicing me, and my legs began to tremble. His hands and his mouth were all over me, and before I knew it I was stretched out on the bed like a fuckin' Cleopatra. I pushed him off and got him around the neck, but he just giggled and slipped free. I guess my heart wasn't really into it. We wrestled until we got caught in the snarled covers. I got his arm twisted behind him but he wriggled out of the hold, managing to go down on me in spite of my bulk. Tough little fucker!

Just as I was going to give him the real heave-ho, he stuck a bottle of poppers under my nose. I don't use it much, and the rush hit me hard. He wrapped his arms around me and as I groaned he stuck his dick in my mouth. It was fat and juicy, and my head floated up to the ceiling. It was only moments before we were swimming in sticky sweetness.

Then he was all obedience and on his best behavior. I couldn't keep my eyes open. I turned away from him. He put his arm under my head and held me close, but I went to sleep anyway.

The next morning I was really pissed off. I had missed at least four hours of action because of this Polish twerp. I punished him by showering alone and he showered while I shaved. When he came out of the bathroom I was dressed in fresh leathers and was ready for him.

"This is Mardi Gras day and you're going to be my slave, kid."

I cut the ass out of his levis with my pocket knife and made him put them on, checking for the correct exposure. I put my collar around his neck and tightened it painfully, then attached a dog chain to the ring. I yanked him out of the room and down to the street. He had a shit-eating grin on his face until I forced him down on his knees as I surveyed the crowd.

The restaurant wasn't very busy, but smelled of spaghetti and sausage. I managed to get some eggs and ordered a sausage for him as he knelt on the floor at my feet. All the clods from Des Moines were staring at us, of course. We ignored them. When the Polish sausage arrived I stuffed it in his face. It reminded me of his dick.

All day we sauntered around the Quarter, through crowds of transvestites giggling and flirting, until they saw the dog. Everyone had some sort of stupid mask on, monsters or animals or red-wigged sluts, living the life they loved. Lots of bare ass on weightlifter bodies or ballerinas covered in feathers from head to toe. And all day he was the perfect man, not losing his cool, not complaining about anything, no matter what I put him through. He watched me getting a blow-job in a john on Rampart, that calm, composed expression never leaving his face. I let him hold it while I pissed and some guy was eating my ass in the Corral. When we walked down the street he was erect and almost handsome, keeping a half step behind me. I rarely spoke to him except to give an order.

In the afternoon I fed him a Po-Boy and gave him a beer. We watched a whore blowing a wino on Bourbon Street. Everyone cheered when he finally came.

The leathersmen were all there in full flower, some with slaves in tow, but none of them could come close to mine. I noticed their

covetous eyes, but they knew better than to butt in on us. He paid them no attention, walking straight and tall and proud. When he knelt at my feet, his balls showing also, some of the leather studs sometimes nudged his bare ass with a boot, but he ignored it like a man. That night I allowed him to eat a steak and baked potato with me in a little cellar restaurant I particularly liked. I shared my joint with him afterward.

I took him into the orgy room in the back of B.J.'s about midnight. It was fragrant with leather and piss. As instructed, he crouched beside me as slave after slave slobbered over my meat, watching attentively but not interfering. But I wasn't in the mood for some reason. The only time he took a decisive action was when I started to give my piss to some anonymous figure; he nudged the guy out of the way and took it himself. He took it like a man.

We returned to the hotel. He walked beside me and I didn't complain. I had neglected the chain, so he carried it himself. My head was fuzzy—kind of soft in the middle, somehow.

When we got to the room he had me sit in the one easy chair while he stripped. He removed the collar and I didn't complain. He had a good chest and shoulders, and the muscles played as he removed the ruined levis. The light brown fuzz on his legs seemed to glow in the faint light from the bathroom, the muscles tensing and relaxing as he showed off his body.

He came close, his hips jerking with the rock on the local station. His cock began to grow, thrusting upward, and then it was in my mouth. I thought of the Polish sausage he'd had for breakfast. He removed my cap and put it on his head, and I looked up at him, those blue lasers cutting through the mist. His balls were hairless and rolled easily in my fingers.

Then he pulled away and sat on the bed, beckoning. I stood up and hurried out of my leathers, my head even fuzzier and hearing a crazy disco beat. When I approached the bed he moved over, but I settled my weight gently on him, bringing his lips to mine. I drank deeply of him, our tongues touching and twisting together.

At times I opened my eyes, but was burned by the intensity of his gaze cutting through the fog like a torch.

When he pulled away I tried to stop him, but he moved down my body with a flickering tongue until he reached my apex. He tongued it briefly but then moved down, lifting my legs to his shoulders. I lay passive, my brain at a crossroads. And when he entered me it was with a tenderness that banished all other thoughts from my confused brain.

I don't remember whether I came that night or not. I just remember holding him closely, nibbling his ear, kissing his eyelids, a blossoming warmth enveloping us. And eventually we fell asleep that way, the noisy revelers outside retreating to a world that was not ours.

I had to catch my plane back to Chicago that noon. I didn't know what to say to him in the morning. He ruffled my hair as I sat on the bed, putting on my socks. I reached for his cock but he turned away. I tried to say something, I wasn't sure what, but he walked into the bathroom and shut the door. When he came out I was putting on my levis, but he stopped me, handing me the gabardine slacks and loafers I had worn down on the plane straight from work.

As I dressed he wrapped his shirt around his butt and put his levis on over them, covering up effectively if not very subtly. I still wanted to say something, something that would be a link, a tie—but he ignored me. He held the door as I struggled with my suitcases full of leather. His face never lost that composed, almost remote expression.

Just before the driver put my biggest bag into the cab, he opened it and removed my steel-rimmed cap. He put it on his head at a jaunty angle, his bare chest broadening with the symbolism. He shook my hand goodbye as if I were a distant cousin returning home after a casual visit. And as the cab pulled away, he saluted carelessly with a broad smile.

New Orleans can be a dangerous place, especially during Mardi Gras. □

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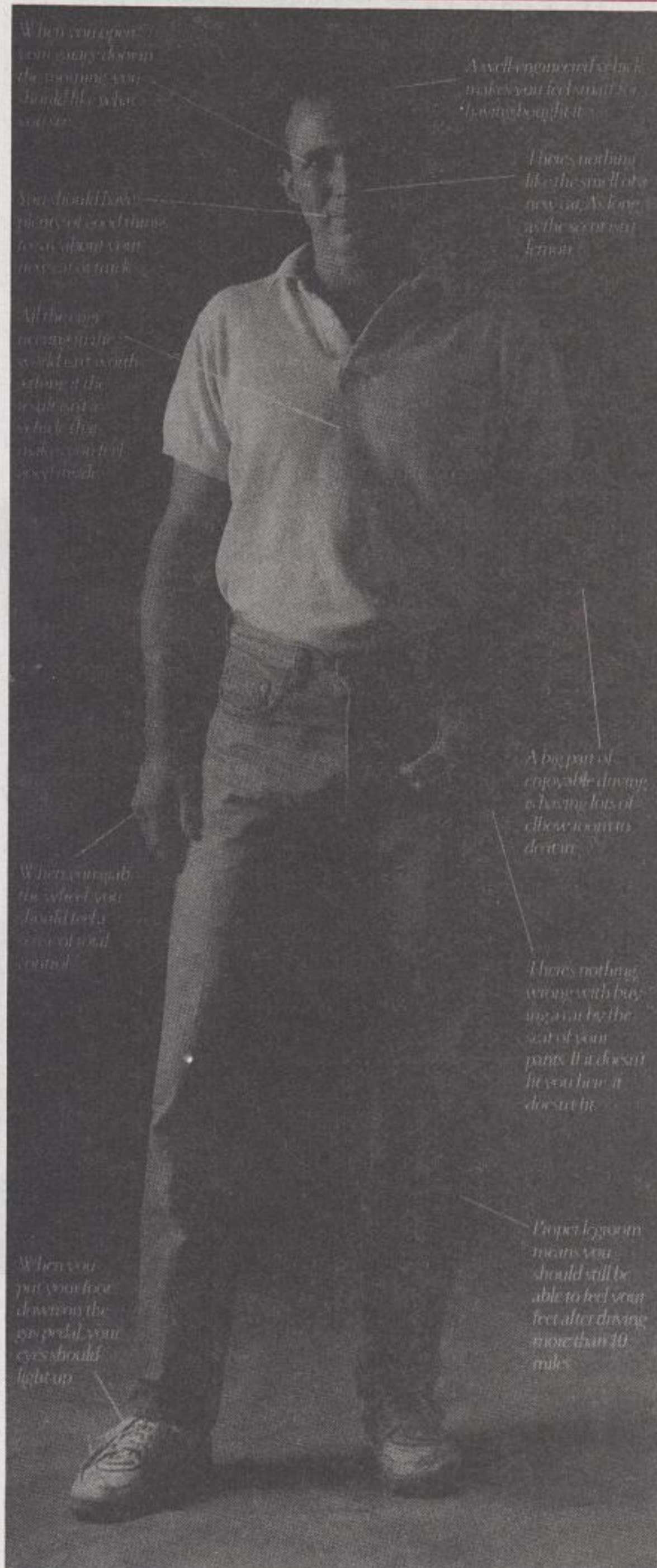


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TOUGH SHIT



When you open your eyes, there's the promise you made like when you said it.

You should have plenty of good things to say about your new car or truck.

All the car magazines would say it's worth getting if it's a little bit of a stretch that makes you feel good inside.

A well-engineered seat back makes you feel snug for having bought it.

There's nothing like the smell of a new car. As long as the seat isn't leather.

A big part of enjoyable driving is having lots of elbow room to drive in.

When you grab the wheel, you should feel a sense of total control.

There's nothing wrong with buying a car by the seat of your pants. It just doesn't let you know it does so.

When you put your face down on the gas pedal, your eyes should light up.

Popcorn in your ears means you should still be able to feel your feet after driving more than 10 miles.



FASHIONABLE HEAVYWEIGHT

World Heavyweight Champion Mike Tyson went back to his old neighborhood in Brooklyn to tape a television spot for Gleason's Arena, a sports facility due to open this year. This provocative rear shot of him wearing "multistretch" workout pants certainly shows off some of his better assets.

INTO THE IMAGE OF MASCULINITY

The official city ballet school of Sao Paulo, Brazil was under armed guard recently. The local police were patrolling the school, guarding the entrance gates to the school proper with orders from the city's mayor to turn away any male students who "look homosexual." The mayoral decree incensed the director of the school, Mariana Matal, who is apparently as amazed at the mayor's dictum as we are here in the States. Ms. Matal's response was to send back ALL the school's males, regardless of their outward manliness, rather than be a party to the charade. "If the girls have to do a *pas de deux*, they'll have to do it with the policemen. They ought to match the mayor's ideal of manliness." But do they?

Hero hooked on freedom!



TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW

Think you're tough, try this! After razor-sharp fishhooks were embedded in his flesh, 26-year-old Jameel Rhani was strung from a pole and carried through the streets like a human mobile in a gruesome parade.

The Tamil-speaking Hindu minority wants to break away from Sri Lanka, which is ruled by Buddhists. Many of the "Tamil Tiger" guerrillas have undergone similar public tortures and suicides to promote their fight for freedom in Sri Lanka.



THE (KINKY) ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

No, we did not create this stimulating issue of *Superman*. Although he is definitely the Drummerman type, this is the cover of the February 1987 issue of *DC Comics*. Truth, Justice and the American (?) way!

BUILT FOR THE HUMAN RACE

The wording is catchy, but it's the photo accompanying this Nissan ad that makes it obvious

who this particular campaign is aimed at. Maybe we have more buying power than we thought! Nice basket, too.



SUSPENDED by hooks in their flesh Tiger heroes demonstrate.

KONDOM NICHT ZUM VERZEHR GEEIGNET

An enterprising German businessman in the most Catholic of all Catholic villages, Kevelaer, a Catholic Sanctuary, has developed a line of "church-related" sweets (e.g.: a lolly with the picture of the Pope). Now he is offering a "SAFER-SEX-LOLLY," priced at DM 4.50. And after a request from a city food officer, it also bears the warning: Condom not to be eaten!



THE 52,000 VOLT JOLT

After recent robberies and assaults against cab drivers in Paris, electric shock devices were installed in the rear seats

of several taxicabs as an experiment. Norbert Benazous, president of the taxi union, got his in a test jolt. □

IN GOD WE TRUST, INC.

The words by the Dead Kennedys punk rock group (Statik Records) are unfortunately just as pertinent today as when they

were written several years ago, but in case you missed the recorded version here are the lyrics. Warning: the contents have been considered obscene.

MORAL MAJORITY by the Dead Kennedys

You call yourselves the Moral Majority
We call ourselves the people in the real world
Trying to rub us out, but we're going to survive
God must be dead, if you're alive

You say, "God loves you. Come and buy the good news"
Then you buy the president and swimming pools
If Jesus don't save 'til we're lining your pockets
God must be dead if you're alive

Circus-tent con-men and Southern belle bunnies
Milk your emotions and then they steal your money
It's the new dark ages with the fascists toting bibles
Cheap nostalgia for the Salem Witch Trials

Stodgy ayatollahs in their double-knit ties
Burn lots of books so they can feed you their lies
Masturbating with a flag and a bible
God must be dead if you're alive

Blow it out your ass, Jerry Falwell
Blow it out your ass, Jesse Helms
Blow it out your ass, Ronald Reagan
What's wrong with a mind of my own?

You don't want abortions, you want battered children
You want to ban the pill as if that solves the problem
Now you want to force us to pray in school
God must be dead if you're such a fool

You're planning for a war with or without Iran
Building a police state with the Ku Klux Klan
Pissed at your neighbor? Don't bother to nag
Pick up the phone and turn in a fag

Blow it out your ass, Terry Dolan
Blow it out your ass, Phyllis Schlafly
Ram it up your cunt, Anita
'Cos God must be dead
If you're alive
God must be dead
If you're alive

STUDBALL RIDE PART II

by Will Thomas

Sometime later in the night I felt naked bodies pressing insistently against me. Hands stroked my thighs and ass in the dark and a finger found my hole and entered it.

They played with me, rubbing their hard cocks against my face and ass, fanning the flames to new brilliance. It was a minor task. The lust inside was a slumbering volcano.

The lights blinked on and in minutes I found myself strapped once again to the table. My meat jutted out and down in pathetic hunger. My balls ached as though they'd been kicked.

Rob pumped formula into my stomach and this time, all three used me in turn. They primed themselves with my saliva and then shot themselves up my hole. When one pulled out, the next took his place.

Strapped down and drugged out, I was beyond all self-concern. I took their flesh eagerly into mine, thirsting for assimilation. Awareness of what I was doing flickered in and out of my attention. Only the heat of the moment seemed real.

They entered and left, and their juice overflowed, puddling on the floor beneath me.

When they'd satisfied their need, they turned to my own. This time the milking offered a new twist—an artificial vagina with tiny suction cells designed to milk my meat mechanically. And possibly to further liven the routine, they added sound effects.

As the rubber mouth began its short, rhythmic pulsations, Ted laid into my exposed butt with a greased leather strap. I let out a surprised yelp, but Smitty quickly jammed himself into my mouth, stilling further protest. I tried to concentrate on his meat but the strapping was too intense.

I had no doubt now that Ted was a sadist. He spaced his strokes between my moans with viciously measured force, watching Rob as the Southerner monitored my cock.

When finally the cream surged out into the beaker, my



asscheeks blazed with bitter tension, far hotter than my cock.

The milking over, I was towelled off and led back to the cot, where Rob took charge. I was drained and my rump smarted, but I could still take comfort in the prospect of spending the night with this humpy cowboy. We stretched out on the blanket.

As if he did it every night, he inserted his prick in my hole and wrapped one hand protectively around my cock as the lights snapped out and we settled down in the dark. I was happy and more than content, but sleep would be an intermittent thief, taking little.

When I again roused, it was daylight. Rob's cock was quietly pumping in and out of me.

For a fraction of a second I felt disoriented and confused. My dreams had been populated with rutting horses, their phalluses breaking off to chase me in the night.

Then it all flooded back as I tried to free my wrists and twist away. Rob's cock was hard and insistent, working itself in and out of my over-massaged gut.

His fingers nipped at my tits and he rolled me on my side as he murmured his need in my ear. My cock flamed cherry red beneath its tan.

"Yeah, stud. I like your tight hole. You fit me better than any hole I've ever plowed."

I responded, but was puzzled by my hard-on. How could I have slept with that beneath me? Was my body so separated from myself by their drugs? What had they given me?

The ramrod's warm breath salted my cheek and my puzzlement dissolved. He teased my neck with the wire of his musky beard, and the tide within me shifted, running with his own. The power of this man's possession galvanized me, wrenching forth a growl. I thrust hard against him, urging him in deeper.

"Fuck me. Yeah, fuck my hole. Jam it in and make it yours."

We fucked like two animals, he the ram and I the ewe. I lost myself to the mindless movements of satiation.

He exploded and a second later I creamed into the bunk cover, lubing my belly with my cum. Rob relaxed his body into mine and as he did so, the feeling I'd had while looking into his eyes from the ropes returned. He cared, and his body said he cared.

I was tempted to voice what I felt, but something warned that the timing was wrong. With his body pressed against mine, his hands stroking my chest and ears, I felt wanted in more than a sexual way. Was I reading too much into it? Maybe, but maybe not.

Rob gave my earlobe an affectionate nip and pulled free.

Smitty and Ted, grinning like clowns, were waiting across the room. They were naked and hard. I suspected, not for the first time, that they, too, were on a feeding formula.

They washed and scrubbed me and checked the tissues of my cock and ass for abrasions. I knew there were marks on my ass; I could feel the soreness from Ted's strapping.

As the water washed over me I felt thirst and realized that my body was warmer than usual. Not really feverish; just unusually hot.

They gave me a measured amount of something which tasted like thick fruit juice. I could have swallowed gallons, but they refused me more. Then I pissed and they collected my urine for a lab analysis.

A massage with musk-scented oil was next. They worked in unison, rubbing the oil into my skin, moving slowly upward from my toes to my eartips. The touch of their warm hands left me refreshed, pampered and rigidly aroused. When they finished, I glowed.

Smitty showed me the effect in a full-length mirror. The tanned, glistening creature staring back at me sent narcissistic tremblings up my spine. Its hooded phallus, sheathed with golden skin, arrowed up at a rigid forty-five degree angle, begging for attention. Smitty slapped my hand away as I reached for it automatically.

"That's right, stud. It's picture time. You're gonna show off those breedin' lines for the boss's horny customers. You'll have 'em creamin' in their panties!"

They gave me a pair of forty-pound dumbbells and I polished off a set of curls. When Smitty asked for two more sets, I decided not to argue. He seemed pleased with my build.

A series of squats with a heavy barbell, to pump up my thighs, came next. Smitty counted off the reps, amusing himself by beating off in time to my moves. When sweat streaked my chest and the muscles in my legs felt bloated, he called a halt.

Ted followed the workout with the video camera while Rob used a still camera. The lighting had been turned up to the level of a shooting studio, making me sweat all the harder.

They rounded off the show by adding pieces of clothing in stages. First a jockstrap, then shorts, a tank top, slacks and finally a crisp white shirt and dark tie.

It might have been the drugs, but I was eager to please them. I threw myself into their erotic pose-down and felt their approval in return. Whatever they asked of me, I was willing to do more.

When they'd finished, Rob touched my face with his hand and startled the hell out of me with a long, full-measured kiss. It was the one thing I hadn't expected from him, and certainly not in front of his buddies.

"You did fine, stud. Really fine. Don't think we've ever had a hotter show than that. You come across like a stallion in rut. Gets my juices boilin' like crazy."

I searched his face for a hint of sham, but found only admiration. And something else I was still unprepared to deal with. I set it aside in a compartment of my heart, promising myself

a closer examination when I could again trust my feelings.

The Southerner stepped back and shifted gears. It wasn't embarrassment; he was too self-confident for that. It was more like a switch being flipped, a control he could summon at will.

"There's one more milkin' before we give you your pants, hotshot. It's sorta like an initiation. We don't ask it of everybody. The boss leaves it up to me, after we've tested your limits.

"We call it the 'Studball Ride,' and it's our way of sayin' we think you can ride with the men. You ready to mount up?"

Those Saracen-blue eyes bored into me, challenging me to trust him, daring me to accept his unexplained game.

I swallowed my hesitation, unable to deny this man what he wanted from me, nodding my assent. I had no idea what he meant to do to me, but I doubted it was anything simple. I felt the twelve-year-old's desire within me and found I didn't care as long as it promised his company.

Rob caught Ted's eye and strode off toward the stables. Smitty and Ted took charge. They stripped off the posing gear and cinched a body harness of oiled Latigo around my chest, waist and thighs. Padded cuffs were buckled around my wrists and ankles, each with a heavy D-ring riveted to the leather pad.

The harness was unlike any I'd ever seen in the leather shops of the City. It consisted of two broad bands, one for my belly and one for my chest, each fitted with heavy steel rings at the sides.

The upper band sprouted twin satchel grips mounted rigidly upright, one below each shoulder blade. Cross-fittings, also with rings, buckled the main harness to my thighs and shoulders, achieving a complete encasement. The central bands could neither slip nor dislocate from their intended position.

The harness was supple and carried the heavy odor of horse. Its touch on my hot skin was incredibly erotic.

Ted and Smitty worked carefully, adjusting and readjusting the fit until the leather gloved me perfectly. Ted then clipped my wrists together behind my back. He stared at me briefly, then laughed.

"Yeah, you're definitely ready for the Ride, stud."

Cupping and then stretching my balls deep in their sac, Smitty laced a thin leather stretcher around my ballsac. He adjusted it so that the small ring fixed on its lower edge angled rearward, toward my ass. The fit was tight but not painful. It left my balls distended a good four inches below my crotch.

Their closing attentions were for my cock, still rigidly hard. Ted coated the foreskin inside and out with a mentholated cream, rubbing it thoroughly over the entire shaft. He lingered over the crown, teasing the edges of the flaring cap while I trembled in Smitty's hands.

The icy-hot lubricant brought instant torment. I moaned, unable to stand still while the cold fire seared my meat. While Smitty held me, Ted stroked my dick very lightly and watched me shiver and shake.

Ted tossed aside the cream and kneeling, added a short leather thong, lacing it tightly around the base of my genitals. Was he afraid I'd go soft? Fat chance of that!

Apparently satisfied, the two led me out of the room and into the stable corridor. Clean sawdust carpeted the cement floor and scuffed coolly against the sole of my feet.

A few yards down, we turned right and then out into blazing sunshine.

Half-blinded, I stumbled over a wooden threshold and felt myself lifted in their grip. Hot, sandy earth floored what I could see of a large exercise paddock, its perimeter enclosed by a high board fence.

As my eyes adjusted to the harsh light, Ted and Smitty clipped ropes to the upper rings on my harness. Then they moved aside. Puzzled, I turned to see Rob leading forward a beautifully groomed Arabian stallion. Its pelt was a glossy black.

At that moment, my body lifted free of the ground.

I panicked, struggling to free my wrists as I rose kicking above the ground. Ted and Smitty once again had me swinging!

The ropes snaked through pulleys on an overhang above my head. In less time than it took to realize their purpose, I was

swaying gently, ten feet above the paddock, fettered and helpless. These boys certainly loved to play with ropes!

Rob walked the Arabian to a spot right under me and I knew what he had in mind. I really was about to take a ride.

I opened my mouth, prepared to beg off, and then closed it.

The memory of a twelve-year-old being boosted into the saddle of a sorrel mare, thrilled and terrified, flashed into mind. I hadn't disgraced my trainer then and I couldn't do so now. More than the danger involved, I feared this man's disapproval.

"Relax, hotshot, and say hello to Blackie V. He comes from a very long line of blue-blooded studs."

Rob stroked the silky neck tossing beneath me.

"We've all taken this little ride and lived to remember it. You'll stick like a chigger, stud cock to stud back. No way you'll fall off."

They eased me into contact with the stallion's back, over an abbreviated saddle of flat leather strapping. The saddle had padded, double-wide stirrups mounted high up toward the horse's flanks and hand grips riveted to the strapping above its withers. It was designed to mate with the harness on my body, ring to ring and tether to tether.

The object which impressed me the most, however, was a clear plastic tube mounted at a slight angle with the hindmost cinch strap. Its upper end was open, broadly flared and sheathed with rubber padding. The other end was closed and recurved upon itself, forming a small chamber at the bottom.

Neat, I thought. That tube was designed for my cock. There was one more milking at hand!

The stallion fidgeted but obeyed Rob's commands without a fuss. I didn't need to be told the two respected one another. Rob handled the animal with obvious love.

The horse's size and power, its muscled body so alive with energy, unnerved me despite Rob's assurances. I knew enough about horsemanship to doubt my ability to control this animal in more than a superficial way. But there was no honorable way out

of it!

My feet found the oversized stirrups and Rob guided my prick toward the fluted lip of the tube. I now understood the thong. Fear deflates even the stiffest erection and he wanted me hard.

My dangling meat hit the lip and slipped in. It fitted snugly, intensifying the effects of the mentholated lube. I settled in and the heat of the stallion's body smote my check and groin, kindling a whole new erotic feel.

They tied the last of the thongs to the rings on my harness and testing the cinching. The effect was purely bizarre.

Mounted like a jockey, my chest rested close to the stallion's broad back, forcing my forearms into a brace position against its withers. My ass jutted upward toward the sky.

I found I could control my balance with the stirrups and grips, but almost no lateral movement was available. I could pump in and out of the sheath but not far enough to withdraw completely.

How would I guide the horse? My hands and feet were locked to the harness!

Tensing against the leather, I prayed there was something I'd missed. I felt my balls brush the stiff hair over the animal's spine and realized I could be nipped at anything faster than a trot.

Rob's ingenuity, however, had embraced that threat and more. A sudden tension on my balls signalled a final adjustment, the most perverse of all.

Slender rubber cables were extended from ties anchored to the base of the stallion's tail to the stretcher ring, pulling my balls out and back. They might slap Blackie's rump and they would surely endure a stretching, but I was in no danger of mashing them.

Rob reached under my belly and removed the thong around my meat. No need to worry about that, either.

The last maneuver came unexpected.

"OK, hotshot. Hang on, 'cause here we go!"

With a boost from Smitty, Rob hoisted himself into position behind me, anchoring his feet beside mine in the stirrups and

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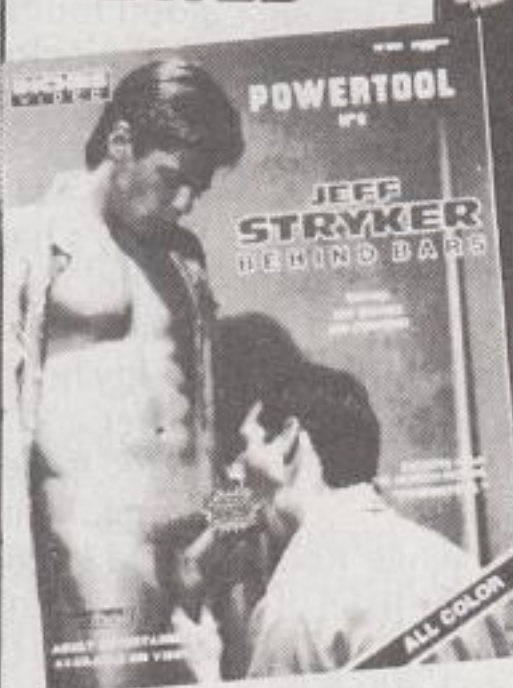


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gripping the harness handles on my back. He pressed his hairy crotch hard against my ass and I felt his dick warm against my hole. He could enter me at will.

Sensations I'd never imagined assaulted me as Rob nudged the stallion into a walk. Sandwiched between the man and the horse, I felt the late morning heat prickling at my skin.

Images of naked cowboys riding bareback over the range—little boy dreams mingled with big boy fantasies—all these and more flooded my senses. The raw sensuousness of horsehair rubbing my body sent my dick surging into the grip of the plastic mouth. I imagined the massive shaft of the animal beneath me, red, glistening and steaming in syncopation. I wondered if he, too, screamed as he came in Rob's hand.

With a rush of exhilaration I understood the real meaning of the "ride." And I was unafraid.

Blackie's stride lengthened, quickened and slid into a trot, forcing me into a pistoning motion. By flexing and steeling my thighs and back I could match his stride without pounding myself against the mouth of the tube. Rob's tension on my harness helped.

What a totally improbable way to cum! But I knew it would work.

Rob directed our circuit of the paddock with the aplomb of a circus daredevil, clutching the reins in one hand while he steadied my harness in the other. The tension in our bodies communicated itself like electricity. Sweat filmed my chest and back and the odor of man-horse filled my nose and mouth.

One circuit, then two.

Rob nudged the horse into a canter and the fires in my cock licked hotly. I moaned beneath him, caught up in the rhythm, thrusting and withdrawing. Every muscle was tensed and straining.

The Arabian lashed his tail in annoyance at the restraint of my balls. Shocks of impact rippled up my gut, but my cock burned with an intensity too fierce to be quenched by pain. I could feel it

thrusting toward overload.

Above me the ridemaster slipped his greasy member into the valley of my ass and moved its head toward my hole. He hesitated in the hollow of a stride and then popped into me, sinking himself to the hilt.

A yell or a scream, or maybe just a yowl of delight, ripped out of me. I'd awaited that thrust, wondering how it would feel, wondering if I'd survive its pain. But there was no pain; just the pressure of being filled and connected.

We sought and achieved a rough syncopation, matching stroke to stride. I thrust myself in and he retreated. I withdrew and he slammed himself into my gut.

I think only Smitty and Ted knew how many times we circuited the hot sand. I'd long ago lost the count.

My rider neared his boiling point and gave a warning shout. A hard, deep thrust, then two more in quick succession and I could no longer contain it. The juice burst out of me, ejecting in pressurized gobs.

Rob followed, lancing himself inward with a last powerful jab that reflexively brought the Arabian up short, his hooves stabbing the sky.

The jolt which followed sent fingers of pain upward into my groin, but only from my own weight against the tube. Rod had pulled himself free and his cum spurted against my back and ass. He gentled the stallion, speaking to it softly, and emptied himself on me as he walked us back toward the barn.

Exhausted, I slumped against the steaming body beneath me. My senses were fragmented and jumbled. I knew I'd ridden the stallion and that, somehow, he'd ridden me.

The registered package arrived two weeks later. The return address was a Sacramento post office box, but I knew its real source as soon as I stripped off the brown covering.

Inside was an elegantly bound leather folio. The brand of the Double Diamond Ranch shimmered on the richly tooled leather

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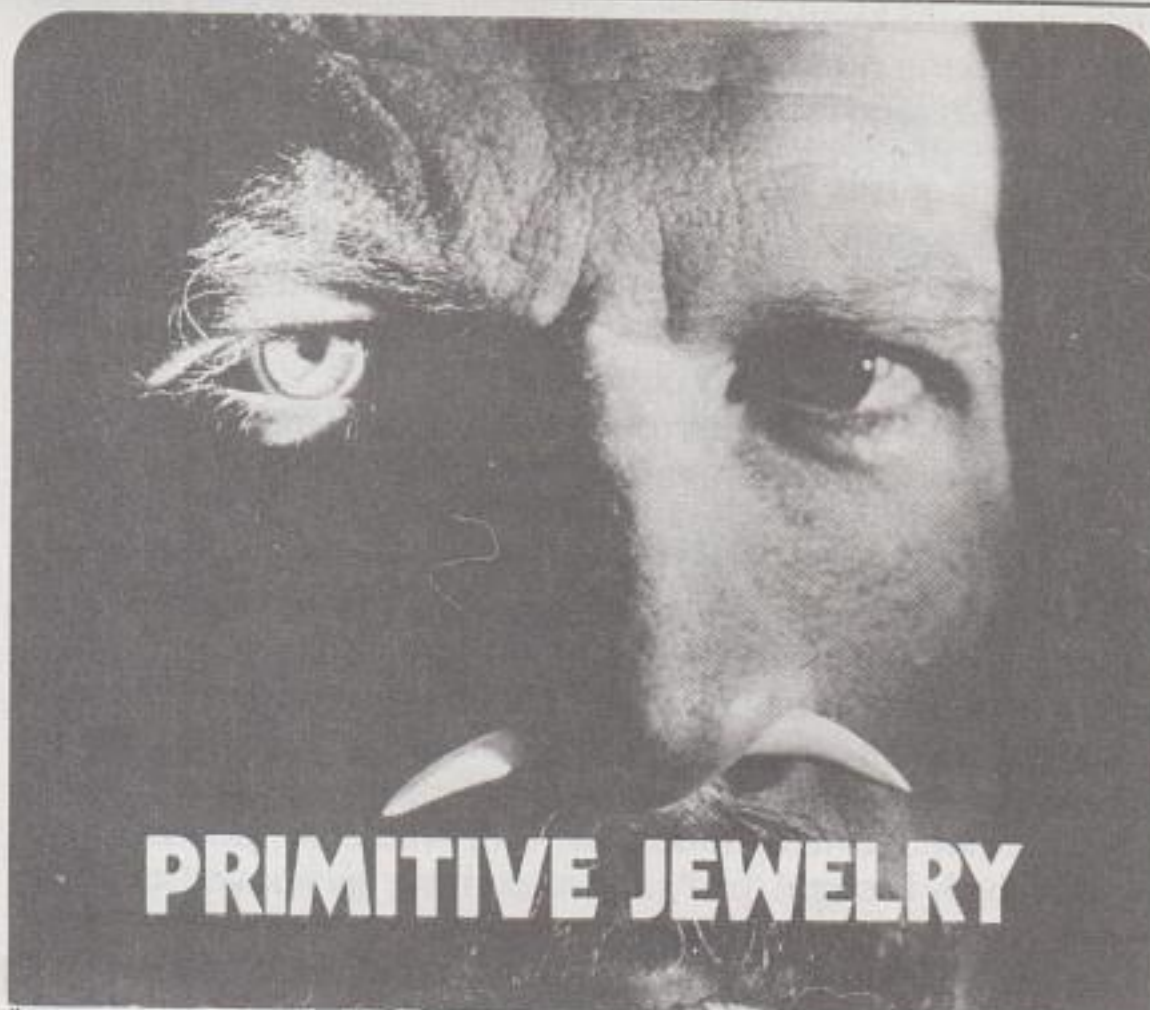
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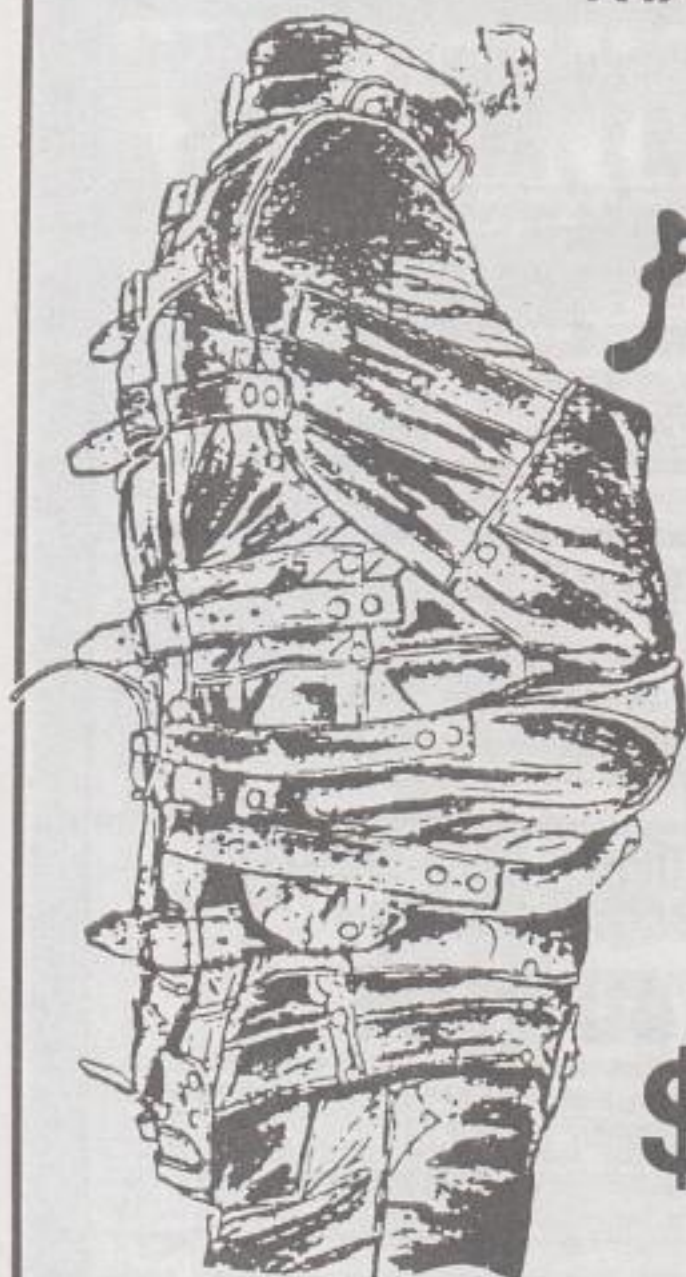


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in gold. My hands trembled as I unfastened the clasp.

Inside, neatly organized, were a black parchment envelope, two black velvet ring cases, one large and one small, a large black manila folder and a single leatherbound video cassette, the gold double diamond logo stamped into its spine.

I opened the smaller case first, remembering the old adage, and sucked in my breath at the size of the signet inside. The ring was of heavy yellow gold with a black oval of jade inset with small diamonds. They were, of course, arranged in the double diamond logo. It slipped easily over the third finger of my right hand.

In the larger case I found my cockring, which Rob had kept. On its polished surface a tiny rearing stallion had been engraved, embraced with script—"Once ridden, Always bound."

With a lump forming in my throat I set the ring aside and opened the folder. I almost dropped the contents.

Rob, or his boss, had selected color glossies of the most rampant episodes of my visit, including that final ride on Blackie V. In rutting relief I had the evidence of myself being buggered front and rear. The photography left no doubt of my participatory zeal, nor what the cassette would contain when I played it.

I set the embarrassing photos aside and turned to the ominous black envelope. It was sealed in gold wax with the familiar diamond logo.

Breaking the seal, I found a cashier's check for a sum which could fund a year's paid leave, and a letter. Neatly penned on white parchment, it read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Colletti,

"We trust you will find this expression of gratitude modestly satisfying. Your own generous contribution has proven to be of the best quality and we are additionally impressed by your other considerable attributes.

"Please consider this our formal acceptance of your initiation into our select breeding stock. You are now one of us.

"There is a ceremony, involving the ritual branding of new initiates, requiring your attendance at the ranch on the date shown on the enclosed pass. Please do not fail to attend.

"You will, of course, be expected henceforth to refrain from sexual contact with any but other members of our stock. We trust you understand the reason for this requirement, and for the total confidentiality with which we shall expect you to treat all aspects of your indenture.

"From time to time you will receive invitations to visit the ranch, and other of our facilities. These may involve supplemental donations to our Bank, or participatory events of another nature, or both. You will, of course, be well compensated for each visit.

"We thank you for proving yourself so admirably qualified and we look forward to a mutually productive association."

The letter was signed "The Stock Committee."

Without the check I held in my hand, I might have been tempted to laugh. Nobody jokes around with that much money.

I re-read the letter a dozen times, noting the careful subtlety of the word "indenture" and sweating at the implications of "ritual branding." I'd noticed no marks on the bodies of Rob, Ted or Smitty, but then I hadn't had occasion to examine their complete anatomies.

I know the law; it's my business. But I also know the realities of power. I could return the package, refuse to enter the society of the ranch. But of course, I won't.

Would you?

The ceremony is set for a week from tonight and Jim has also been invited.

Yes, I had to tell him about the letter. I suspected he already knew. When I did, he smiled and showed me the third finger of his right hand.

I've been of little use at the office since that package arrived. My dreams are filled with stallions, rings and branding irons. And with Rob. The thought of seeing him again makes me nervous, but not half as nervous as the prospect of the "ritual."

I keep trying to figure out where in the fuck they'll put it! □

TIES THAT BIND

by GUY BALDWIN, M.S.

BEWARE THE KILLER BOTTOM

In previous issues, I have suggested the importance of doing SM relationships "your own way," so to speak, without the undue influence of porno stereotypes or peer pressure. This should not be taken to mean that it's OK to abandon principles of SAFE, SANE, and CONSENSUAL.

Usually, we tend to think about these words in terms of responsibilities that belong to the Top in a scene or a relationship. They apply equally to bottoms in some ways you may not have thought about yet. I refer to interpersonal safety, saneness, and consensuality. What do I mean?

In the therapy room, I have worked with many Tops who have been mauled emotionally by bottoms, both in one-night scenes and in ongoing relationships. There had been no consent given. The stereotypes would have us believe that Tops have all the power to harm, and that bottoms are just helpless bundles of vulnerability. Nonsense.

Bottoms have lots of power too, and they are in danger of harming when they don't know that fact, don't acknowledge it, don't want it, or don't respect it. A friend once referred to them as "Killer Bottoms," and I think maybe it fits.

Example: The Non-submission scenario. It starts with "Please, Sir, I'll wear whatever you pick out for me." The Top chooses clothing for his bottom, and then catches a frown of disapproval, because the bottom hoped his Top would mindread and pick something else for the occasion.

In the above example, the bottom uses his power in a destructive way by first offering submission and then criticizing the form of the Top's dominance. A more creative use of power might have been for this bottom to have assessed the Top's taste in clothing and style

first before offering this particular submission.

Another example: Top ties bottom up with rope, and bottom responds with, "I can tell you have never done this before," or "You did it so much better last month." Presto! Bottom has either created an angry Top or hurt his feelings, or both. Yes, Tops have feelings.

Guess what, bottoms! Tops with hurt feelings won't want to do it again, and might mention to others that you don't have good scene manners. Angry Tops can get more nasty than you can imagine, or throw you out, or badmouth you, or ignore you—none of which is probably what you wanted in the first place.

The power to criticize is also the power to inform or seduce. The same bottom in the above situation might have more creatively used this power: "This is new; I've never had anyone tie me so loosely before," or, "May I report such and such about my wrists?", or, "Say, Mister, I wonder if there might be some service I could perform that might persuade you to make those tighter (looser)." Lastly, the bottom might say nothing, but move his body in such a way as to reveal that the bondage just doesn't work. None of these responses judges the Top, and all of them support the scene continuing.

One thing I have clearly noticed from practice is that budding Tops as a group seem less willing to tolerate disappointing initial experiences than do new bottoms. If Tops just coming into the scene do not have positive initial experiences with bottoms, they will try to get their sadistic/dominant needs met elsewhere—probably at work.

This observation may account for the fact that the ratio of Tops to bottoms is so lopsided. The irony, if I am right about this, is that Killer bottoms

may themselves be responsible for the smaller number of Tops in the scene. It may be that only the most durable Tops' egos survive the coming-out process.

There are other varieties of Killer bottoms. One sort is the "bottomless bottom." These are the ones who can never be satisfied no matter how long or how hard they are played (drugs?). Tops often report feeling burned out after playing with them, and come to prefer bottoms who can be fulfilled in a scene.

Another type is the bottom who is so controlling in the scene that Tops begin to suspect they are dealing with a Top in bottom drag. Some Tops like the adversarial quality of these encounters, but most Tops seem to come away from them feeling topped by the bottom. This often depresses Tops and they feel like they've been "had" in some way.

Sometimes one of these bottoms gets hold of a novice Top. New Tops don't yet know how to negotiate scenes with these "Tappy" bottoms, and can later discover that they feel castrated and foolish. This is TRIAL BY FIRE for novice Tops, and some do not survive.

An irony here is that when bottoms over-control in a scene, the Top's creativity and spontaneity can suffer almost total extinction. Bottom then gets to complain about the Top's abilities.

Not surprisingly, I have also spent hours talking to Killer bottoms. It is clear to me that only a few bottoms actually set out to become the Killer type. So, how does it happen? I have come to believe that the Killer bottom syndrome develops in one of two main ways.

First, some bottoms have very negative attitudes about submission and surrender even though they feel drawn to them. This sets up a war within the self which expresses itself in ambivalent feelings. They

send Tops double messages (I want to submit/I won't submit/You can't make me submit/I will submit).

Secondly, other bottoms both fear and hope that Tops will hurt or engulf them. These bottoms send both seductive and defensive signals to Tops. Tops read them as prick teasers or "I'm not ready yet" types. Tops burn out fast with them.

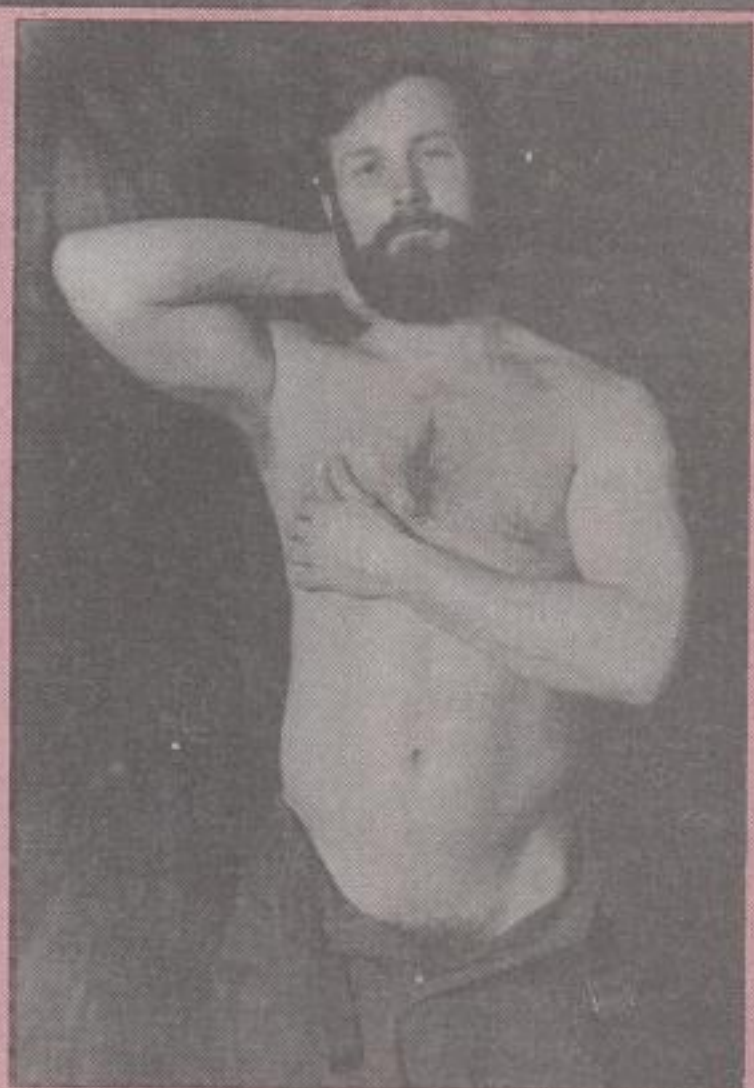
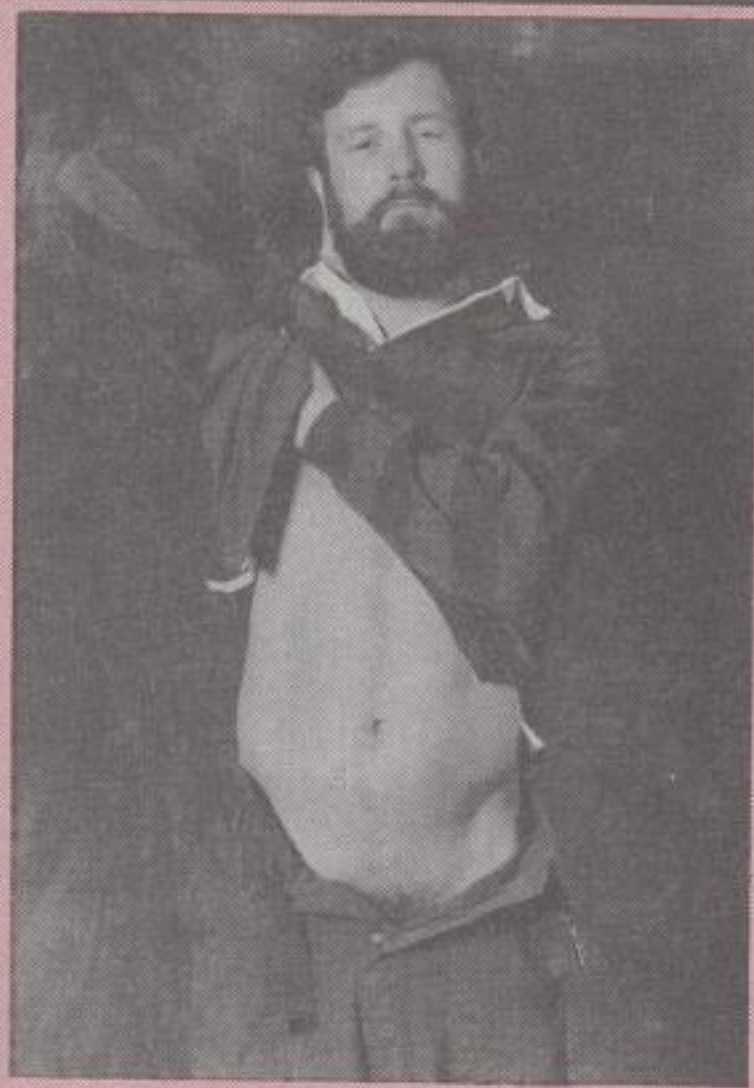
Implied in all this discussion is something that no one talks about much, and that is that Tops can be fragile too. Bottoms don't like to look at this idea 'cause it don't much fit their fantasies. Many bottoms dream of Tops who are made of steel and feel nothing. For many bottoms, it's tough to think about surrendering to someone whom they could hurt. That's more responsibility than they want or know how to deal with.

Tops need selective reinforcement from bottoms if they are to remain in the scene and flourish. Maybe, just maybe, certain bottom behaviors are themselves the reason for the lopsided Top-to-bottom distribution in the scene. Perhaps by modifying their behavior with some of these ideas in mind, bottoms could change that.

I am not saying that Killer bottoms are doing it wrong, but I don't have the impression that the style works well for either bottoms or Tops. Of course, everyone has the right to persist in behaviors that don't work.

I know there are bad Tops out there, but when bottoms complain about the scene, I have to wonder where the problem really is. Everyone must take responsibility for the quality of the lifestyle or it won't improve. Bottoms are no exception. □

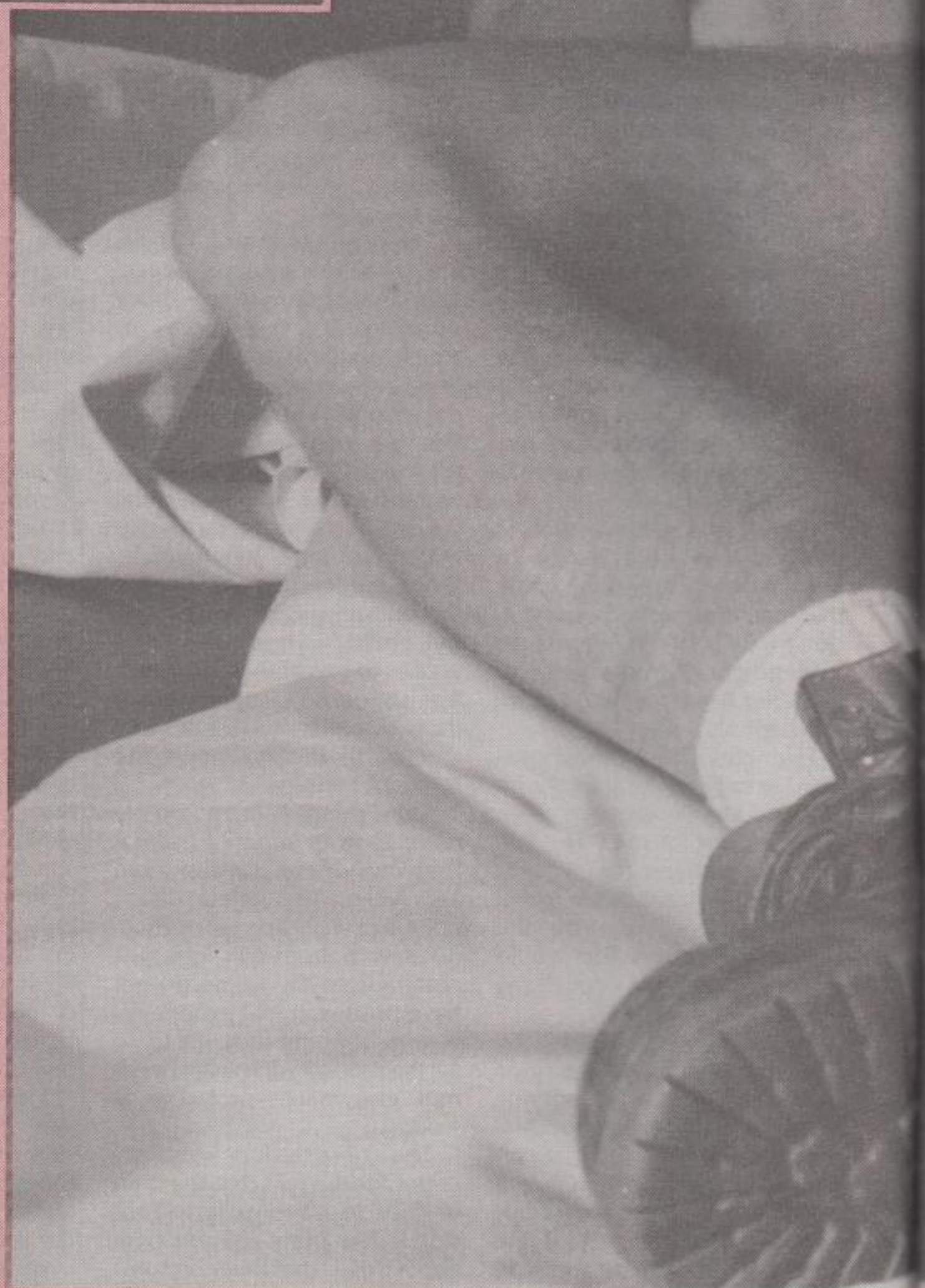
Guy Baldwin, M.S., has a private practice in psychotherapy in Los Angeles, where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers.



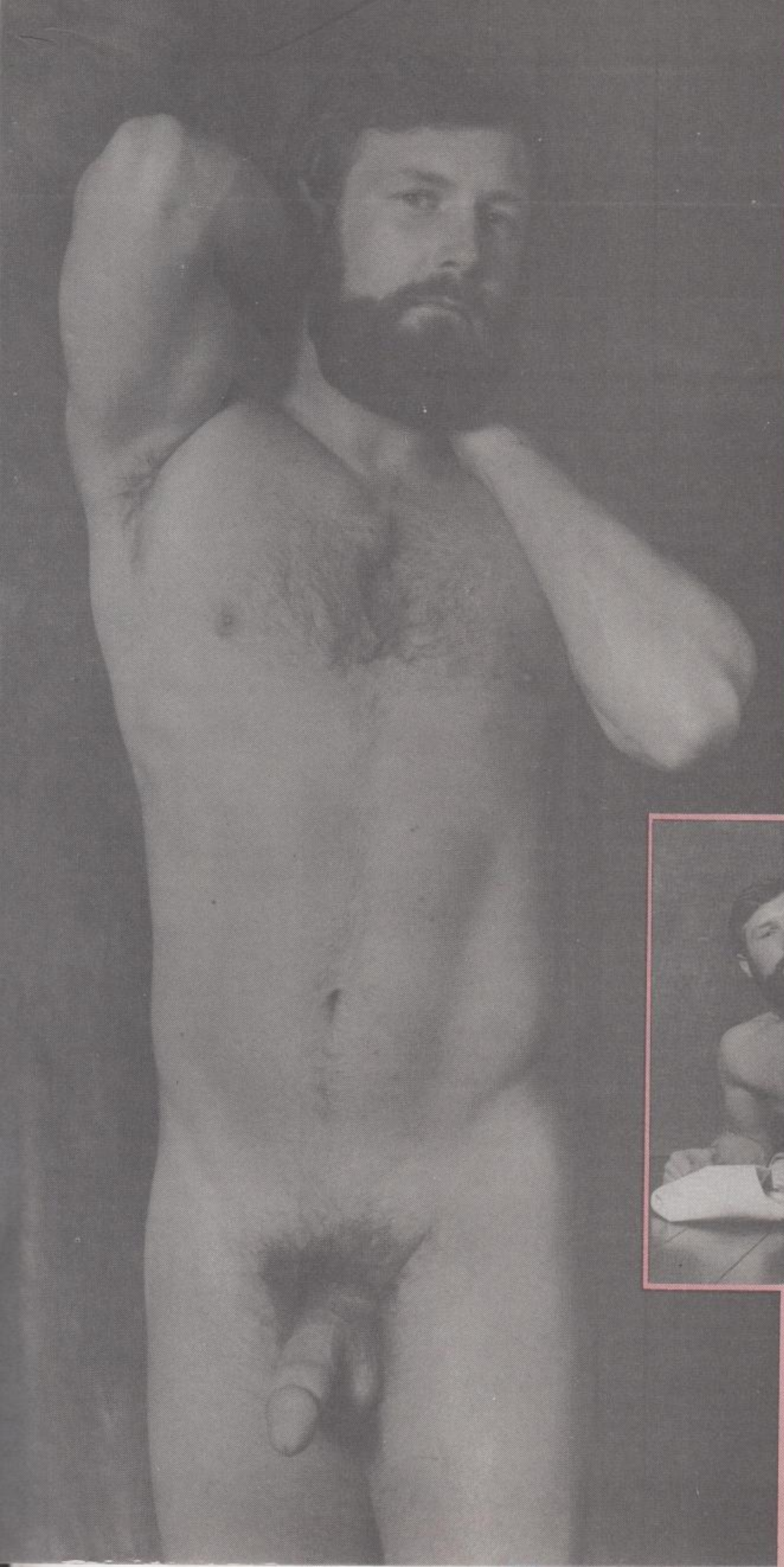
BEAR IN BOOTS

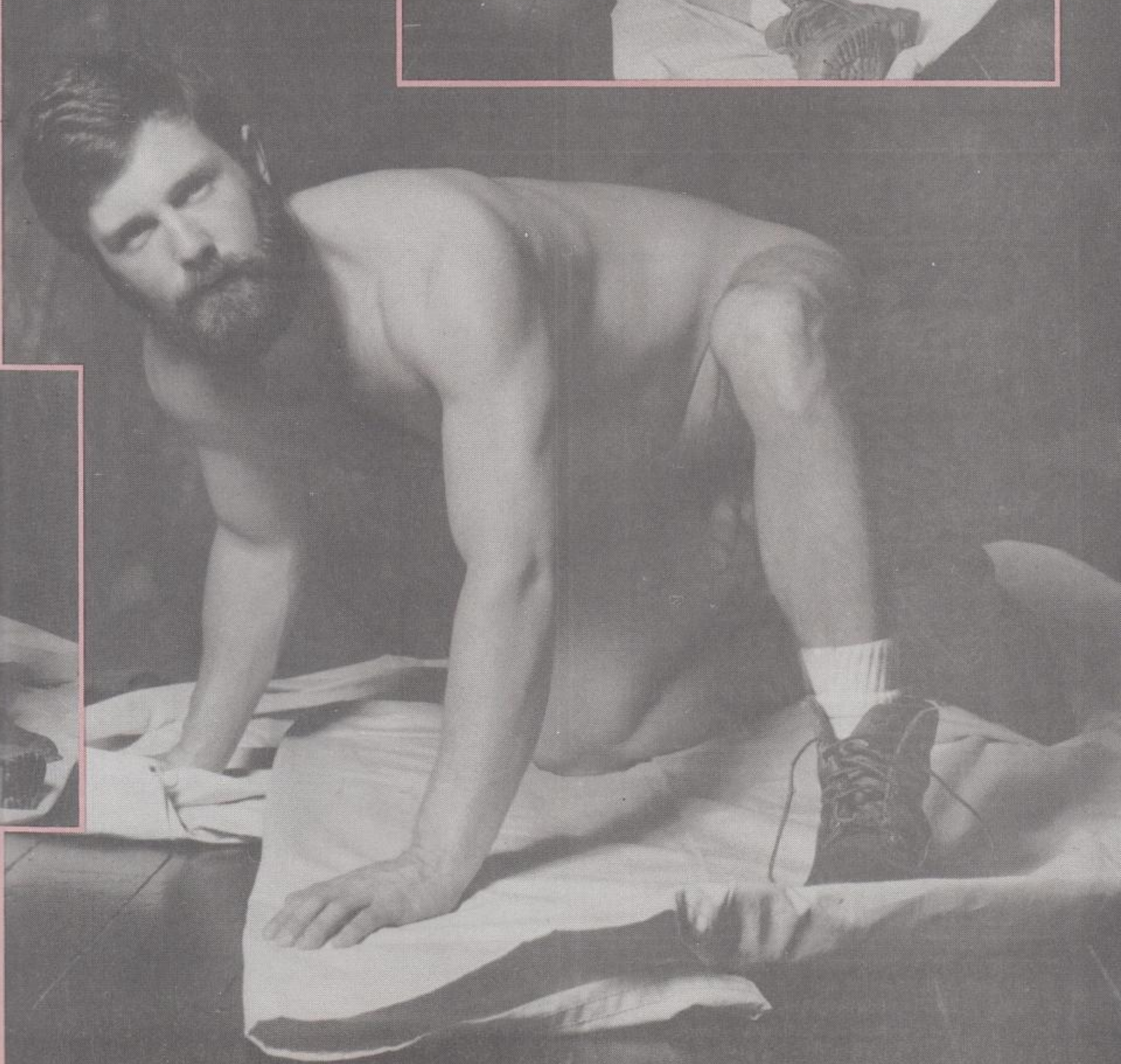
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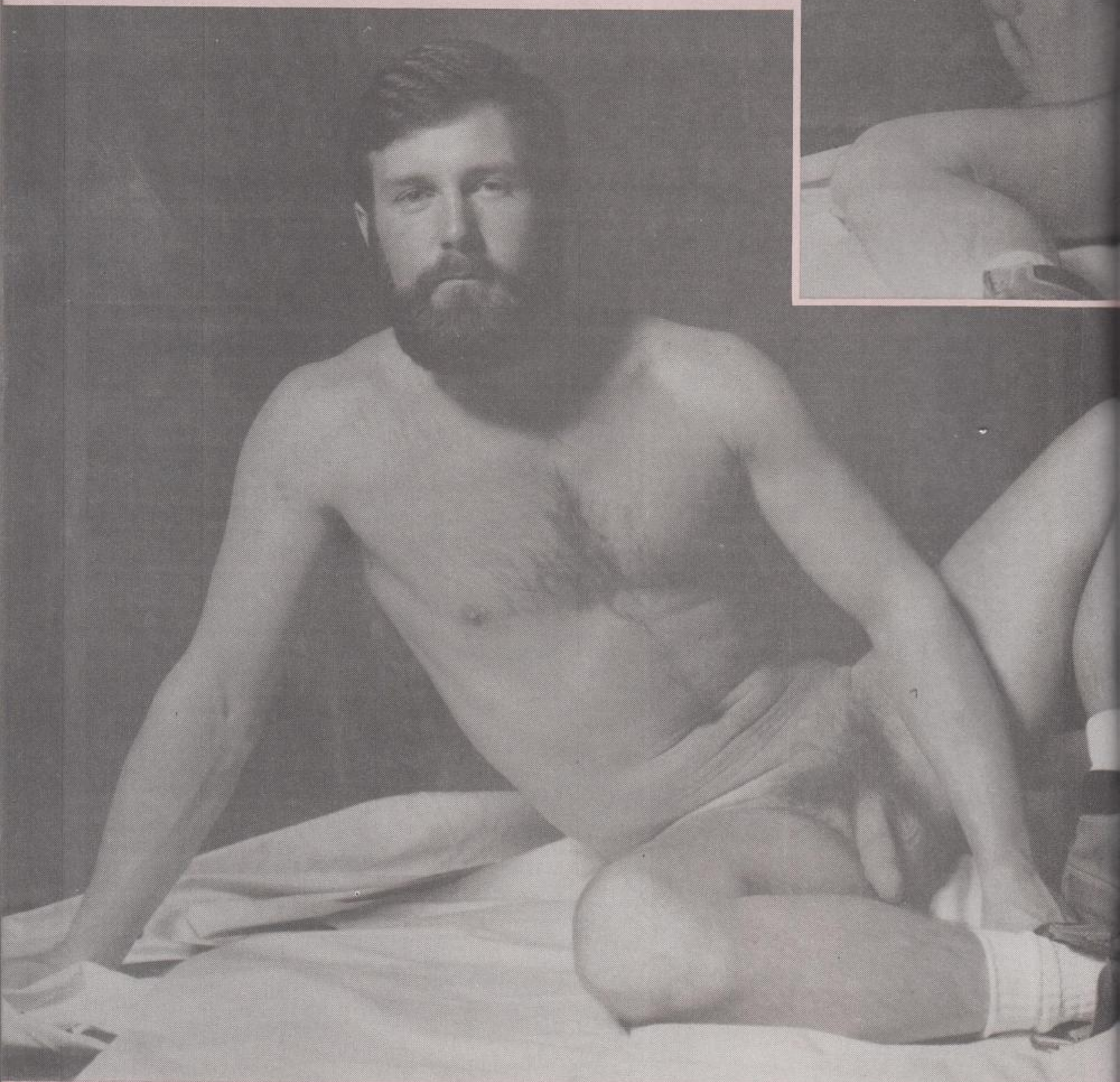
Model Mike Kloubec

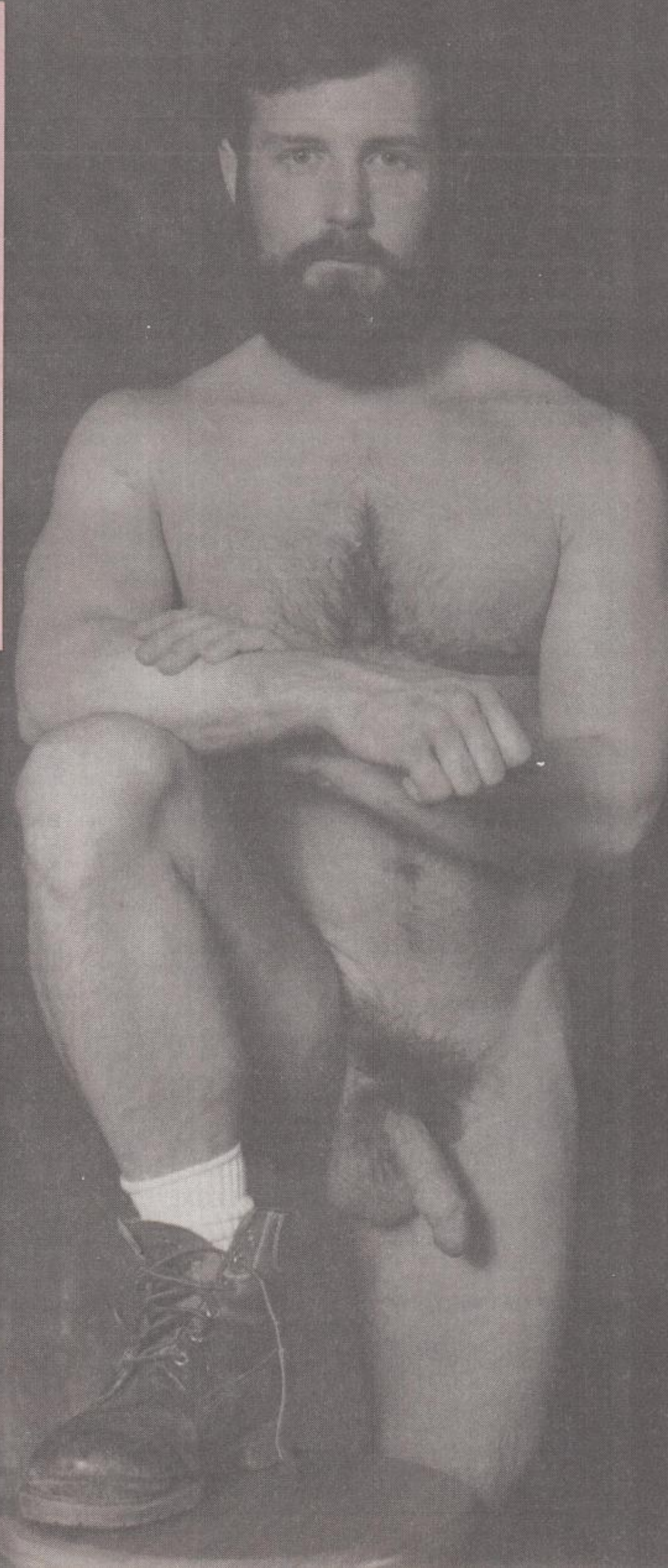












REPORT

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THEM'S FIGHTING WORDS, BOY!

Presidential candidate Pat Robertson had this comment at a Pittsburgh fund raiser in early November: "I have no intention of giving the streets of America to the radical and militant homosexuals. If we have to fight them, let's do it and let's win."

IS THIS HELP OR QUARANTINE?

According to a story in the *New York Times* (Nov. 12), a New York mayoral panel has prepared a series of proposals to prevent the spread of AIDS and to provide care and other services to the infected. Their five-year plan includes: creating AIDS-only hospitals of 500-1,000 beds; providing housing assistance to AIDS and ARC patients; increasing voluntary testing; and distributing condoms.

HOME CARE CHEAPER THAN HOSPITAL

A two-day conference on home care of AIDS patients during November in Atlanta decided that home care could cut costs from \$800 per day to under \$100 per day if private and public health insurance plans covered the costs of the home care.

ANOTHER OPENING; ANOTHER SHOW

The opening night party for "Late Night Comic" lived up to the musical's name—two batches of invitations were printed up with different addresses: one at 12th and 27th, the other at 12th and 20th. Anyone recognize the second address? The *New York Post* called it "one of the city's more notorious leather bars."

A BIT OF GAY HISTORY

According to *Gay Life in Dutch Society* (1987, Harrington Park Press; 179 pages; \$14.95), edited by A.X. van Naerssen, decriminalization of homosexual conduct in The Netherlands took place in 1811 as a result of emphasis on the separation of church and state

and a consequent end to state persecution of sexual acts between consenting adults.

WHAT ABOUT HAIRDRESSERS?

In December 1985, Great Republic Insurance Company instructed its agents to get answers to a supplemental health questionnaire from single males without dependents in "occupations that do not require physical exertion." The examples given were "restaurant employees, antique dealers, interior decorators, and florists."

GET READY FOR EXCRETORY ACTIVITIES

In a change in policy, the Federal Communications Commission has set aside the hours from midnight to 6 a.m. for the airing of "indecent" programs. "obscene" programs, however, will still be forbidden at all hours. The FCC now defines indecent programs as those showing "sexual or excretory activities" in "patently offensive" ways. The Commission feels such shows are protected by the First Amendment. Obscenity, which is not protected, it defines as indecent material that appeals to prurient (having or arising from lewd thoughts) interests and lacks serious intent. Spokespersons for groups at opposite ends of the debate criticized the ruling as either too strict or too permissive. The ruling follows a number of controversial cases in which the FCC warned several stations about indecent broadcasts.

SWEDISH LEGAL UPDATE

The Swedish parliament last June passed two new laws concerning gay commercial rights and couples. One is an anti-discrimination law which makes it punishable for commercial establishments to refuse services to gays or for property owners to refuse to sign contracts with gays because of sexual orientation; the other gives gay couples living together the same rights as unmarried hetero-



Joe Chapple clips another Visa card to add to the banner protesting Visa's support of the anti-gay U.S. Olympic committee. Photo by Raymond Proulx.

VISA PROTEST CAMPAIGN CONTINUES

The "Clip Your Visa" campaign to protest Visa's support of the anti-gay US Olympic Committee, will continue through next year, says organizer and publisher Sasha Alyson.

Alyson began the campaign in August and originally considered it a short-term project. "But Visa's response has been appalling. They have steadfastly refused to address the issue of homophobia."

Several hundred people have sent in half a card as a sign that they agree with the "Clip Your

sexual couples. Which makes them two up on the USA.

BRITISH SENSIBILITIES

The British Health Department said in November that doctors with AIDS should be allowed to continue practicing except in special circumstances and that patients do not have the right to be told that their physician has the virus, so stated a *N.Y. Times* article. The exceptions are doctors whose field of specialization involves the risk of "blood-to-blood" contact with patients.

REVERSE DISCRIMINATION

The issue of *The Advocate* commemorating the March on Washington asks why there were straights and bisexuals at the Leather-S/M conference in Washington. The chair of the GMSMA Community Involvement Committee answered that the attenders of the conference and march weren't bigoted, even against straights.

FLYNT, FALWELL LET THE FUR FLY

Attention focused recently on a U.S. Supreme Court case

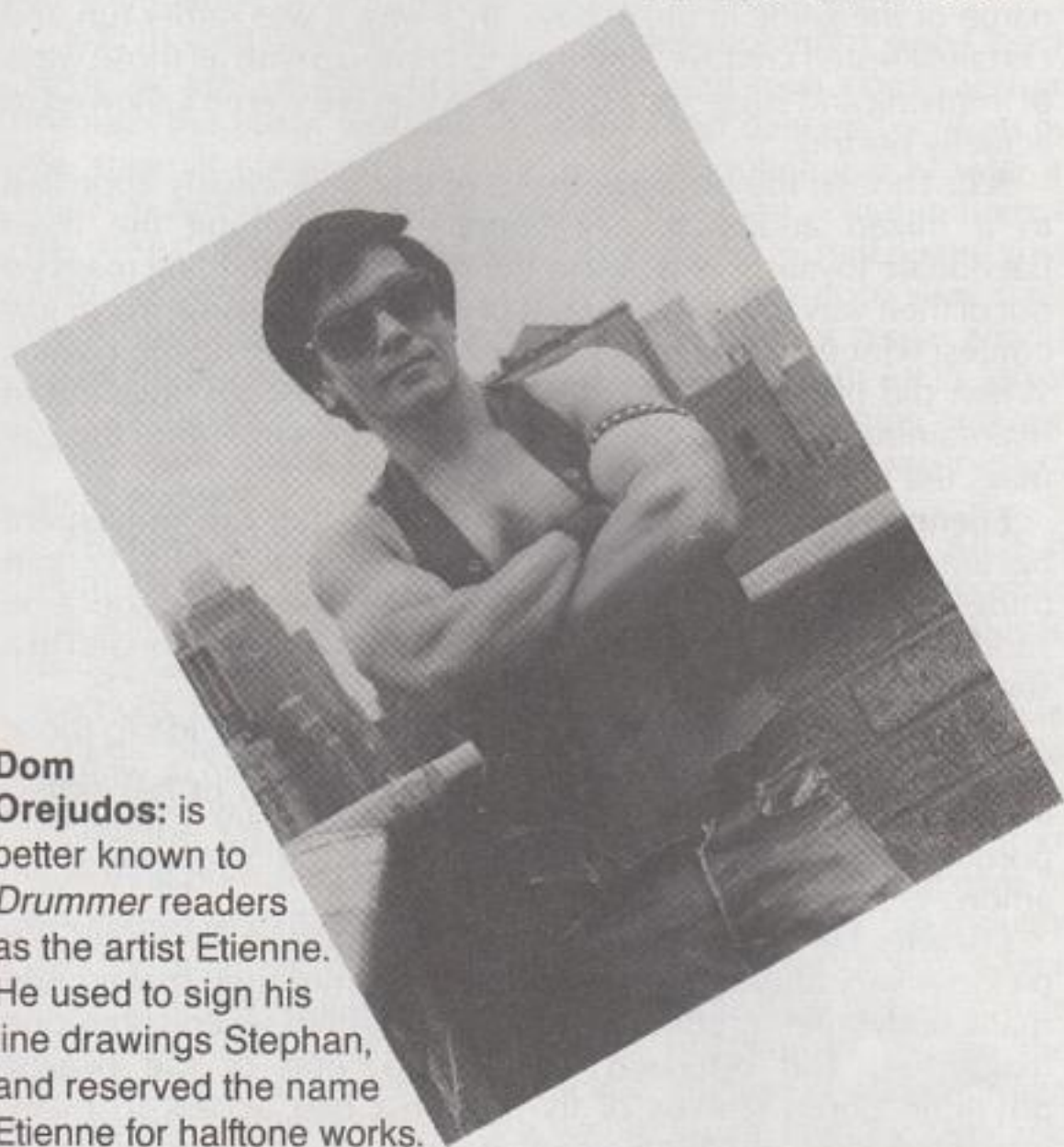
involving Larry Flynt, publisher of *Hustler* magazine, and the noted fundamentalist preacher Jerry Falwell. Falwell sued over a *Hustler* parody portraying him as having had his first sexual experience with his mother in an outhouse. The jury ruled that Falwell had not been libeled, as the item was clearly a parody and thus so obviously false that it could not be considered defamatory. However, the jury did find that Falwell deserved \$200,000 compensation for the emotional distress he suffered, and a divided appeals court agreed.

Alyson asks Visa cardholders who want to participate in this campaign to cut their card in half. One half should be returned to the Visa company, with a note explaining why it is being cancelled; the other half should go to Sasha Alyson, Alyson Publications, 40 Plympton St., Boston, MA 02118.

The case is of special concern to the nation's cartoonists and satirists, since it could set a dangerous precedent. If anyone can sue for "emotional distress" without having to prove libel, all media could be subject to legal actions and would have no defense, as they do with libel, where suit may be filed only where "actual malice" is proved: that is, where material is published "with knowledge that it was false, or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not." Presumably, parody is not libelous since it is not presented as truth. □

Fantasies Come True: The Art of Etienne

"The whole idea of these drawings really is kind of like I'm having sex with all these people I'll never meet."



Dom Orejudos: is better known to *Drummer* readers as the artist Etienne. He used to sign his line drawings Stephan, and reserved the name Etienne for halftone works.

BY COTT TUCKER

So says Etienne of the appreciative strangers who enjoy his work and send him the fan mail he loves to receive. The world of his own imagination is populated with studly strangers who get very friendly very quickly. His truckers, sailors, and bikers are open to every opportunity, and they give and take a lot of rough play. The beefcake boy with the boot up his butt may be staring and grimacing in disbelief, but his cock is flexing and flowing with pure pleasure. In the Storytime series published by Falcon Studios, Etienne notably slips in some safe sex information. The scene is Leatherland, a kinky theme park where hunks are strung up as punching bags or serve as naked dartboards. One young man is having a chain of rubber balls pulled from his ass, while behind his leather-clad tormentor is a sign saying, "TURN ON TO KINKY SEX: IT'S SAFE AND IT'S FUN! ALWAYS USE CLEAN TOYS . . ."

AIDS is a disaster, and we all feel the grief and fear. But the leather community also knows how to draw strength from the depths. Even in the face of disease and death, we still make our fantasies come true with much good humor and good sense. Etienne and other gay artists have always shown this humor and comradeship in even their kinkiest drawings and stories. Even when the sex is rough, a playful spirit is apparent. In good conscience, we can enjoy seeing a variety of sexual acts in pornographic art, some of which would be disturbing if we viewed live porn actors engaging in unsafe sex. Etienne is a fantasist with a good grip on reality, and he would strongly advise you not to do everything in real life which his studs do on paper.

Etienne is a hunky, darkly handsome man of many talents and achievements, and his work helped create the sexual and creative climate leatherfolk and gays now enjoy. If the censorship crusaders ever stop the presses which print work like his, then it's up to us to keep gay pornography in safe storage, like fine wines, for the future. As a high-school student, Etienne worked out at a gym run by Irv Johnson, who also put out a pocket-sized posing strap magazine called *Tomorrow's Man*. That's where Etienne's drawings were first published. Soon after, Chuck Renslow of Kris Studios approached Etienne to be a model; Etienne contributed not only his physique, but his skills and artwork as well.

In the late 50s, it was a real adventure to publish certain magazines which may look coy or quaint nowadays to folks who take hard-ons for granted. Some of the magazines Etienne worked on were prosecuted for obscenity, and the cases went all the way to the Supreme Court. Over the years, Etienne and Renslow maintained a close friendship. When Renslow opened Chicago's famed Gold Coast bar, Etienne produced the classic advertising posters. These are true icons of leatherdom. Like the guy in one of the posters, Etienne often wears an ankh, the

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Egyptian symbol of life. Renslow and Etienne began the International Mr. Leather contest nine years ago, and Etienne is one of the seven judges each year. Five years ago, Etienne and his lover moved to Eldorado Canyon, not far from Boulder, Colorado.

In its own dimension, Etienne's work makes fantasies come true, and helps keep the spirit of play and pleasure alive in a dark time. I interviewed him shortly after he returned from a trip to China.

S.T.: Did you notice any signs of gay life in China, however subtle? There have been reports in the Soviet and Chinese press about AIDS, and the official line is that the disease is due to Western decadence. In general, I gather that the Chinese are sexually quite strict.

Etienne: No, I didn't notice any signs of gay life in China during my three weeks there. Actually, I didn't notice signs of any sort of sexual activity, homo or hetero. This is not to imply that gay life does not exist there. I suspect, given the vast differences in cultural backgrounds between our two countries, that the signals and signs used to identify each other on the streets in China might not be the same as in Western cities. There seems to be a strong sense of family there and, although there are some signs of relaxation, a rather rigid code of propriety that permeates the society. That, and the general lack of privacy that is an inescapable result of the overcrowded population, would likely account for a more closeted approach to any form of sexuality, particularly those forms considered outside the norm.

S.T.: You began drawing as a child. Did you have any formal instruction, or did you teach yourself?

Etienne: I am entirely self-taught. After graduating from high school, I did attend a few semesters at the Chicago Art Institute and the American Academy of Art, but by that time I was already marketing drawings under the name of Etienne, and my technique, such as it is, had already been established.

S.T.: I love a lot of the early physique photography, and the classic posing strap mags that were published when I was a kid. I find much of this vintage material every bit as hot as some of the current hard-core porn. How explicit were you allowed to be with your artwork in *Tomorrow's Man*?

Etienne: Explicit was definitely a no-no. Suggestion was the name of the game in those days. In a way, it was rather fun and certainly tested creative ingenuity to come up with all those ways of implying and suggesting those activities we weren't allowed to actually portray.

S.T.: Though the physique mags of that time clearly appealed to a mixed audience, gay people were among the most passionate loyalists. Nowadays the major bodybuilding mags go out of their way to avoid any taint of gayness, and some major gay contest winners are routinely posed with women on the covers. When did physique mags become more self-conscious about maintaining a straight image? Perhaps at the same time the gay mags felt freer to publish hard-ons?

Etienne: I agree with your theory. As the gay movement became more open and visible to the general public, certain things which had, until then, gone unquestioned became suddenly "suspect." Magazines and photos were re-assessed in a sexual light by a newly educated public.

S.T.: It seems to me we owe a great debt of gratitude to those early soft-core mags. The cocks may have been limp or wrapped in fishnet, but here were the seeds of a free gay press, both pornographic and political. Was there much free-wheeling sex among bodybuilders in those days?

Etienne: Let me just assure you that I personally found the pickings very abundant. We operated a gymnasium that trained many bodybuilding contest winners, published several physique magazines, and operated Kris Studio, one of the biggest physique photo studios of its day. So I had access to many muscle models, and the percentage of them willing to play was mind-boggling. There seemed to be a more "innocent" feel to it all, though . . . more in the nature of "just some buddies foolin' around." It was, after all, a more naive period. I knew of several

contest title-winners, and I mean the BIG titles, who were gay.

S.T.: When you were working with Kris Studios, you were subjected to police raids, and ended up donating a collection of porn to the Kinsey Institute for Sexual Research. Gay historians are now finding the Kinsey collection to be a treasure trove, though access is sometimes frustratingly limited. Could you describe that time, and what kind of materials you donated?

Etienne: The situation in the 1950s was extremely repressive. Merely having pornography in your possession, in the privacy of your own home, was dangerous! We donated several trunkloads of stuff to the Kinsey Institute—photos, drawings, written material, films. We hated to part with the collection, but it just wasn't safe to have around.

S.T.: Currently, bodybuilders in mainstream physique mags get rigged up as Gladiators, Barbarians, and Outer Space Studs. A lot of those guys look hot, and *Drummer* #105 even featured the two brothers who made the film *The Barbarians*. But only the gay sex mags show serious physiques in leather. I wonder how many bodybuilders who posed for the physique mags in the past were self-identified as gay leatherguys, or simply as "swinging" bikers, and so forth. I'm curious how self-images and identities evolve over time.

Etienne: I think the reason Gladiators, Barbarians, and Outer Space Studs are visible in mainstream bodybuilding magazines is because those are obviously "costumes," and therefore safe. Leather, on the other hand, is a little too real and has a significance and a power that the mainstream publications just can't cope with, and therefore they exile it from their pages.

S.T.: You travel a great deal, and here's an unfair question. Where do you find the most hunks and beauties? You once ranked Boulder, Colorado as "one of the top three cities as far as having great-looking men." How about the other two?

Etienne: Boulder remains one of my all-time favorite places for finding beautiful men. Tanned and healthy and gorgeous, these guys are major hunks. Los Angeles and New York would have to qualify as other meccas of male pulchritude because of their concentration of professional models and actors. San Francisco also has more than its share of incredibly handsome guys, and almost anywhere in the state of Utah there seems to be an abundance of mouthwatering, great-looking studs.

S.T.: In your own work and in your collaborations with Chuck Renslow, you've seen hordes of beautiful men come and go through the years, working as models and dancers, or strutting the stage at contests. I'm curious if you notice any change in consciousness and lifestyle among these men. What influence has the gay movement, and more recently AIDS, had on the guys who become public erotic icons? Only a few porn stars have been outspoken about safe sex. Beau Matthews spoke angrily about his porn career when he was diagnosed with AIDS. What kind of balance should be struck between affirming sex and insisting on sexual responsibility—including in the business of pornography?

Etienne: To be sexually irresponsible in the age of AIDS is monumentally stupid, in my opinion. One can be responsible and still have an active and vigorous sex life. The first step is to realign and redefine your fantasies to encompass safe sex practices. It may take a little time and effort, but isn't it worth it?

Participants in pornographic videos and movies should not be expected to risk their lives in their line of work; precautions should be taken, perimeters established. The excitement of watching porn stars fucking, rimming, and generally engaging in dangerous activities is considerably dampened by the thought that we might be watching them infect each other with a fatal virus. Withdrawing the prick prior to ejaculation is a legitimate cinematic device, gives the viewer opportunity to see the ejaculation, and is safer for the fuckee. The use of condoms can be visually exciting. There is a whole list of safe sex play and fetishes that can be real turn-ons.

Like the periods of intense censorship (though much more lethal), this current time of rampant AIDS presents challenges to



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pornographic filmmakers that can be met creatively and with imagination.

S.T.: Pornography is often described as having no "redeeming social or artistic value"—except pleasure! Art, likewise, is often placed in a realm of sexless, eternal purity. But Michelangelo's David is beautiful largely because it is sexy, and getting a hard-on is a legitimate way of responding to ancient Greek sculpture. You once told an interviewer, "I draw pornography, but I don't feel it has any particular lasting value as art." You also said, "The closer something is to art, the further it gets away from arousing you."

But shouldn't art be big enough to include pornography? I feel sure that you and others are producing a body of work which will be displayed, published, and enjoyed a century from now. Let me be immodest on your behalf. I'd call you a pornographic artist: would you shy away from that?

Etienne: True, the distinctions between pornography and art are sometimes blurred, but I think that mostly it is a matter of intent. Pornography intends to give you a hard-on. That is its primary aim. If it chances to have artistic merit also, that is a happy by-product. Art, on the other hand, is primarily directed toward the concerns of line, form, composition, color, texture, balance . . . Your example of Michelangelo's David may serve to illustrate my point. It is art, and happens to be sexy. Now, imagine the statue with an oversized cock, hard and dripping, exaggerated large nipples, tongue licking lasciviously at his lips . . . that would be pornography.

S.T.: Yukio Mishima wrote that he was turned on as a kid by a painting of the martyred St. Sebastian, dressed only in a loincloth and bristling with arrows. Comic-strip superheroes used to rouse my lust as a kid. Which erotic artists do you most admire, and which may have inspired or influenced your work?

Etienne: There are so many exceptional talents in this field today that it would be difficult to make up a short list. It would have to include Tom of Finland, of course. His technique and

control are nothing short of breathtaking. His reputation is unassailable and richly deserved. Bill Ward, Olaf, Harry Bush, Rex, Jim French, and Steve Masters would have to be prominently included. And, of course, A. Jay (Al Shapiro), whose wonderfully sleazy style and irrepressible humor made Harry Chess a classic gay comic strip. There are others, too many to name.

S.T.: Among your other talents, I know that you have also created dances and ballets. Is a choreographer's eye and imagination at work in some of your erotic ensembles on the page?

Etienne: Undoubtedly, yes. The same aesthetic principles that govern composition of figures on stage apply to placement of figures in a drawing. Perhaps more surprising, there is some evidence to suggest that the crossover works in both directions—that my *pornographer's* eye occasionally influences my choreographies. A New Orleans critic, in reviewing one of my ballets, noted this "sensuousness" and "special sensitivity to male beauty."

S.T.: One last question. Among your storybooks, *Military Ball* is one of my own favorites. Especially the "double-dickin'" centerspread, where the crewcut star quarterback of the Navy team is bound to a bed, and is taking two Army cocks up his butt at the same time. What hot and heavenly spirit stands at your shoulder to inspire your work? What gets you going?

Etienne: I honestly can't say what inspires me to begin work on stories like *Military Ball*. An idea just forms in my head, I think about it, develop it, let it grow and take off. Usually I'll have the general outline fixed in my mind before I start drawing, but sometimes I have no idea where the story is going or how it will end. Some of the story-drawings that were done in this unstructured manner turned out to be my best things. It's always a little spooky when that happens, like they had a life of their own and were just proceeding to their inevitable cum-splattered conclusion, while I just "recorded" it with my pen and ink. □

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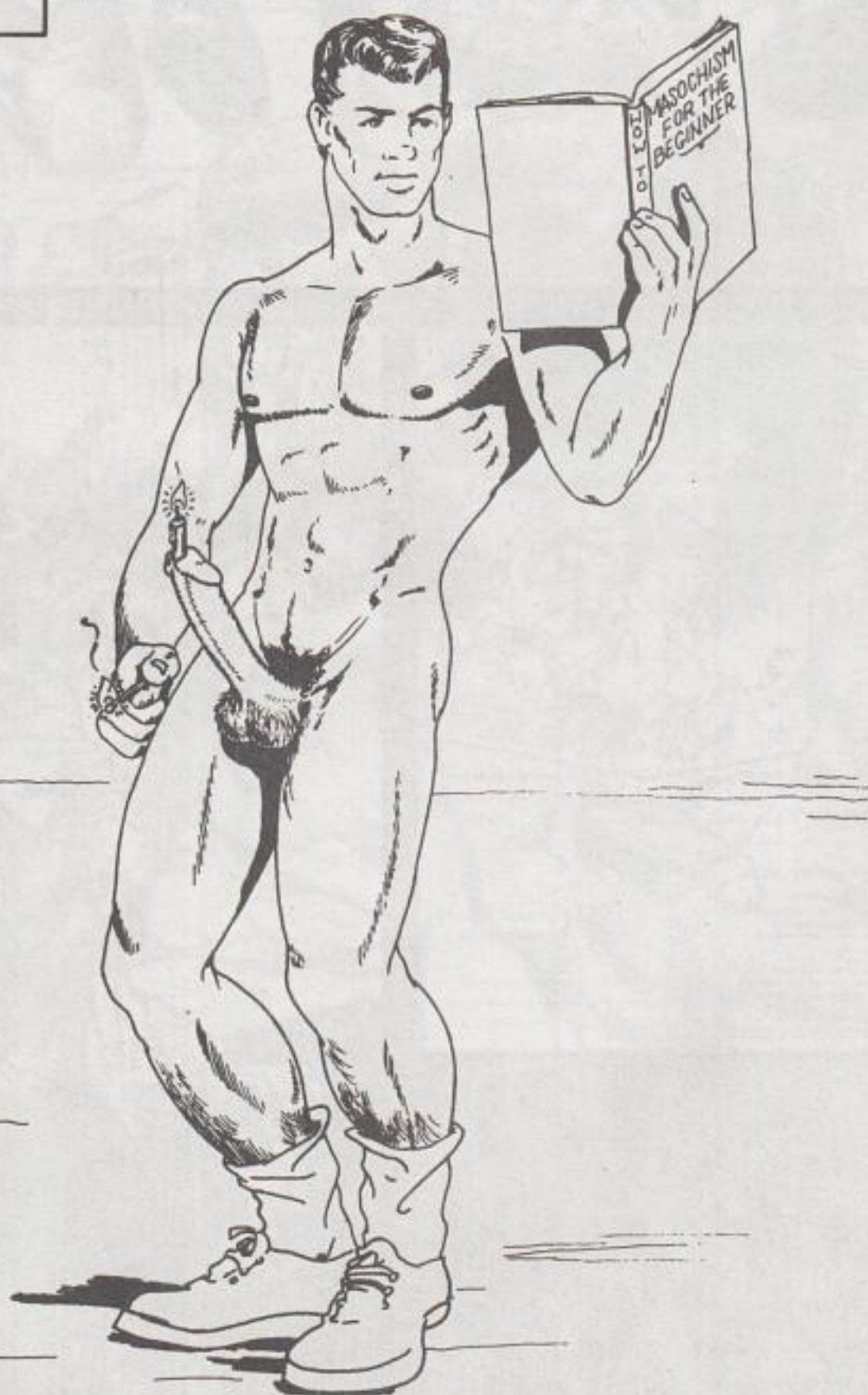
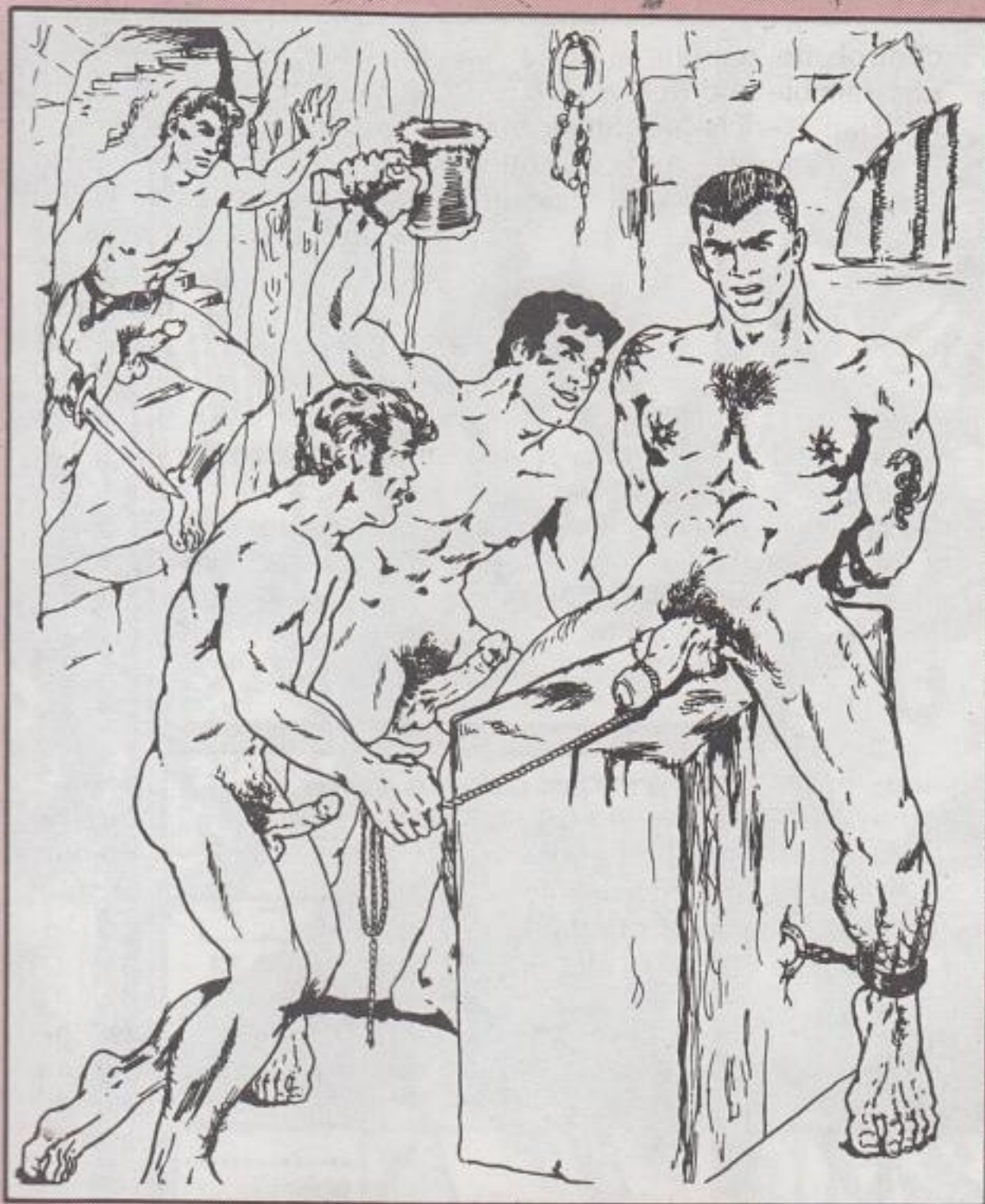
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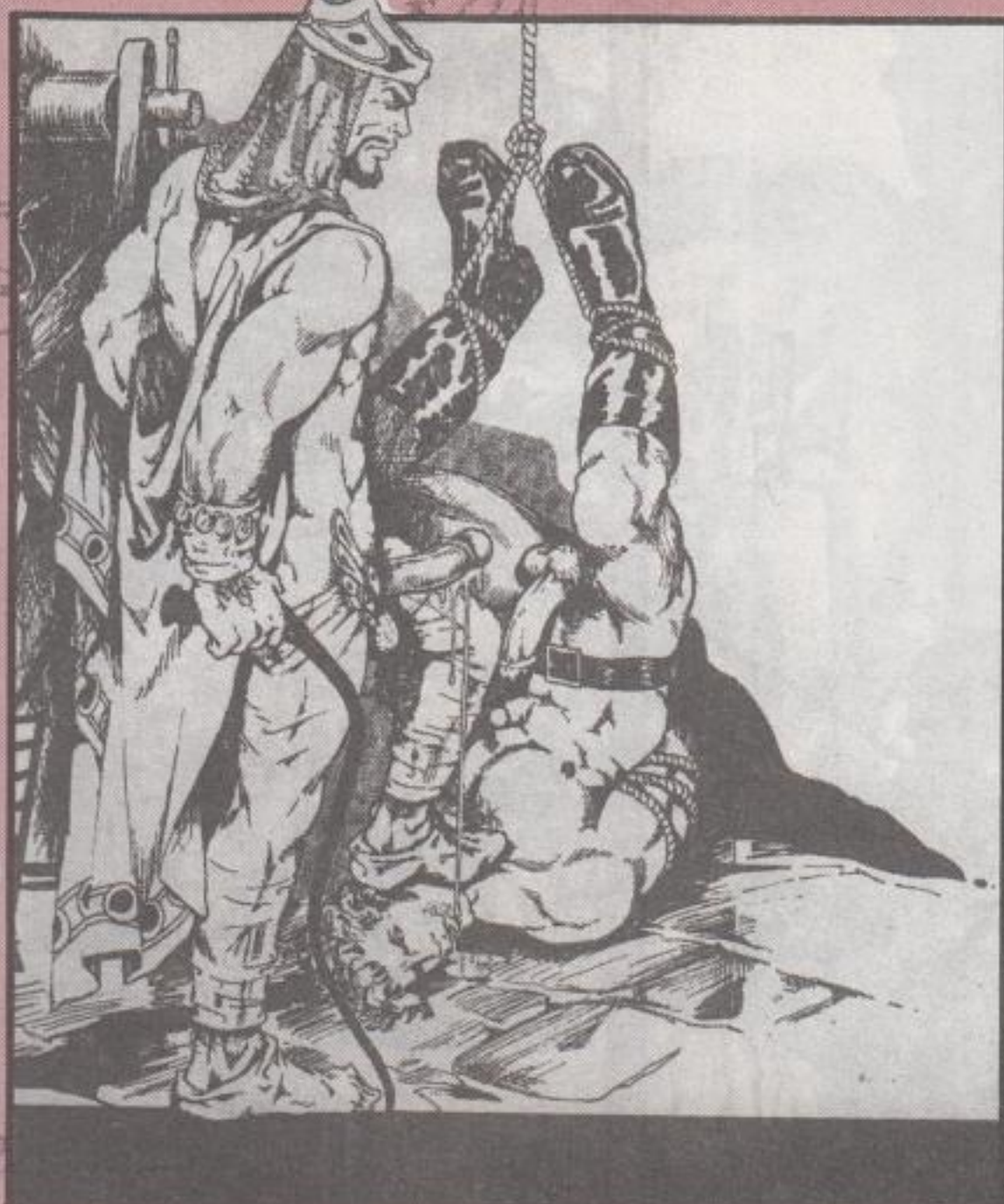
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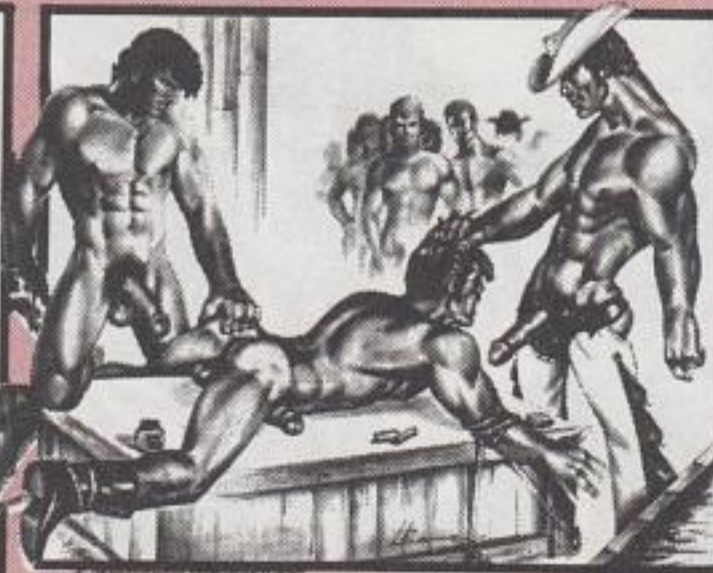
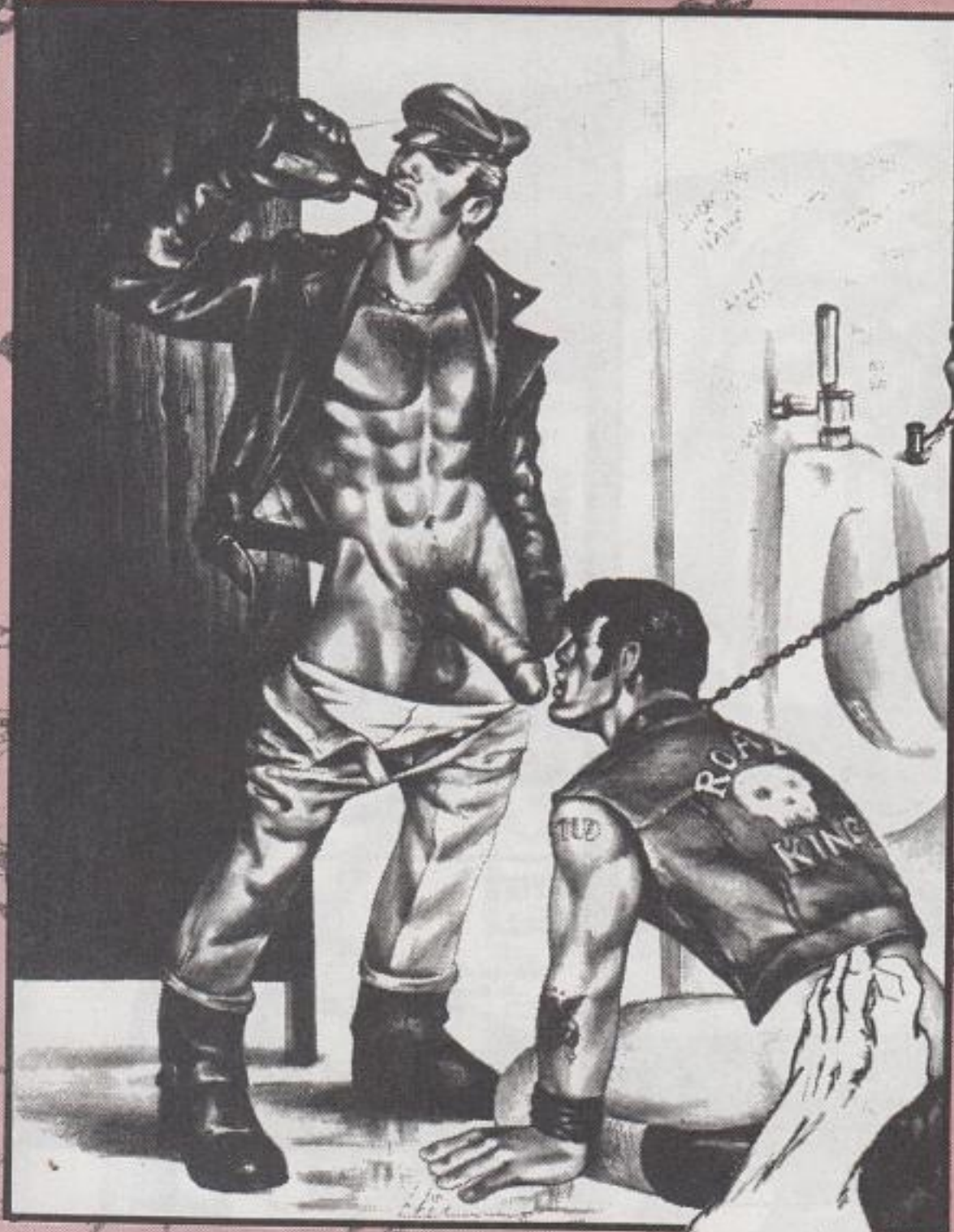
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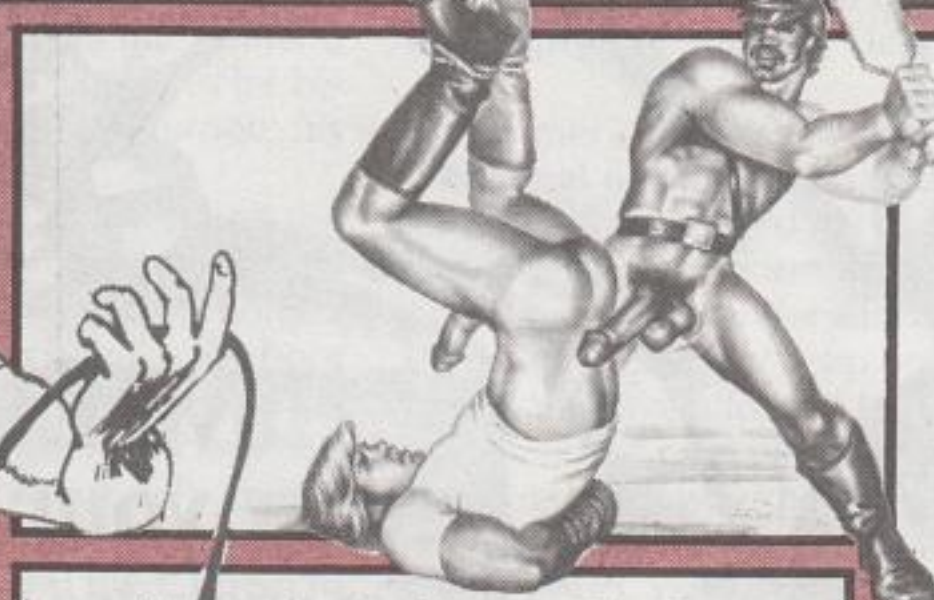
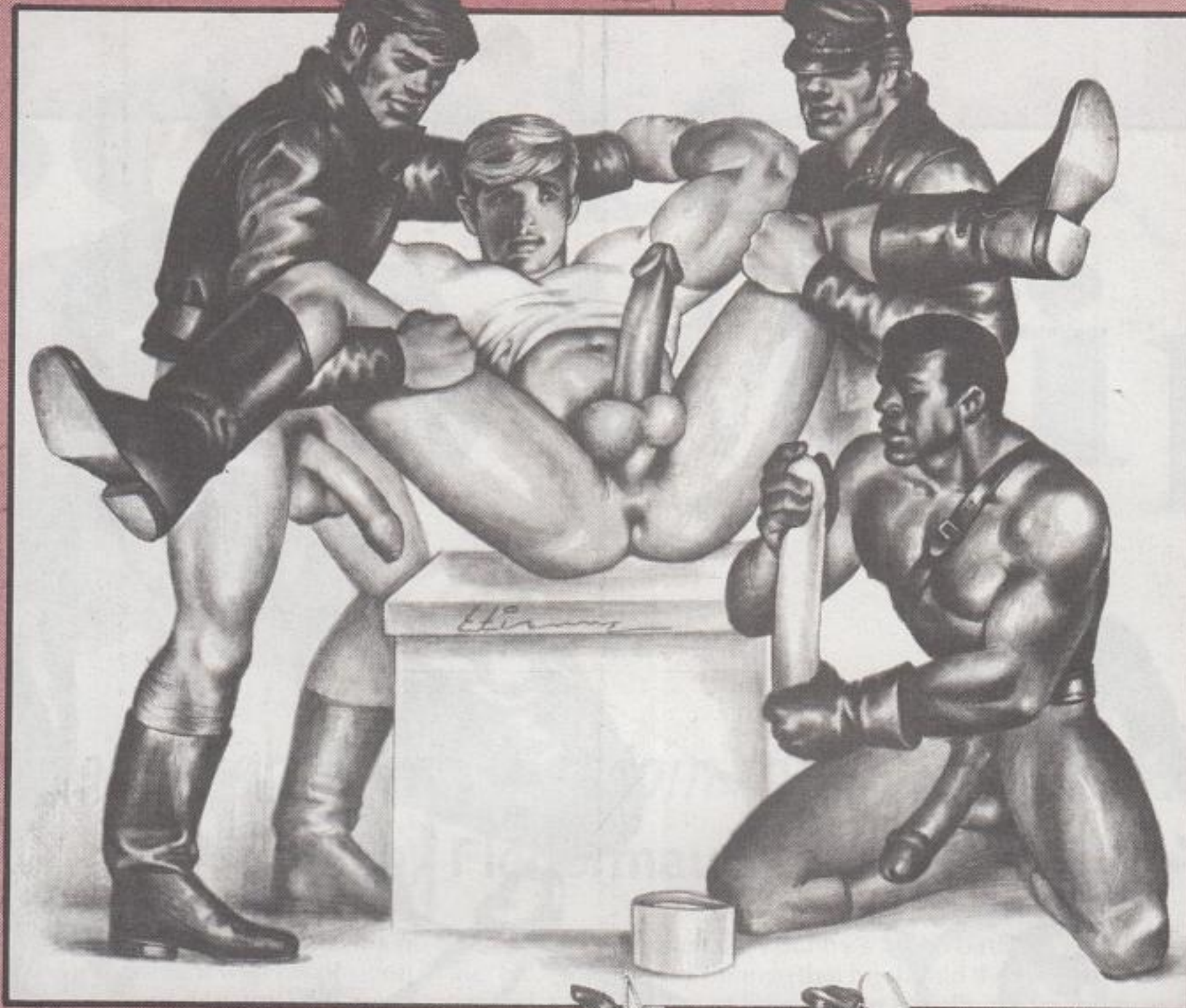
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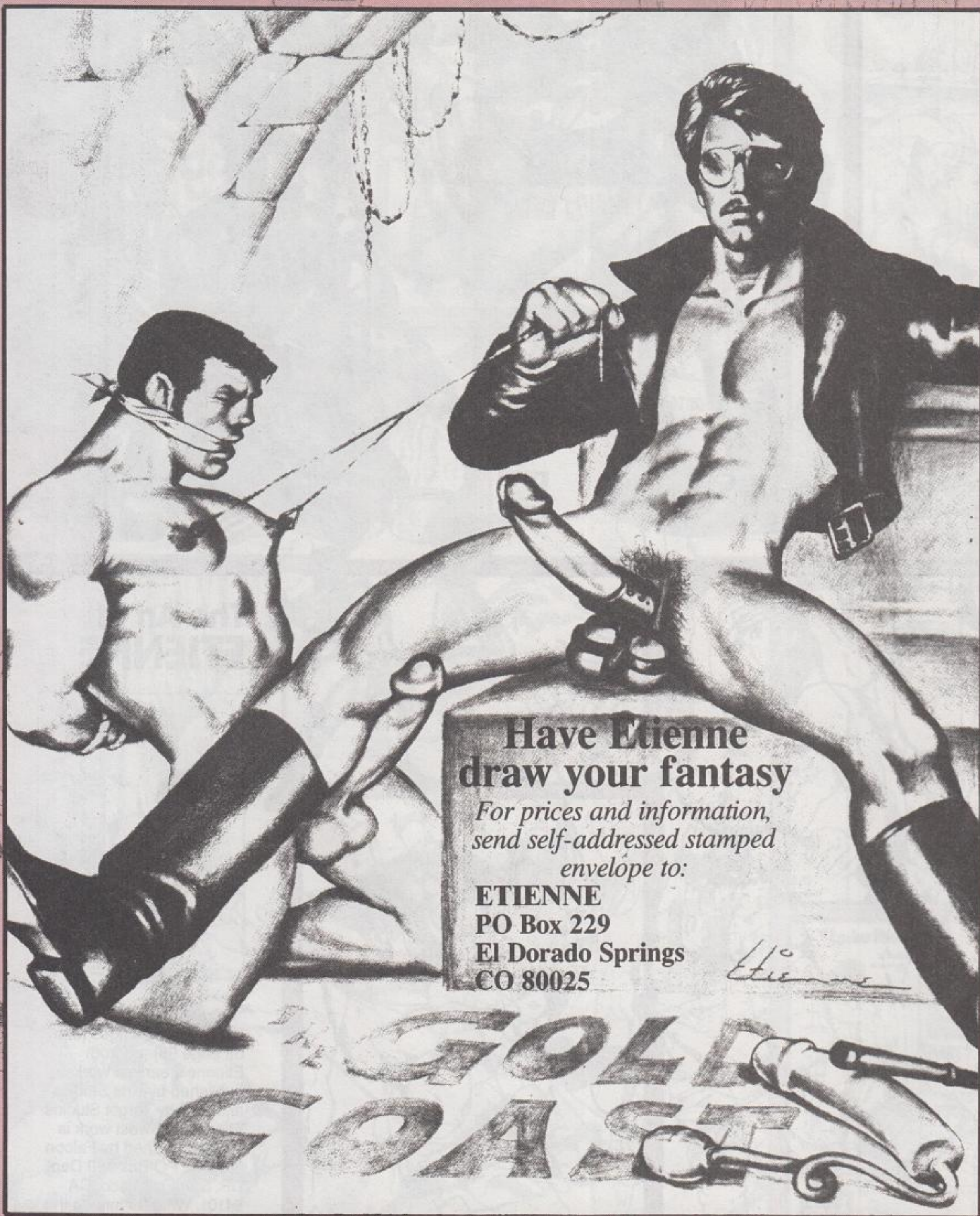
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The Art of ETIENNE



Virtually all of the drawings on these pages (and on page 98) are from Etienne's earliest works, published by Kris Studios and later by Target Studios. Etienne's newest work is being published by Falcon Studios, PO Box 750 Dept. DR, San Francisco, CA 94101. Write for info on the several books available and tell them *Drummer* sent you.



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Boots & Whip

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by **Fledermaus**

He lay quietly watching the display of fireworks on the large TV screen. He was at peace, content with his position in life. No, "content" was too placid a word. He was delighted, overjoyed, just plain Happy. He sniffed at the familiar odor of the leather a few inches from his face and leaned forward slightly to let his tongue tenderly caress the shining boot, then returned his attention to the TV.

In the chair above him the big man shifted position and the sharp-edged boot heel that had been biting into his smooth shaved chest lifted and fell again. On the screen a spray of golden sparks filled the sky and a similar array filled his brain as the boot heel fell on his tightly bound balls. He gasped in pain and his cock jumped higher. His fingers curled into the thick carpeting and he arched his crotch up, shoving his bound balls tighter against the heavy boot. Above his face the muscular, hairy thighs loomed close and comforting; his eyes followed them down to the tops of the high black boots, one resting flat on his chest, the heel pressing down a firm, calloused nipple, the other propped in his crotch, resting on the mushroom cap of balls, in turn supported by the black stem of the leather stretcher.

He knew these boots, every millimeter of them, every stitch, every slight flaw in the leather. If ordered to do so he could have drawn a portrait of each sole showing every scratch, every distinctive mark. His tongue had explored every molecule of the boots' surface hundreds of times, their topography was imprinted on his mind, and frequently there were imprints on his body as well.

He was strong and muscular and healthy, but his skin was soft and white. That was the way the man in the chair wanted him, so that was the way he was. Every hair on his body, except for his eyebrows and lashes and the long blond hair on his head, was kept shaved. His white skin showed every mark, from boot or from whip, like chalk on a blackboard. He glanced down at his chest and could still see the imprint of the sole that had recently shifted to his crotch. Again his tongue flicked out and caressed the other boot still on his chest.

Between the twin arcs of muscular legs and gleaming black boots he could see the TV screen on which fireworks still exploded. He wasn't sure what the celebration was, Chinese New Year probably, but fireworks always reminded him of another display more than 10 years ago. Fireworks that had

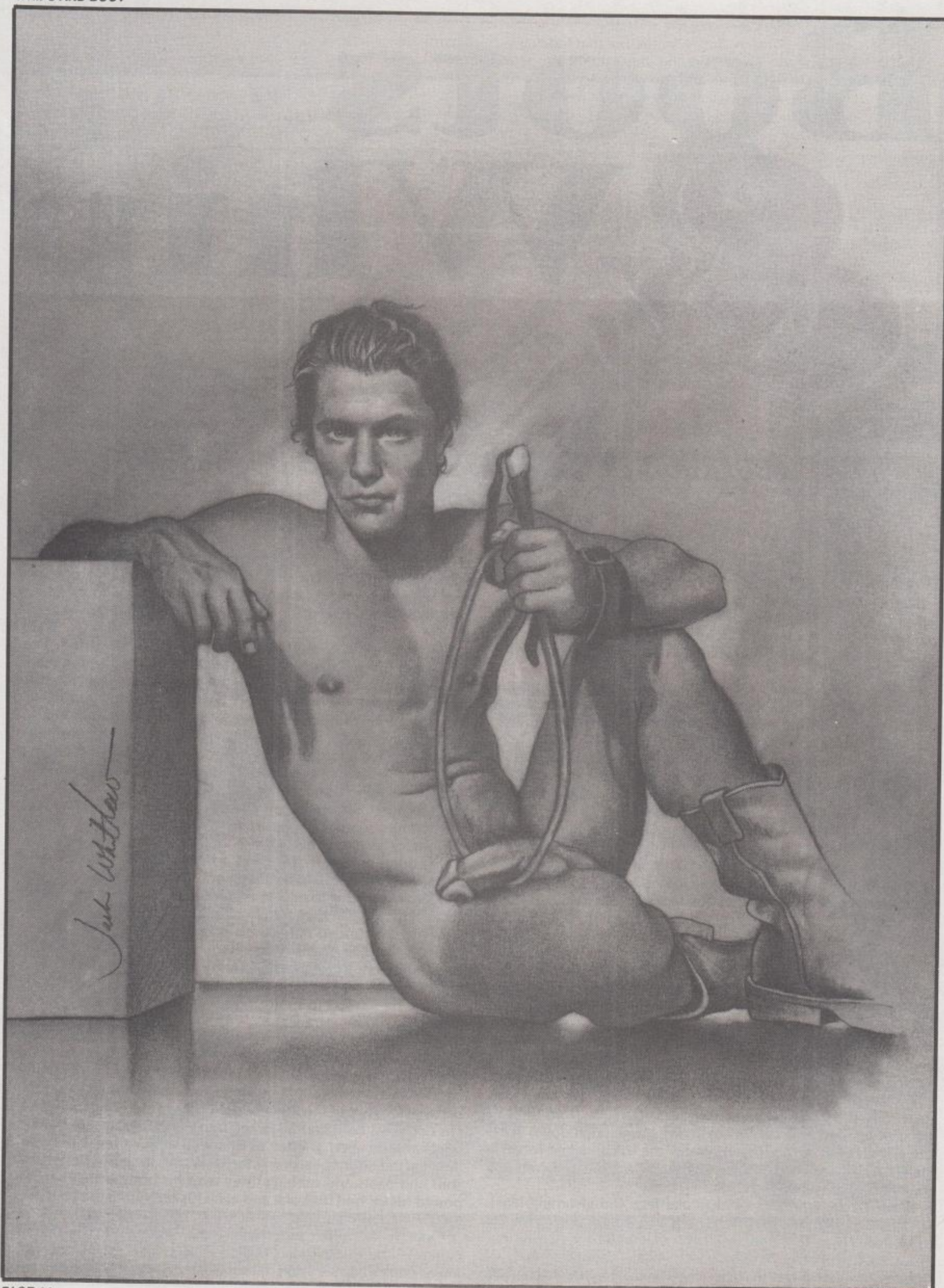
celebrated the country's 200th birthday and his own Independence Day. Strange that he should think of it as independence, ten plus years of being, quite literally, under the man's boots; being kept shaved and naked; kicked, trampled, whipped . . . loved.

Summer of 1976 saw the end of a long dismal period. The emotional turmoil that had been building inside him for years had boiled over. He'd left his wife months before, realizing that that attempt at "normality" had been an absolute bust. His parents couldn't understand and, instead of returning home to them, he lived in a cheap hotel to avoid their prying questions. He could have afforded better, his job paid well, but spending money on his own pleasure was never a source of satisfaction to him. He knew what he wanted.

Deep down inside he had always known. As a child he had spent hours watching construction sites, not looking at the machinery, as everyone thought, but looking at the MEN. Big, burly strong men with sweating bodies, bulging muscles, and strong leather boots. On television he found cowboys and lumberjacks and motorcycle men—all virile and booted. And occasionally in a movie a man would get kicked in the gut, or have his shirt ripped off and his back whipped. Then the boy would have to lie on his stomach so no one could see the hard cock in his young crotch. After much pleading they bought him a pair of cowboy boots, but his mother yelled at him constantly because he refused to wear socks with them, loving the feel of the leather on his bare feet.

When he was 13 he found a pair of high lace-up boots in the alley, the kind the ironworkers wore. They were old and battered and had holes in the soles. He found a place in the corner of the basement where he could be alone and stuffed his face into the battered boots and inhaled the perfumes of sweating male feet. His cock was hard and he jerked himself to orgasm. He hid the boots and escaped as often as he could to have sex with them, inhaling their odors, caressing them with his tongue, opening his shirt and pants and rubbing them over his body, using them to pound his tits and his cock and even his balls until the pain and the pleasure merged.

One day his father found him there, jerking off. The significance of the boots didn't register, fortunately. In his rage the father could only focus on the son's "self-abuse." The older man



stripped off his belt and beat the boy soundly. But that too was a mixture of pleasure and pain, and the boy's cock erupted without being touched. Both father and son were astounded and embarrassed, but the father was also outraged. Without further hesitation he dragged the protesting boy to the local priest, who began a relentless campaign of humiliation and terror so well crafted that for years the sight of a hunky man in boots simultaneously brought an erection and the gut-churning fear that someone would recognize his lust. He was enslaved by a society that would not allow him the freedom to be what he wanted to be.

The marriage had been both a total failure and a success. It was the failure of the marriage that succeeded in breaking the spell, that finally freed him from other people's concepts of himself. But freedom did not come in a blinding flash, it had to build slowly. He now lived by himself. His hotel room was well supplied with boots of every description—some new, most used. But the used ones had been mainly gleaned from trash cans or purchased at second-hand shops. He had even found a whip in one of these second-hand shops. He loved the feel of it as he dragged it over his skin or snapped the tip against his tit or cock. He had discovered public toilets and had sucked the cocks of booted men through ragged holes in flimsy partitions. He had even brought tricks home and let them fuck him. Most thought he was silly when he asked to lick their boots, and weird if he asked them to kick him or whip him. A few got mad and punched him, which was almost as good. But he knew that a lot of what he wanted was still missing.

Then he discovered the waterfront in the West Village. There he watched men in black leather boots, and lots of other black leather as well, do fantastic things to each other in the backs of empty trucks and in abandoned piers. The things he saw scared him and excited him. He spent nights crawling on slimy floors lapping at equally slimy anonymous bodies and boots. Sometimes he would luck out and pair off with someone for a few hours of heavy, painful sexuality and boot worship that filled all needs, save one. When the sun rose he had to return to the "real world" and go to work or visit his family, or whatever.

For the bicentennial celebration he got to the pier early, ignoring the "No Trespassing" sign and slipping through the hole in the chain link. He stripped off his shirt and spent the day with the multitude of men watching the tall ships and the other festivities. He talked with the few he knew and openly admired the big men with boots and left flags flying. A couple of times he even asked permission to go down and lick boots.

As sunset approached he screwed up his courage and proceeded with his plan. He found the appropriate prominent spot and stripped off all of his clothes. He put his boots back on and got a can of spray paint from his pack. On the wall he wrote, "Slave available for lifetime servitude." He sat on the floor in front of the sign, leaned on a packing crate, and watched the crowd file past, examining him like meat in a shop. His cock grew along the length of his thigh as booted feet stopped inches away. He took the whip from his pack and looped it under his cock, holding the butt end up and out, an offering for the man who could take it. Never before had he so openly displayed his desires to himself, let alone to the world in general. He felt scared and excited, but finally he did not feel ridiculous or embarrassed.

Most of the men laughed and twittered. Some looked at him enviously, obviously wishing THEY had the guts to do what he was doing. Many bantered back and forth about him, few spoke directly to him. He kept his gaze lowered, rarely raising it above crotch level in front of him, knowing those who passed more than once by the boots they wore. Several passed many times. Some spoke to him, trying to joke with him, or to play the Master. But some guardian spirit must have been watching over him, he knew to avoid responding to these play actors.

A few recognized the sincerity of his offer and approached. They asked intelligent questions and he replied intelligently. One

in particular came back three times, the third just after the fireworks had started. The man wore knee-high black leather boots over leather pants and he could see the exploding arrays of color filling the sky between the spread, leather-clad legs. The man's hand closed on the butt of the whip and it was released. He fell forward onto his face and licked the toe of the closest boot. The man let the dangling whip trail gently across his back as he devoured the leather. For what seemed like hours he licked and tongued those boots as the whip flicked across his ass and back harder and harder. He worked his way up the shafts and when both boots had been thoroughly worshipped, continued up to the leather-clad bulge in the man's crotch. He mouthed the hard cock through the leather.

The man grabbed his head and mashed it into the crotch, then pulled it away and sat on the crate. He was kneeling in front of the seated man who lifted a leg and planted a boot in the center of his chest. He dropped his head and licked the toe, which rose before him so he could lick the grime and filth from the sole. When one sole was clean the boot dropped to his crotch, the heel crushing against his balls and the sole mashing his hard cock into his tight abdomen. The other boot rose before his face and he lapped its sole clean. "Take my boot off," the man said. He obeyed and then held the empty boot out like an offering to a god. One of the man's hands gripped the boot, the other buried fingers in his hair and pulled his head forward. The boot top was shoved at his face and he inhaled deeply of the masculine aroma that spilled fourth. Then the man turned the boot away and rubbed the upper against the side of his face. First the boot caressed his face then tapped against it. Slowly the taps became harder and harder, first one side of his face and then the other. Harder and harder the boot slammed into his face as the hand gripping his hair held him steady. Tears of pain and pleasure streamed from his closed eyes. He moaned and gasped, then bit his lips to keep from screaming as the other boot ground down on his balls—and his still hard and throbbing cock.

It was hard to tell the fireworks still bursting in the sky from those bursting within his head when the bootslaps finally stopped. The man pulled his head forward and tipped his face up. The booted foot left his crotch and he gasped at its loss. He opened his eyes when the man commanded and for the first time he saw the man's face. "Do you want to be my slave?" the man asked.

He nodded and the man commanded him to speak. "Yes, Sir. Please take me as your slave, Sir. Please let me worship you."

"I'll take you on a one month trial. Then we'll both decide about the future."

"Thank you, Sir. Thank you . . ." he said, but before he could finish the toe of the empty boot entered his mouth. The man worked it in gently but persistently, forcing the jaws and lips open until the toe rested against his tonsils. The hand gripping his hair pushed him away until he was leaning back on his arms, head tilted back, balancing the boot planted in his mouth above his head. The booted foot returned to his crotch, its toe shoving his balls back under his body and the man's bare foot pulled his hard cock down and trapped it against the top of the booted foot. He moaned in ecstasy as the bare foot kneaded his cock against the boot, and then the whip reached out and nipped at his tits.

He inhaled the scent of the boot planted in his mouth and opened his eyes. The boot top was outlined against a sky of exploding color. The whip bit again and again at his chest and above him the fireworks reached their climax. In absolute joy he did the same, shooting his cum over the man's booted foot.

He was free at last!

*

The fireworks on the TV screen reached a crescendo and the boot resting on his bound balls began to bounce in time with the explosions. He gasped as explosions of pain in his bouncing balls sent colors radiating behind his closed eyes. And he hugged the boot on his chest to his face and kissed it again and again, and gave thanks for more than ten years of glorious freedom. □

BOOTS



FETISH FEATURE

ATURE

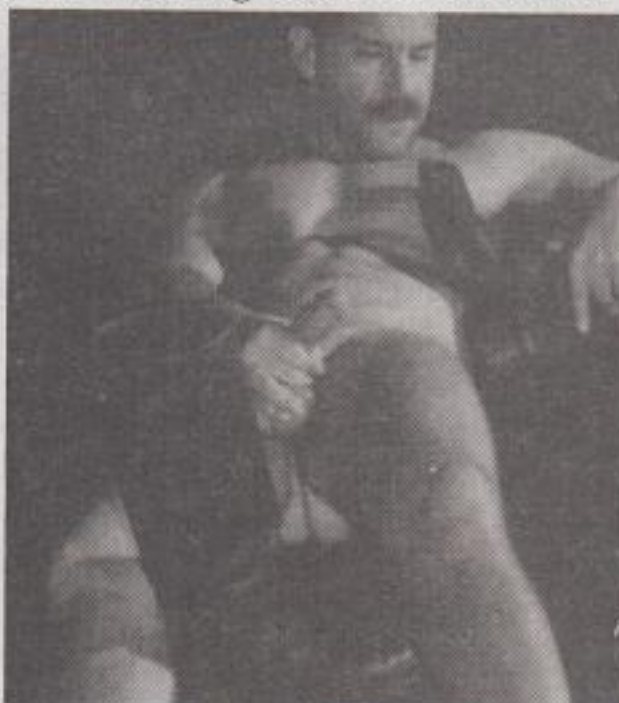
FETISH FEATURE

FETISH

Motorcycle boots, Police boots, Military boots, Construction boots, Lumberjack boots, Fireman boots, Cowboy boots, Lineman boots: Leather—Rubber; Lace up—Pull on; Western heel—Walking heel; Smooth soles—Lug soles—Spike soles; Black—Brown—Natural—Colored; Ankle high—Calf high—Knee high—Thigh high—Crotch high; New, shiny, fresh smelling—Old, worn, rank with the odors of male feet. BOOTS—one of the strongest masculine fetishes.

In the Leather scene boots, more than anything else, defined the players. A TopMan *had* to be wearing boots to be taken

seriously. Any gay man was a cocksucker; but a slave was a cocksucker *and*, more importantly, a bootlicker. The wearing of boots and the worshipping of boots, more than anything else, defined the Master/slave relationship. In the "old days" a TopMan always wore boots but a bottom had to earn the "right" to wear them. As the rigid social structure in the Leather scene became less strict, boots became *de rigueur* on everyone. Someone without boots in a Leather bar was obviously a tourist. Nowadays both tourists and sneakers are more common in Leather bars, much to the chagrin of many Leathermen.

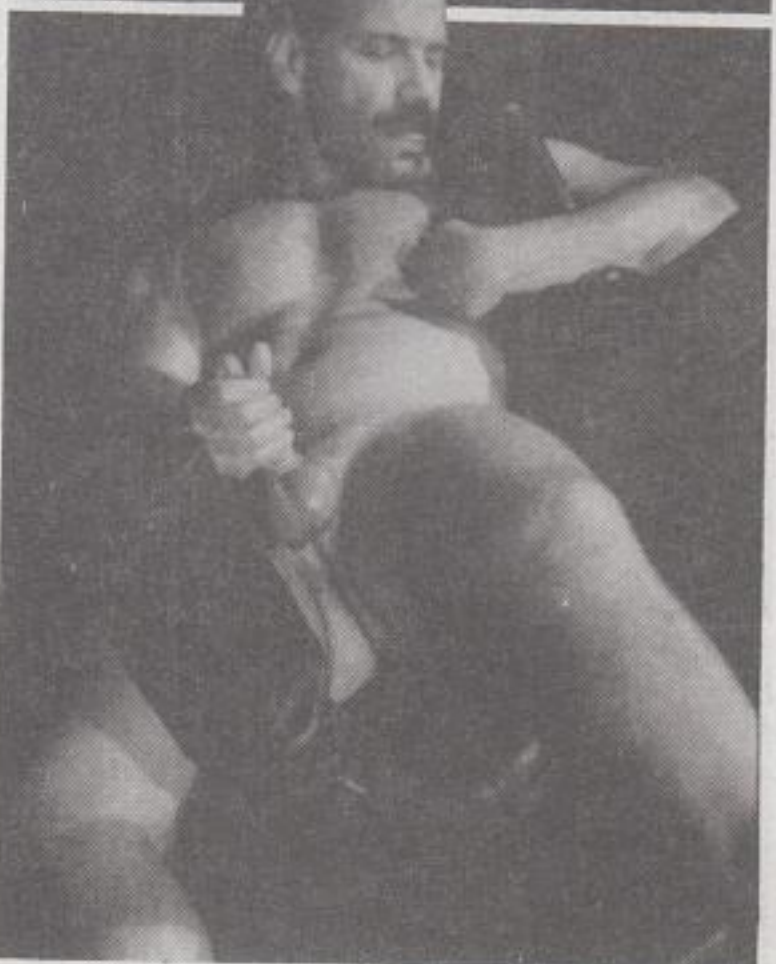


DOTS

Fetish Feature is a special section in most issues of *Drummer*. Each issue will focus on a special turn-on, including news and information, fiction, photos, art, etc. for each fetish. A special feature will be the Fetish Tough Customers section. Send in your special photos for the Fetish TCs and send in your stories, etc. for these upcoming fetishes by the deadlines listed below:

Drummer	Fetish Feature	Deadline
#114	Hair & Shaving	Too Late
#115	Wrestling	Feb. 1
#116	Underwear (Jocks, Jockies, Boxers, Longjohns, etc.)	Mar. 1
#117	Daddies	Apr. 1
#118	Rubber	May 1

URE FETISH FEATURE



PATENTED, RIVETED CALKS AVAILABLE IN THREE SIZES



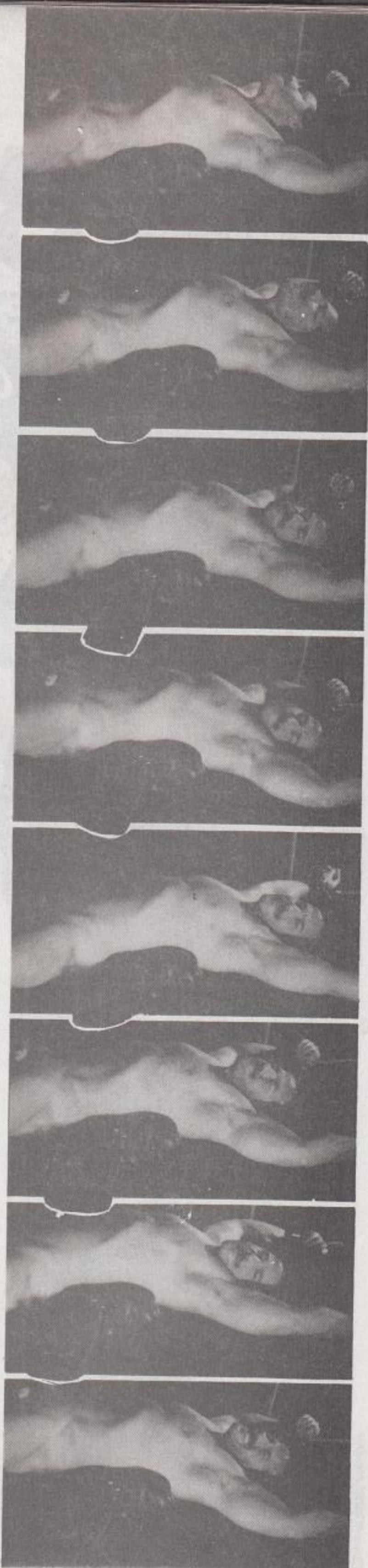
"000" "00" #2

(Calks shown are 1/2 actual size)

BOOTS, an international fetish club head-quartered in Vancouver, British Columbia (PO Box 48577, Bentall #3, 595 Burrard St., Vancouver, BC V7X 1A3), is the hottest thing going for boot lovers. The club has many members in the US and Canada, as well as several from Australia and Europe. *Boots* publishes periodic newsletters filled with pictures of boots, on and off men, and with personal ads from members. A selection of the personals are reprinted here, with names and addresses deleted. If these ads interest you, so will the club. Membership is \$20 (Canadian) a year.

BUFFALO CREEK, CO

Muscular, 60, 6'3", 200 lbs., seeks training from experienced demanding no-nonsense male stud. Need complete control and domination. My boots are engineer, lineman, construction, logger. Need to experience the following: bondage, F/F, heavy titwork, shaving, S/M, forced sweaty workouts, discipline, humiliation, harness and collar. Size 12D boots. Own Yamaha 750 motorcycle.



BOOTS

FETISH FEATURE

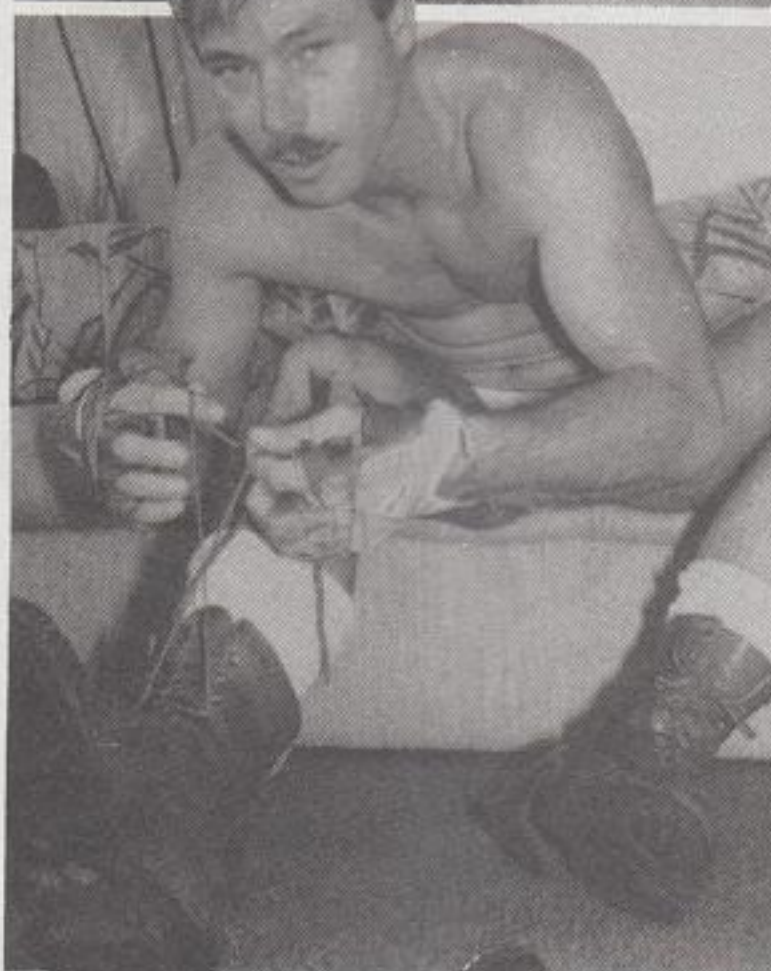
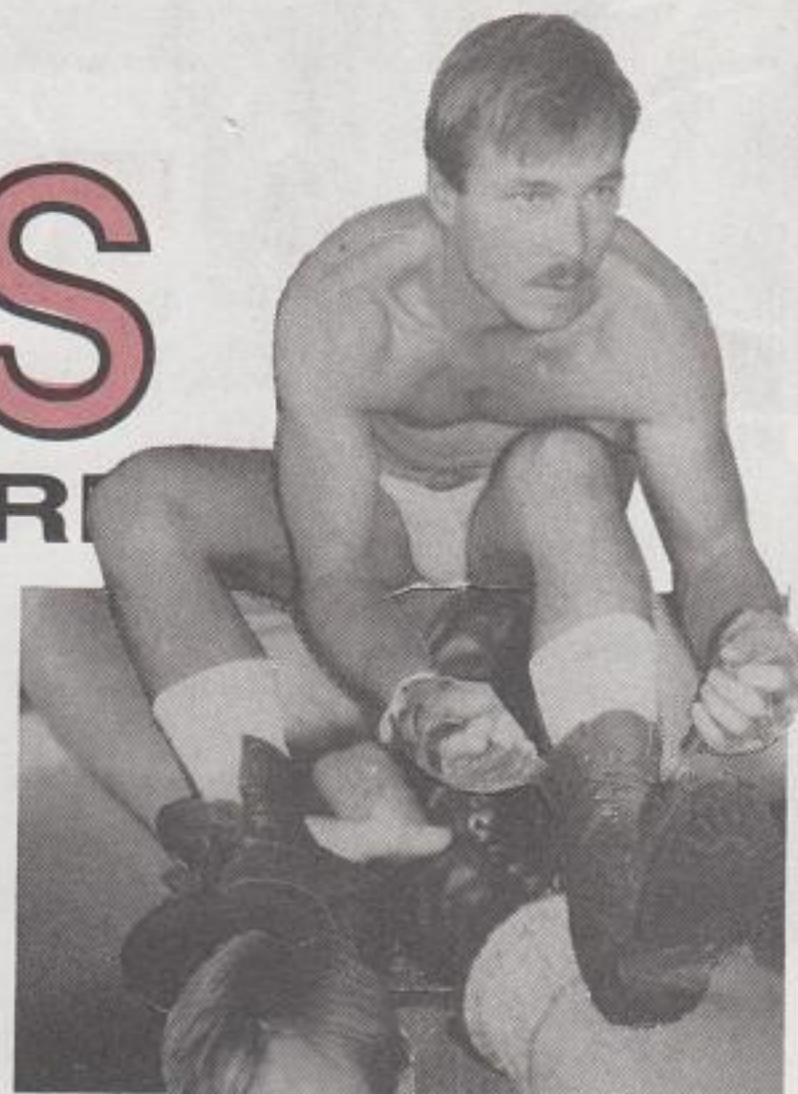


NORMAN, OK

Mature Dad in leather and uniforms, cigar smoker, wants to make contact with leather bikers, rodeo cowboys, in hot dusty well-worked boots with spurs, and with truckers. Attitude more important than looks. Like to smoke cigars with my tight black leather gloves on and have my tall black boots cleaned. I'm an ex-cop and like to make love to fellow cops, as our leather jackets creak and we rub our leathers with our tight black gloved fists. Special attention to tall thick-soled boots. Like to go out target shooting and later have sex in my pickup truck, also like beer guts, strained against leather, pants shoved into tall black boots. I wear boots every day.

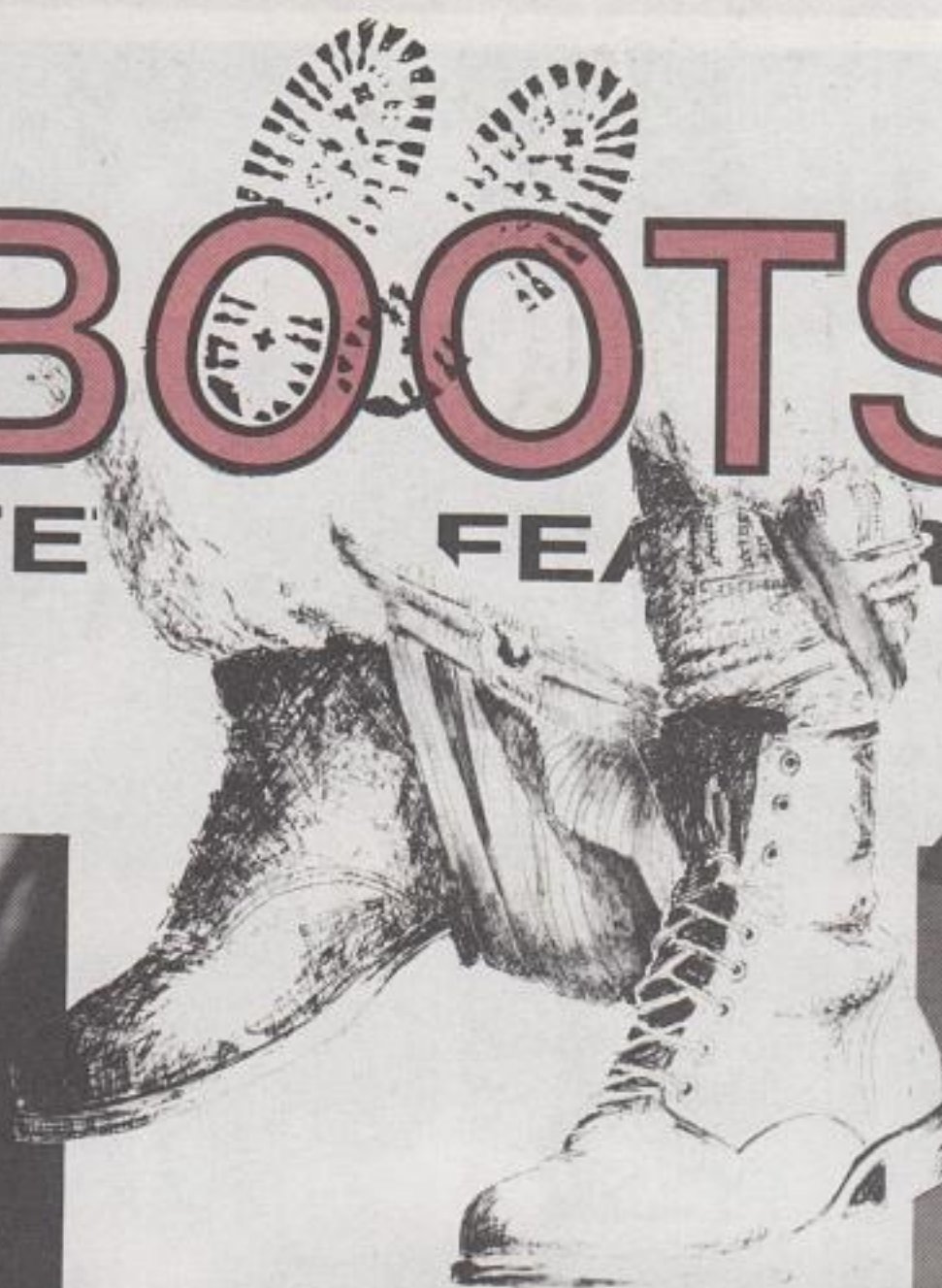
LACHINE, QUEBEC

I am a serious boot slave who wants to service your boots! My place will be beneath your boots and your feet. I want to serve for hours on end as your footstool, footmat and boot worshipper. I am obedient, respectful and submissive. I am very healthy and health-conscious. I am a bootlicking slave who will kiss your boots constantly, lick, suck, taste, chew and eat them all over, smell your sweaty and raunchy boot socks, lick your feet clean, tongue and mouth bathe them as often as you require. Cowboy boots with spurs are a plus! I want to tongue your spurs clean! I am a slave born to be at the feet of a macho, virile and masculine Master. If you wear soiled and stained white Hi-top sneakers like Nike, Converse All Star, New Balance, etc., I shall



BOOTS

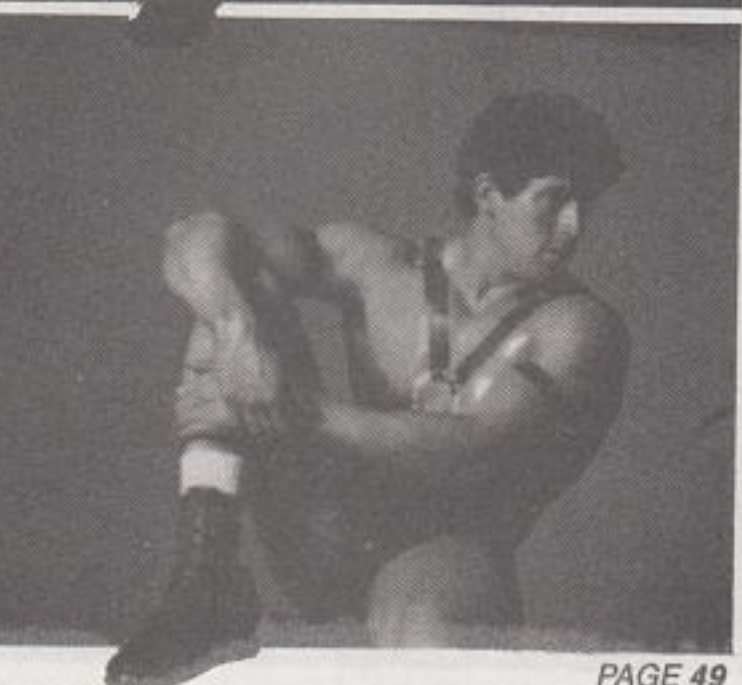
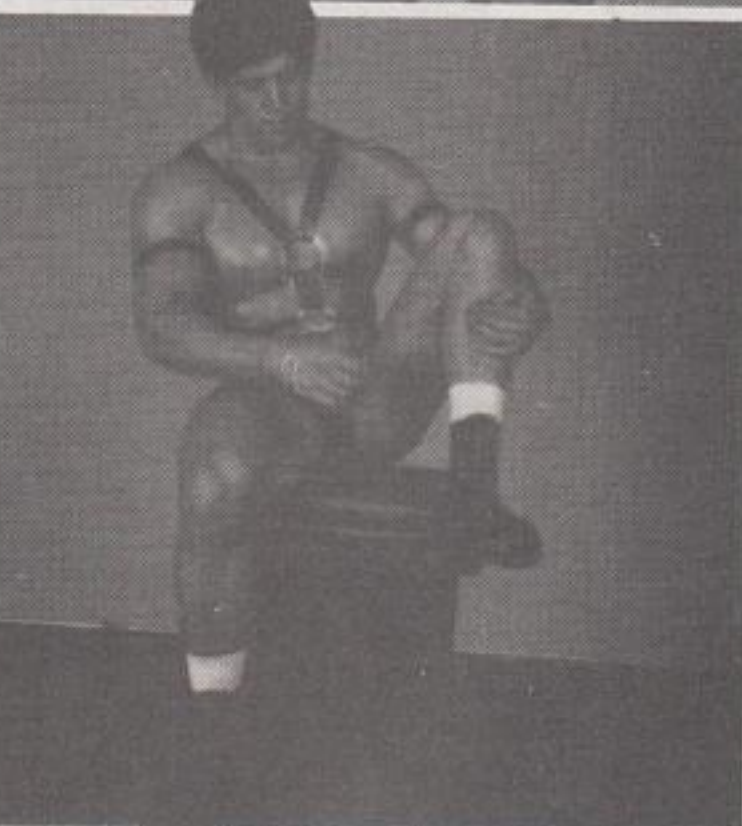
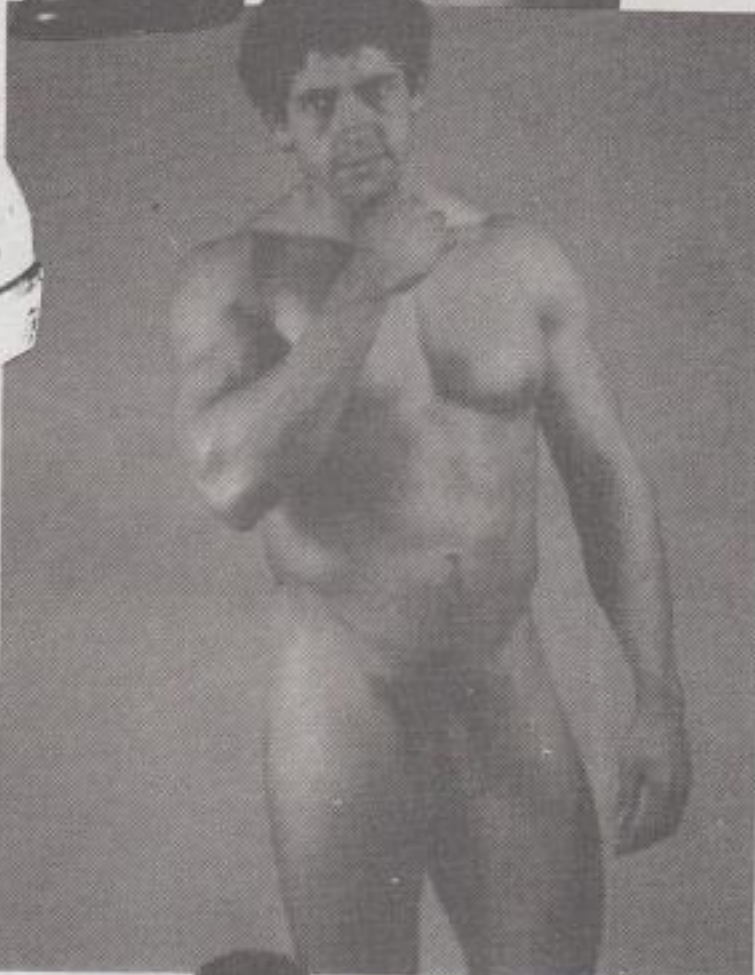
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render the same servile services to them! I like my Master to verbalize a lot, always referring to his boots, sneakers and feet as well as to my own state of boot servitude and slavery, using heavy verbal abuse.

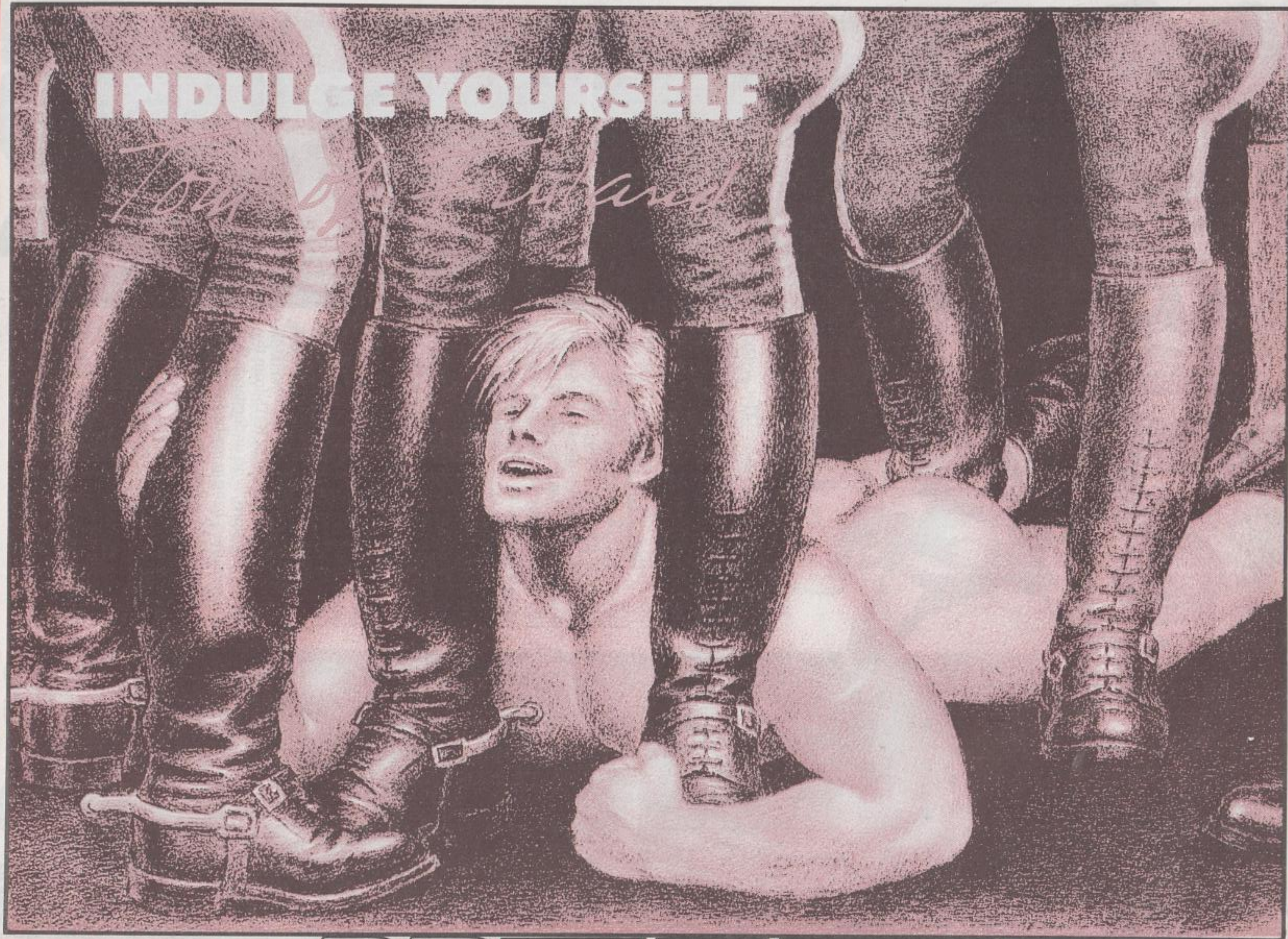
PHILADELPHIA, PA

I wear BOOTS everyday. Either my 18" Carolina Linesman's with reinforced toe and 100" laces, or my dirty, beat-up Double-H Constructions, the ratty laces tied around three or four times and the tops curling out. My old levis outside my BOOTS to work (inside at night). Flannel shirts. One of my Harley jackets (for work—plain; at night—several chains in the left epaulet). And always a pair of GLOVES. Worn, or in my hip pocket, or in my epaulet. But, always GLOVES! On the left! Always GLOVES and BOOTS! (Data: I'm 6', 175 lbs., brown hair and beard, and addicted. Addicted to LEATHER!) I need. I need someone who understands a present is a new pair of work GLOVES, or a pair of heavy grey socks, or a used pair of BOOTS from the Army-Navy store. Who understands that all my leathers hang in my bedroom so it smells GREAT (and my 20+ pairs of GLOVES are under my pillows). Someone who understands why I sleep in my leathers—JACKET, BOOTS and GLOVES (and wake up "hard"). Someone who understands the "pride" of wearing massive BOOTS every day. Is there someone out there who understands the joy of servicing and savoring his Master's boots and LEATHERS?



INDULGE YOURSELF

Town of Sinners



DRUMMER

DRUMMER

FEELING
DOWN?

Here's hoping you'll rise to the occasion.

BOOTS
FETISH FEATURE

These bootlovers are just two of a line of full color greeting cards featuring the work of Tom of Finland. Available in the greeting card stores—or from Tom of Finland, PO Box 26716, Los Angeles, CA 90026. Tell them *Drummer* sent you.



BOOTS

EROTIC FEATURE



RESERVE MINES, NOVA SCOTIA

Rubber hip-booted, well built, masculine guy, 39, 5'10", 165, 8" uncut, seeks an aggressive rubber-booted fisherman, fireman, sewerer or leatherman with crotch-high linesman or engineer boots for servicing. Visual image important: wearing boots is an art—I wear mine well and admire those who do the same. Photo imperative—will reciprocate; discretion assured. You must have gear also. I want more gear, especially crotch-high leather and rubber boots—the higher and bigger the size (size 11 and up), the better! I like horses, dogs and have very workable tits. Can you spend a few days in the country with mucho privacy, gear and an easy-going booted guy? My boot size is 11 and I have 30+ pairs of rubber/leather boots.

VANCOUVER, BC

Masculine white male, 46, 6', 170, clean-cut, short hair, has leather, uniforms and lots of new HEAVY LACE-UP AND PULL-ON BOOTS! I like all boots with very THICK SOLES! I dig masculine boot 69s, lots of boot/crotch action, indoors or out! I like to slide my dick



BOOTS

FETISH FEATURE



between a pair of thick-soled boots and take it from there! Other interests are wetsuits, pro-sport uniforms, motocross gear/boots, skiwear/boots, leather racing outfits/boots, just good boot J/O fun! Into boot threesomes, taking pictures of same, just dig boots!

SEATTLE, WA

INTO RUBBER? I have the Northwest's largest collection of rubber Sperry Top-Sider sailing boots, hip boots, waders and hunting boots. Also own over 100 natural red rubber inner tubes for mild bondage trips, safe fantasy experiences, wearing soft latex boots and "swimming" in a sea of rubber. I'm masculine, 40s, good looking, with beard. Like butch-acting guys with rubber fetish and/or foot fetish.

CALGARY, ALBERTA

A 92,000 mile Harley Davidson biker who is also a weightlifter and health nut, wants to see and feel a uniform with 18" military boots. Wants to see and feel a fellow biker also, in full leathers and 18" high-cut boots. I also want to see, feel and suck a pair of 16" boots.



BOOTS

FETISH FETTER



WHITE'S

ARCH EASE

HANDMADE BOOTS



BRICK STOMPERS

OPENING MAY 17, 259 WEST FOURTH, NYC, WED.-MON. 1-7

For Leathermen in New York City in the late 70s/early 80s, Stompers was a place to be. This tiny West Village boot store expanded to include an art gallery where Tom of Finland, Etienne, Rex, Bastille, Brick, Domino, and many other Leather-oriented artists were shown. Louis Weingarden created in Stompers a wonderful world that could have been Sandmutopia's general store. The rich aroma of new boots, the work of the world's best Leather artists, and an odds-and-ends assortment of used toys—whips, restraints, hoods, etc.—created a unique atmosphere in which to sit back with a cigar and discuss the plight and wonders of the world. We miss it.

WEST COAST SHOE COMPANY
WESCO



A TASTE OF LEATHER

Rex

AUDIENCE CAUGHT IN CLUTCHES OF SADISTIC GAME SHOW HOST! NEWS AT 11!

Arnold, Arnold, Arnold . . .

Schwarzenegger's "exposing new sides of" himself (a quote from his own press materials) in his most recent offering, **The Running Man**, a futuristic morality play about the dangers of game-show addiction, released last fall by Tri-Star Pictures.

Unfortunately, these new facets do not include physical planes. The big guy spends 90 percent of this platter in a padded gold lame jump suit. Padded, that is, in all the wrong places, so the best curves disappear.

I assume that he assumes that anyone who feels compelled to loll over his, uhm, attributes can go rent a copy of *Conan* or check out back issues of *Muscle and Fitness*. (Yeah, chuck you too, Farley.) Strike one.

These new angles do not include philosophical aspects either. The moral undermining this tale has been told better, before, and by others. Strike two.

No, in *The Running Man*, Arnold reveals little more of his body than his arms, and little more of his acting repertoire than his usual cock-sure strut, square-jawed profiles, cigar-puffing techniques and the poorly timed one-liner deliveries that pass for comic relief.

So don't go see *The Running Man* for Schwarzie's skin, or for the righteousness of his vision. Do go see it for a little S&M schtick and some visceral, macho brutality. On this pitch, Arnold at least cracks a base hit.

For instance. There's an intriguing prison camp scene at the beginning, in which the prisoners are confined by some deadly little collars fitted with radio

transmitters. I don't doubt there are any number of slaves out there who'd love to lose their heads over a Master, but beware of these puppies. They're terminators.

Next, Arnold is "rescued" by evil game-show host Richard Dawson, who wants to use Arnold as pulp for his live Roman-arena TV show, "The Running Man." (Good answer, good answer.)

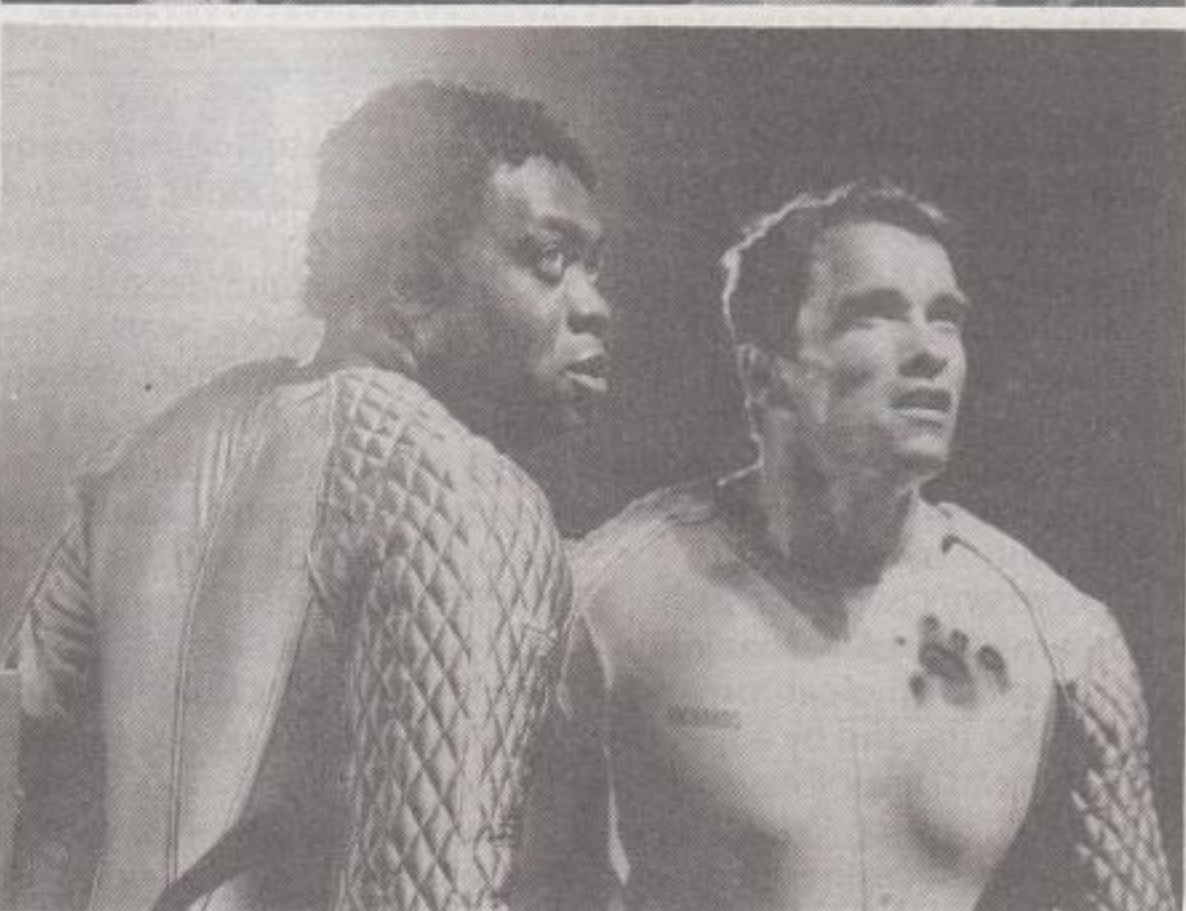
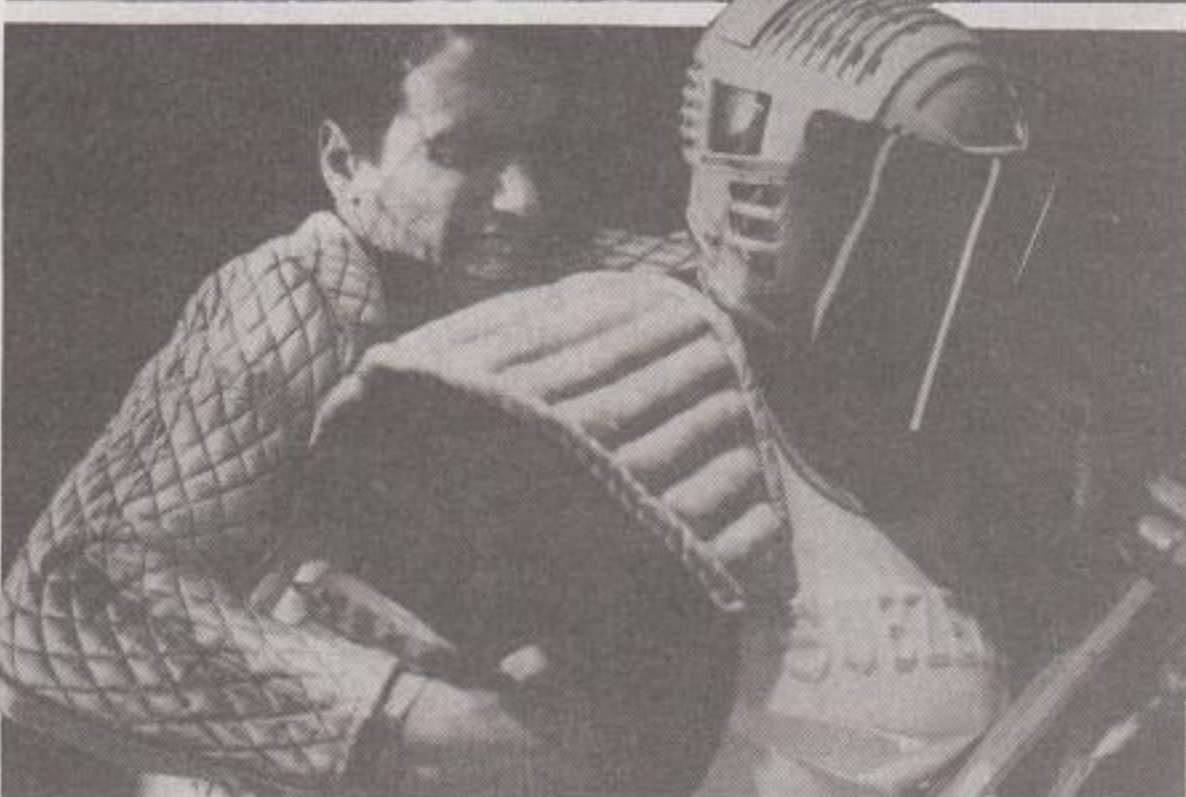
See Arnold strapped down and pumped with God knows what drugs. See him thrust into a tiny cell and subjected to sleeping gas. Then see him strapped into a cage-like iron toboggan and shot like a cannonball through an endless stainless steel tube.

Then see Arnold herded by a rough gang of motorcycle thugs into a no-man's industrial wasteland. At his side, Yaphet Koto, nerdy Marvin J. McIntyre, and later Maria Conchita Alonso (Marina Fontana de Porres, etc., etc., et al.) attempt to fend off attacks by a commando of predators—"Stalkers" with names like Buzzsaw, Dynamo, Sub-zero and Fireball.

Just for fun, sports fans, you'll recognize quite a few of these villains: football great Jim Brown; USA Network's "Prime Time Wrestling" host Jesse Ventura; Olympic wrestler Erland Van Lidth; powerlifter Gus Rethwisch; and martial arts master and professional wrestler Prof. Toru Tanaka.

Hero that he is, Arnold defeats them all (I'm not spoiling the suspense, am I?). Poor Buzzsaw (Gus Rethwisch) gets the rawest deal, a gratifyingly brutal scene that drew chuckles from my local Hollywood audience. Schwarzie tosses a light, and one of his throwaway puns, to Fireball (played by Jim Brown).

And just so music fans won't



CONAN THE BARBARIAN



stay hungry, Arnold has even invited drummer Mick Fleetwood and guitarist Dweezil Zappa (son of Frank) to play underground resistance heroes. They help Arnold go after the Big Cheese himself, Dawson. (Do these casting choices mean something?)

In the end, Arnold does defeat Dawson, the hydra-headed TV god, and gives him a large helping of his own nasty medicine. In a way, the plot reminds me of a high-tech version of *Conan the Barbarian*, which I confess occupies a fond place in my heart (for Arnold's cruci-

fixion, of course, not to mention other slithery details). Both are stories of brave, innocent people on a quest to overthrow thoroughly corrupt, quasi-religious figures. (Where's the smelling salts?)

In all fairness, Schwarzenegger realizes the humor underlying all this. He treats it as a put-on, and so should you. *The Running Man* is a good time, if you don't expect too much, and you see it with the right audience. (Yeah, kill him! Tear him limb from limb! Show us his heart!)

—Kevin Wolff

SOUL SURVIVOR Worth Braving the Smog!

If you haven't found an excuse to "do" Los Angeles lately, let me suggest Anthony Bruno's latest play, **Soul Survivor**, a swiftly moving *tour de force* which is also entertaining, quick-witted, warm with chills, and hot with flesh!

It concerns two ever-so-hot-to-trot modern LA heroes inhibited in their physical romance by respect for, and by a spectre of, the dead. Jerry (Steven Patterson) is one of West Hollywood's finest leathermen, and

Mark (Tom Wagner), an innocently pushy bottom, is more than ripe for plucking. This could be their umpteenth sexless date and we watch the excitement, discomfort, vulnerability and adolescence as if it were our own first date: overlooking those not-so-fatal flaws so as not to disrupt that "one perfect moment." Gratefully, this is the night and Sir Jerry, fed by Mark's sincerity, finally puts him through his paces. But the blithe spirit of Jerry's dearly departed lover, Brian, has petitioned the Lord for one last



earthy fling, and just prior to the next happy Hollywood tryst, Brian's ghost (Jerry Clark) gathers enough ectoplasm to show up again in all his heavenly glory.

Actors and audience struggle together through the cocoon of the second act's absurdities, wanting/wishing to know if this is for real, and emerge flying beautifully in a repartee on the order of the Belasco/Puccini collaboration, *The Girl of the Golden West*:

And then you turned,
And seeing disappeared,
And eternity took its place.

But just as the characters and audience bridge the gap of faith and the two worlds unite, the real date shows up, and Brian's ghost is relegated to the status of Topper's Marian Kirby.

Kudos are not enough for director Rudy Garza, who misses no beat of believability through these modulations. The play concludes most happily when Brian, now a mix of Die Marschallin, der Martin Short, and the guardian angel from *It's*

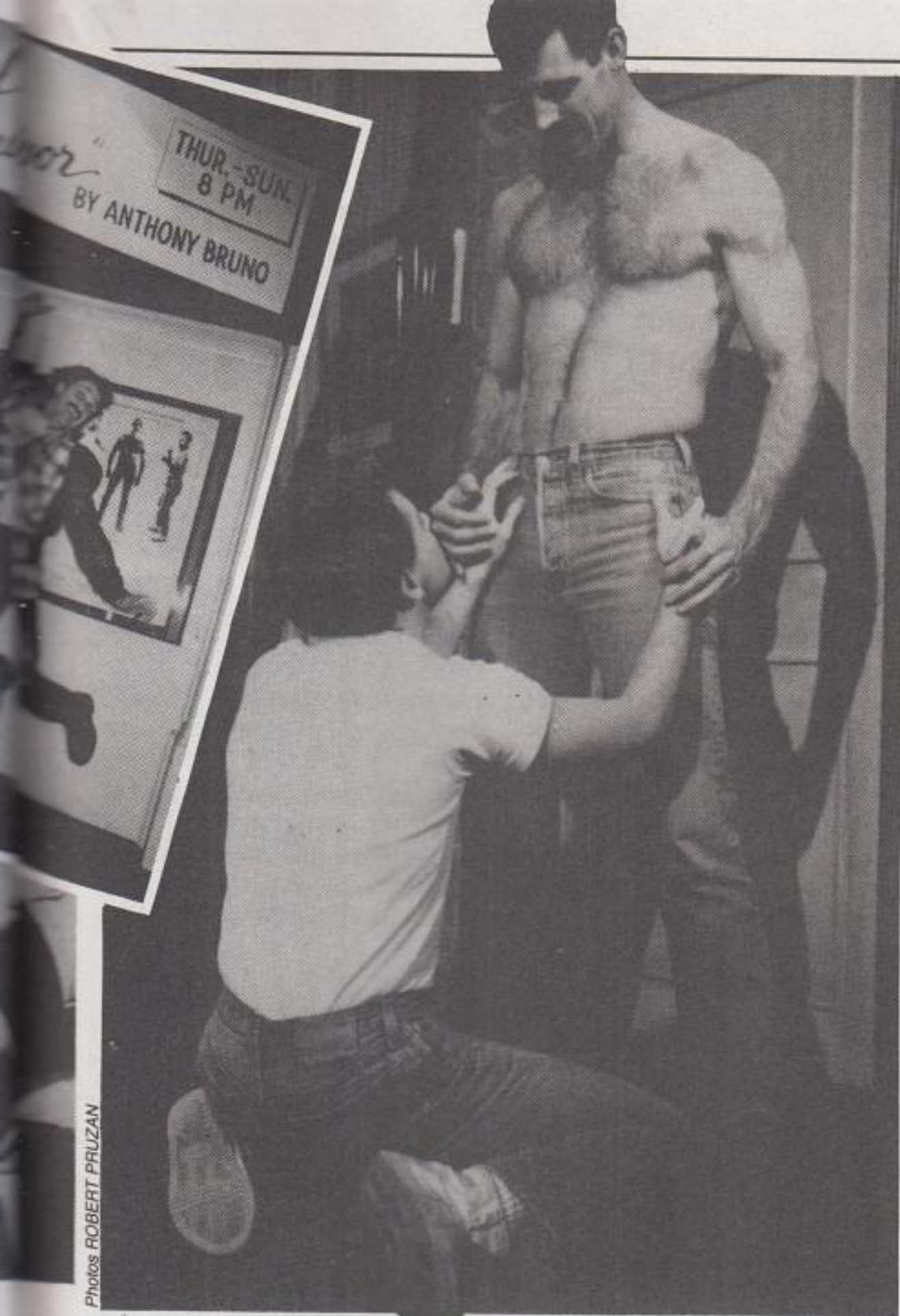
a *Wonderful Life*, gives his blessing to human love. "Clair-ence" gets his wings, the gay widower relinquishes his fury toward his lover for "dying on him," and the significance of their spiritualized goodbye in the hospital can finally be appreciated.

All this in a barrage of emotion, often tear-wrenching, never morose, hilarious but never ridiculous. The playwright's skill is fully matched by that of the acting, the lights, and the staging. The success of this play is in no way fortuitous.

Bruno makes unabashed poetic use of contemporary syntax and passion:

Take another breath, Mark.
Smell the leather.
Smell the warm hide on my skin.
The skin inside the skin.

Breathe in, Mark, breathe in. It's leather, all right, but no less love. They know it's love, and we know it's love. Even people outside the "gay persuasion" could see *Soul Survivor* and learn something. The most



staid could object, but only politely, to the play's more intimate moments, which add heat, shape and color to an already moving ensemble. It's for real, although Jesse Helms surely wouldn't approve.

And funny? Bruno knows our greatest gift is to laugh at ourselves:

Mark: I think I'm getting a hard-on.

Jerry: You mean you don't know?

The Spirit of Brian: Rejecting a dead person is beyond rude!

Jerry (to Brian, about Mark): He's not a tart, he's a Republican!

We do not question the sources from which Bruno draws: films, the Best of Hollywood, and his own autobiography. No emotion is suggested without being explored, no questions linger in the mind of the audience which the author does not intend. We leave the theatre impressed with the per-

fect blend of writing, actors, characters, direction, lighting (by John Sowle) and design (by Jimmy Cuomo). And ooooh, those steamy actors. One senses the sacrifice which is theatre—each one gives his all to the production.

Why is this show so important? Because it renews our romantic license, gives shape to the transitions in our disrupted, terrorized lives. We who remain may love again, and anew.

Neil Simon, sit down! Here is great theatre which just happens to be gay, relevant, exciting, alive, and loving.

—Robert Pruzan

Soul Survivor is scheduled to run at LA's Richmond Shepard Theatre, 6476 Santa Monica Blvd., through February 28, at which time it may move to a different theatre. Productions in New York City, Chicago, and San Francisco are currently being discussed with the author, Anthony Bruno. □

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LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry,

With everyone now urging the use of condoms (except the Pope and a few other conservatives), it has made some of us curious about where these dreadful little sheaths first were made. Do you know?

Peter, NYC

Dear Peter,

I don't think anyone knows for sure. There appears to be some reference to them in artifacts from ancient Egypt, but if so, their use apparently did not continue into subsequent ancient civilizations (Greece, Rome, etc.). They were apparently in use in England during the reign of Charles II (Charles the Voluptuous). However, they were also used in France at about the same time, and no one knows who came first. The theory that they were invented by a "Dr. Condom," after whom they would have been named, also seems to hold no water, since there is no archive record of such a man ever having lived. Bear in mind, however, that the only rubbers we should be using are made of latex, and these were not produced until the 1930s.

Dear Larry,

Before I became personally involved in SM, I guess I shared the opinions that seem to be so commonplace—that anything remotely associated with bondage or such was just plain "bad" or "sick," and anyone who thought differently was way out in left field. Now that I've done most of these things myself, and met a lot of other men who do them (and more), I realize how stupid these public attitudes are. Even the Meese report on pornography, with full sanction of the Federal government, seems to assume this without even finding it necessary to explain why. Do you think we are ever going to be able to overcome this attitude? Is there any movement or organization working for us? The main-

stream gay groups seem to be just as rejective as the Moral Majority.

J.B., Philadelphia, PA

Dear J.B.,

The entire gay community once suffered from this type of social attitude, and that is gradually changing. (Although, thanks to AIDS, we have slipped back a few steps.) If you read any number of books that were written 150 years ago, you will find that blacks were universally considered inferior. Social attitudes are shaped by a great many variables, and we are all victims of this. But to answer your question: Yes, I do think that social attitudes toward SM are eventually going to change. Whether we will live to see it, is another question altogether. The fledgling organizations that are working for us are not making much headway within the community as a whole, but their efforts will eventually produce results. As I've said before: The nice thing about prejudice is that it requires no logical basis in fact.

Dear Larry,

I recently bought an unusual cockring at a "garage sale," when a small leather shop went out of business. It still had its original silver box, but there were no instructions with it. It is plastic, rectangular with rounded corners, and has metal embedded on either of the short ends. There is also a little catch on it, so it can open and swivel to make it easy to put on. I have worn it several times, and it really feels great. My question is two-sided. Can you tell me something about it? A couple of my friends would like to get one, so do you know who sells them?

F.R., New Orleans, LA

Dear F.R.,

It sounds like you found an "Energizer." They are cockrings with unlike metals embedded top and bottom. The theory is

that they pick up minute galvanic (electrical) impulses from the skin, and discharge them into your genitals. They are made in England, and as far as I know are still available there. Unfortunately, the manufacturer made some spurious health claims, which resulted in the FDA banning their sale in the US. Some places sold them anyway, but stocking them presented a problem because they were expensive and came in about a dozen different sizes. Now, with the Reagan dollar, they would be so costly I doubt you will find them in any local shops. If you make it to London some day, try one of the larger dealers. I have one, and I like it, except that it does seem to irritate the skin if you keep it on for extended periods.

Dear Larry,

This is kind of personal, but I don't care if you publish it as long as you don't identify me by name or location. I am now 22 years old, and very interested in the Leather Scene. In fact, my first introduction to the subject happened when I was in high school. I found a copy of your original *Handbook* stashed away in the back of my father's closet. It already had a "well-read" appearance when I got my hands on it, and it was in even worse shape when I finally put it back. My question: Do you think that my finding the book is sufficient evidence of my father's interest that I might somehow approach him? He never punished me much when I was a kid; in fact, looking back on it I think he sort of avoided physical correction even when I did things to deserve it. I'd love to have him make up for lost time now that I can appreciate it. He's been separated from my mom for a long time, and lives alone in the house where I grew up. I really want to get it on with him, but I love him very much and don't want to take a chance on fucking up

that relationship. What would you do?

Name Withheld

Dear Withheld,

I'd go after it! You don't have to lay it all out at once; play it cool and hint around a bit. If the only evidence you've seen is the book, the old man might be on a guilt trip and not appreciate your "catching him at it." On the other hand, he may have a whole second existence that you know nothing about. Or, he may be a bottom; and that might be why he never whipped you. That might be the place to start; i.e., ask him why he didn't punish you more severely and see what he says. This could really be fun! Be sure to keep me posted.

Dear Larry,

I've been out of the country (in the service) for a few years, and now that I'm back home I'd like to renew contacts with several of the publications and listings I used to receive. Can you tell me how to get hold of the *SMads* guys, and maybe an outfit that I think was called simply "The Roster"?

J.D., Minneapolis MN

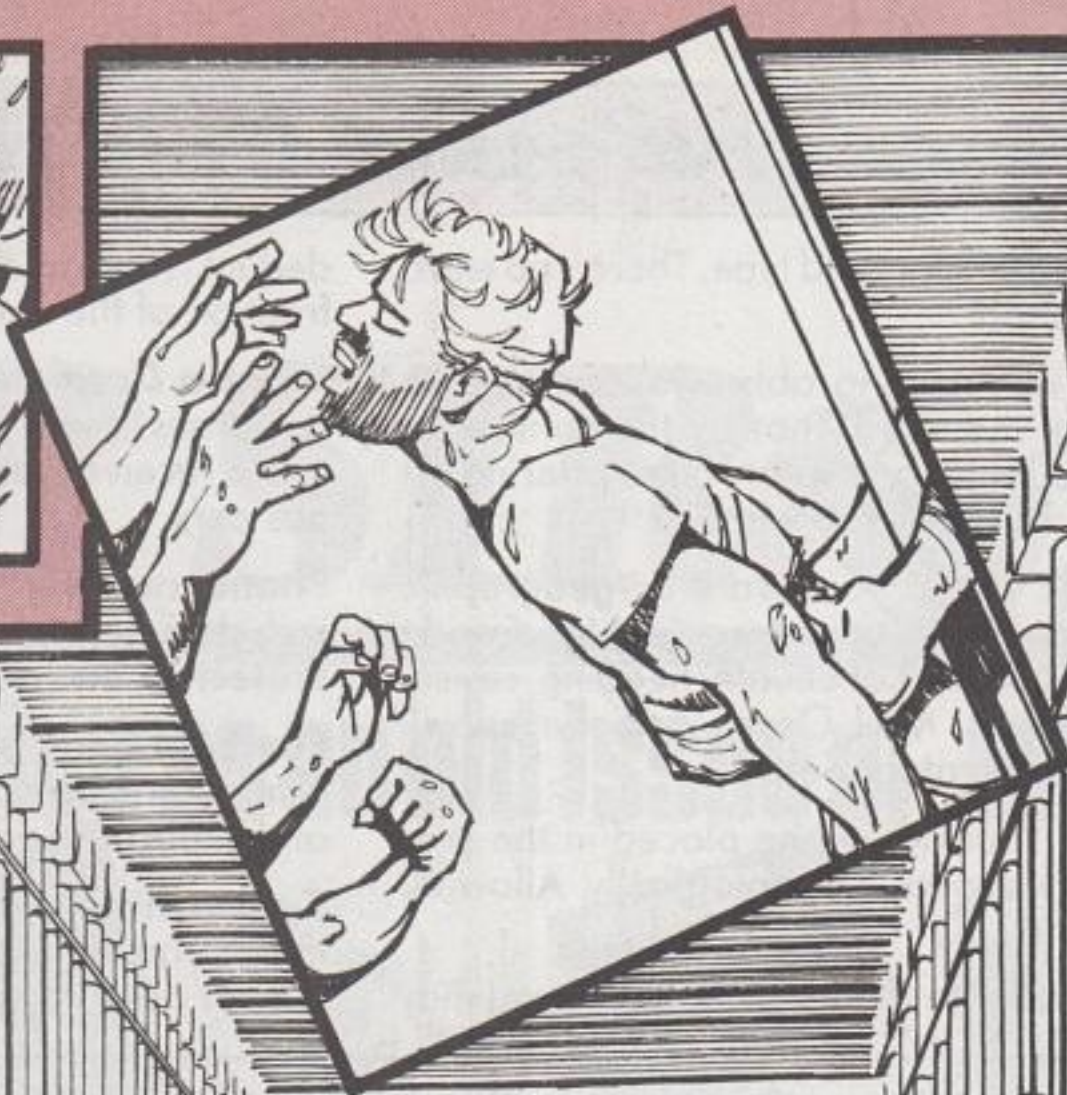
Dear J.D.,

You must have been away for quite a while. Ron, who used to publish the *Rigid Bondage Roster*, died of cancer (because he wouldn't let them amputate his leg), and that must have been seven or eight years ago. Marshall, who published *SMads*, got cold feet in the face of Meese & Co., suspending publication a year ago. You might try the new *Bound & Gagged*. They are starting up and offering personals: Outbound Press, Suite 739, 263-A West 19th Street, NYC 10011. □

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.







OK, GET UP... I'LL PUT YOU IN A CELL NOW



YOU GET IN THERE FOR TONIGHT... WE WILL MOVE YOU SOME-PLACE ELSE TOMORROW!



THE EDITOR ASKED ME TO REVIEW A SELECTION OF TALK-TAPES FOR READERS-THAT WAS THE FIRST, I'VE DOZENS MORE TO GO... I DON'T THINK I'M GONNA HAVE THE STRENGTH TO CONTINUE...



COP TALK
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DADDY'S DICK
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We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not by the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under Nationwide or International instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 days for your ad to appear.

Discount? When paying for more than one insertion, you may

deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a Drummer box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads *only*.

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your protection and ours.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir! — provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And, of course, you must be 21 or better.

How to reply to a Drummer box number: Answering a Drummer box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or *else*. **1)** Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. **2)** Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. **3)** PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose fifty cents (50¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. **4)** Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for

leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

Cost of Ad—1st Insertion (____ Words×50¢)..... \$ _____
Additional Insertions—×____(10% discount) _____
Box Number (Add \$1.00)..... _____
Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00)..... _____
Total Enclosed \$ _____
Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

Please make checks payable to **DESMODUS, INC.**

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____
(I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Desmodus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

DEAR SIR.



There is no such thing as an old issue of **DRUMMER**



NATIONWIDE

TOTAL SLAVE WANTED

Muscular B/M Top, 36, 5'10", seeks slender bottom (21-40) any race for heavy SM, prolonged restraint, immobilization, torture, crucifixion, etc. I'm experienced, sane. No fluids exchanged. Only detailed letter. Photo & phone will merit response. Jim Will, PO Box 20990, Oakland, CA 94611.

CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA, area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

CITY BOY

white, 30, 6', 175 lbs., blk/brn, bearded, lost in the country. Seeking mentor/father-figure/friend. I need contact with aggressive, determined and experienced leathermen. I am no novice but not an expert. If you think you can handle it, let's talk. You never know until you try. Box 5979LF

NAKED SEXSLAVE/HOUSEMAN

25-45, masculine, healthy, wanted for Master and partner, stable, dynamic, sex-crazed, versatile, grey-haired/bearded motorcycle men, both 54. Duties: Master's bike buddy, cocksucking, assplay, WS, TT, C&BT, wax, whip/paddle, BD, cooking, housework. Good service, loyalty, more. Master Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

WM SUBMISSIVE SEEKS DOMINANT

6', 170 lbs., 36 y.o., 7" cut, completely shaved (head-to-foot) submissive seeks affectionate but demanding top. Me: Masculine, aggressive in career/life, but submissive sexually (enjoy G/P, F/A, giving body worship; like S/M, TT, CBT, VA, WS). Healthy lifestyle. You: Dominant, affectionate, firm body, successful. Unimportant: Age, height, cocksize, race, weight. Write Rich Conley, Box 242, NY, NY 10002 or call (212) 228-2169 7-9 AM or 11:30 PM-12:30 AM EST. (LF5753)

FIT TO BE ABUSED

slave seeks no-nonsense cop, master who knows what they want. Should be into cigars, motorcycles and abusing a slave in any way. Master is over 6', 150 lbs. up. Will answer all, photo will get mine. Will relocate. Box 5653LF

RAUNCH BOY NEEDS

big, warm, shit-Daddy who likes regular toilet service, ass wiping, body smearing, naked, hungry, affectionate, humiliated, hot boy. Write with photo. Box 5877

NEED DAD'S DISCIPLINE?

Strict 6', 180 lb. Dad will use firm discipline and corporal punishment to direct inadequate, lonely, horny, honest son desiring to relocate in own Northwest residence and stay employed. Son will learn obedience, to control solitary jacking off, and the satisfaction of pleasing Dad. Photo. Box 5954LF

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM, 35, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, healthy masculine x-farm-boy bottom-man seeks hairy-chested healthy masculine dominant natural top-man for monogamous relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers but will answer all. I can relocate. Please send photo and detailed letter. Sincere only. Box 5907LF

HARD BLACK MASTERS NEEDED

Groveling white slave boy, 35, 5'11", 190 lbs., needs to serve rough, powerful black masters. This slave is Greek passive, French active, and very submissive for ass licking, piss, shit and spit. Need to be whipped and used as a toilet by black masters. Please, Sir. Box 5899

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR!

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone or write. John Rose, 235 E. 26th St., #38, New York, NY 10010. (212) 889-5477.

GRAPPLIN' DAD

Tough, 45, 6'1", 225 healthy Dad likes to remind his muscular son who's boss with some rasslin', titwork, verbal abuse, humiliation. If son's gotten good enough to take the old man, Dad can respect that. Let's test each other now that you've grown up. Travel a lot. Send photo, your scene and we'll have a hot, safe reunion. Box 5985

DAD SEEKS B/B SON

Successful W/M, 36, 5'10", 155 lbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

BONDAGE BRO

WM, jock, 6'4", 195, 34, wants masculine bro/buddy into heavy, creative bondage. Mean, playful, funky torture/endurance/manhood challenges to tits, cock and balls, pits, feet, etc. Give and/or take slow j/o, discipline, punishment. Safe, sane, hot. Send ideas and phone (photo?) to your bro, PO Box 659, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023.

DROP YOUR PANTS, SON

Quiet, slim, 5'11", bearded WM, 44, strict dad, wants truly submissive son. You are in shape, look good stripped down to your silky briefs or fully clothed. You want to please your dad and accept his discipline when you get out of line. PO Box 3042, New York, NY 10008.

HUMAN DOG:

38, 5'10", 180, brown hair, hazel eyes, "M," seeking serious healthy leather master & sadist who wants and is able to own a guy and turn, collar, tag, treat & keep him only as a dog. Am HIV-neg. Photo/phone to "Kai," PO Box 980514, Houston, TX 77098-0514.

BODYBUILDER SLAVES

5'8", 210-lb., extremely muscular Master requires BB slaves for exhibition training. You will be taught proper attitude to carry this body. You will mold as I see fit. A description of self with picture is required with application. Pictures returned if I determine you not yet ready for the challenge. Box 6237LF

MY FACE, YOUR ASS!

Dave Hot! Age 22 5'10", 150, 7". 24-hr ass licking my specialty! W/S—Receive only—Piss all over me! Dick, ball sucker, fuck hungry butt! (415) 357-7181. Call anytime!

COLLEGE BB TRICKED/ABUSED

Humiliated by older, hairy man through nipples. Seeks correspondence from fellow dumb jocks. Compare humiliations, share shame. Box 6268

WALT WHITMAN TYPE DRUMMER DADDY (artist) awaits volunteer model top for new wave paintings and drawings. 25-55. Some bondage; safe, physical intimacy. Modest room and board, no wage. Lifetime or long-term relationship possible. Serious-minded suit-wearer a plus. 47; 6'; 175; employed; tall, dark, and GQ handsome. Homosexuals only. Box 6270LF

SHORT FRIENDS WANTED

WM, 5'8", 168, athletic outdoorsman, many interests, responds to short short adult partners anywhere, hairy or smooth, any size uncut endowment. Box 6275

DO YOU NEED TO...

Submit yourself... This marine will strip you, bind you, and work you over. C&B, T&T, shaving will make you a man. Send name, address and phone number with a letter of your fantasies. Nude picture required. Box 6274

I'M NOT A SLAVE

Only a real master stands a chance at making me one. If you're tough enough to command my respect and obedience; up to training someone who's not sure he wants to be; and into prolonged bondage, send orders. Suite 22, 1530 Locust, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

SHIT PIG WANTS SLAVE

No-nonsense, stern, hostile, controlling son of a bitch wants permanent live-in slave whose primary duty will be to dump a full load of hot slimy shit into my mouth every night. Prefer you not work or have career ambitions, but stay home, keeping your body (ass in particular) and underwear filthy and stinking. Also expect you to beg to sniff and eat my dirty shithole. You will accept verbal abuse and discipline as I deem necessary. The right slave will be quiet and insecure; content with little social life; and devoted to meeting my needs. In return for your loyalty, obedience, and devotion, you will be well cared for, protected, and receive affection; some travel. But it must be remembered that I call the shots. I want your shit but not your bullshit. If you're a stupid fuck who can't get this through your thick head, don't bother writing. Am 43, 160, 5'10½", moustache; live NYC. TEST HIV Neg; expect same. Send detailed letter about self and qualifications along with photo if possible. Can help relocate. Box 6288

TRUCKERS

Mean and bearded preferred. Piss on me, strap my ass, then fuck me in the sleeper of your truck or spread over the tire. 32, 6'2", 200, 8". Near I-10. PO Box 988, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

BIG DADDY WANTED

Big like 11" or more +++. I'm a white male, 24, masculine, (w/handsome lover, 31), 6', 138 lbs., smooth. I want my limits expanded (safely). White preferred. Lary (803) 626-2734. Myrtle Beach, SC.

LEATHER BOY

needs to feel a firm hand across his ass. Bind and gag me then do what you will. I am 22, 5'7", 160 lbs., bk/br, moustache and beard. Photo and letter of intent to: Boy, PO Box 55125, Atlanta, GA 30308-5125.

**FIRE ISLAND BOOT CAMP '88**

"Sanctuary" is back! Safe sex training by experienced Drummer Daddy/Top. A week or weekend to test your limits. Beginners, bisexuals welcome. Camp opens in June. Send photo and background to Master Crane, 3913 Lyme Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11224. Also need houseboy/bottom for entire summer to work at camp.

GLOVES/UNIFORMS/CIGARS

Hot dude looking for others into skintight black leather gloves, police/Nazi uniforms, Marlboros & cigars. Shiny black leather boots, uniform trousers, black police shirt, Sam Browne belt, black tie, armband, hat, and skintight black leather gloves holding Marlboro or cigar. All answered, photos returned. Box 6171

GERMAN LEATHER BIKER SON

6', 180, bl/bl, 25, good-looking college stud, looking to serve Master, take care of your boots, leather, tits, and cock. Serve Daddy under 35, tall, big, to expand, explore my limits, turn me into your obedient son. I'm motivated, straight acting and enjoy motorcycles, leathers, outdoors and sex. Box 6173LF

LEATHER UNIFORM DAD/BUDDY

Wanted by 37-year-old WM, 6', 190 lbs., well built, pierced nipples, handsome. Looking for successful executive well-built Dad 40-60, dominant, intelligent, affectionate, into Leather, Uniforms, boots, S/m, safe sex, top and bottom roles. Interests include tit work, pain/pleasure, J/O, mirrors, spit shined boots. No overweights. Can relocate. Box 6177

IF YOU KNOW YOU'RE HOT . . .

Cigar-smokin' stud looking for those who can take it and give it like a real man. Me: hot, 31, good-looking, bearded, 5'11", 160, 8", hot ass, into leather, true man-to-man scenes, safe only. Cops, military, bi, executives, bluecollar cigar men preferred. Photo and desired to Box 6179

RAUNCHY STINKING FEET!

I would like your socks—pictures. Box 6180

SUMMER SLAVE

West coast master can use and train apprentice/bond slave for summer. Can expect tough discipline, stiff punishment. Must be intelligent, imaginative and interested in music, art, theatre. Will have own apartment, travel and living expenses. Prearranged emancipation date. Send resume to Box 6184

HUNGRY CHEESE FREAK

I'm a handsome, hunky 43-yr.-old dude who craves to orally worship and service big, uncut ripe-smelling cheesy meat. If you're an in-shape, hot top, any race, with a curd-loaded, raunchy foreskin in need of cleaning, cum feed this hungry cheese-pig. So. Calif. area, but will travel for cheese! Box 6194

BIKER SON 22

5'10", 143, brown, blue, healthy, smooth, muscular, handsome, straight, hardworking, intelligent, seeks Levis, leather dad, pro-wrestler type body over 5'11" to fuck me up. You won't be disappointed. Photo, phone, letter get same. All answered. PO Box 632, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011.

LONG HAIR IS SEXY

NE soldier, 32, 5'10", good-looking Irishman seeks hot men with long, flowing hair (facial and body hair is a plus). Come, put your mouth to a nice, ripe cock while I unloosen your locks. Am also into Greek active with the right partner. Please send photo. Box 5748LF

TITS AND ASS MAN! WANTED

Michigan GWM, 35, 6'2", 220 lbs. Play with my large, pierced nipples and I can do just about anything. Not into games, just men. Into heavy tit and ass workouts, enemas, toys, bare feet, body odors, etc. All replies answered! No bull, let's do it. Can travel. Tri-state area. Cliff, (313) 398-4497. (LF5865)

LEATHERMAN LEATHERMAN

Another hard-working leatherman wanted to help build leather empire. Goals: large secluded house in semi-rural area in New England with houseboy/slave; build a "family" to carry on the legacy. You must be nonsmoker, able to relocate, and preferably 30-50. For further info, write Box 5864LF.

STRONG—GOOD BUILD

WM, 5'7", 200 lbs., straight-appearing, travel takes me into Michigan, Ohio, Penn. & New York areas. Into meeting men, leather, S&M, for action and/or just friendship. I'm rather versatile, but really enjoy the basics—safety awareness, but certainly not hysterical. Reply to Box 5667LF. Photo appreciated.

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

Looking for tall boots & brawny bike leathers on a farmer's hard-muscled body? Looking for the tough but tender pleasures of prolonged rigid bondage (top/bottom) in heavy irons, ropes, hoods? Possibly looking for a permanent partner (sweaty outdoor work guaranteed)? Then write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

ASSUME THE POSITION

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimps, preppies, marrieds. Prefer bluecollar, military or construction types. One of the areas best-equipped slave rooms. Request application. Tom, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

TRUCKERS, CONSTRUCTION WKRS

Passing thru Connecticut, stop and meet two guys for coffee, drinks or . . . Convenient to I-95 (25 & 8 connector). One 5'9", 160 WM, 40s. Second 6'1", 185 WM 50. Both nice meat and into different but safe trips. A place to explore your desires or potential limits. Box 6225LF

DADDY'S BOY 1988

Submissive country boy seeks dominant coach to provide discipline and respect. Quiet, shy boy (30, 5'9", 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and moustache) looking for experienced muscular Dad (35-45) for BB training and leather sex. Into Levi, leather, uniforms, and cowboys. Will relocate. (213) 669-1765. Box 6232LF

DYNAMITE KID

Man-boy pyroerotic into cigars, explosives, handguns, police, gasoline, fireworks, matches, firecrackers, bikers, firemen, moustaches, paramilitary men, demolition experts, beards, Viet vets, violence, torture, ammo dumps. Things that go bang and boom. Firebugs. Burning hard-ons. Leather. Safesex S/M. DA/AWS, PO Box 20147, London Terrace Station, NYC 10011. (718) 789-6147. (LF5652)

LEXINGTON/CINCINNATI AREA

40 y.o. GWM seeking 21 GWM, little family. Us: Vanilla/heavy asswork, many tats, piercings, big nutsack a turn-on; heavy pain & torture, safe sex, leather, electrotorture, sharing, monogamous (group later), very hairy & desire same. Travel weekends. Photos exchanged. I have little family, too. Equality important. Box 5654LF

WANTED: ON-CALL SLAVE

Looking for GWM slave, 19-40, slim, for on-call slave. Must be able to report when called. Most limits respected. Send recent photo & limits & telephone. No drinkers or drug users. Am WM, 174 lbs., 6'3". I will answer all with photo & phone, just a letter takes longer. Address letter to Sire, Box 5660LF

BOOTS, BIKES, BLUECOLLAR WORKERS

Full-time bluecollar worker by day & occasional part-time cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles, bluecollar men. Maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work, not pumping iron in a gym. No drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers, rock videos, opera & high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blu/brn. Box 2702LF

SM TITS

Tit-centered leather/SM scenes are hard to find. This is IT. Expert, cock-hardening titplay gets us there. Bondage keeps us there. Pain takes us beyond. *Serious leathermen ONLY*. No fatsoes, druggies, geriatrics. 37, blond, 6', bearded, intellectual. Top/bottom. You won't regret replying. Box 5813LF

LATE-NIGHT JERK-OFF

Exchange stories about men under restraint/control. Raunchy; dominating; tantalizing sex. TT, CBT, dildoes, foreskin, foot fetish, tickling, shaving, cock control (no scat). Frat; police; jock; military; business scenes. Straight/bisexual themes OK. Your letter, typed, gets mine. PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Mr. N.P. (LF5890)

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Cowboy Master, 40, 6'3", 205, blond, moustache, seeks live-in slave who is willing and ready to surrender himself completely to his Master. No bullshit, no limits—complete surrender, complete slavery. Assistance with relocation available. Enclose photo and phone with reply. Box 4426LF

TRUCKER TOPS

Bottom (sex slave), 58, 5'7", 135, into complete submission (safe sex) into Fr/A, WS, Gr/p, F/F, much V/A need to be controlled. Looking for trucker Tops passing through Knoxville, TN (available all hrs.) locals OK. Respond for directions & phone #. Spanish & Blacks a plus, if big & uncut. Box 5871LF

GENTLE DADDY NEEDED:

by handsome jock, 28, blond, who needs rubdowns/bubblebaths/enemas. Not discipline. HTLV-negative & phone & photo a must. PO Box 100385, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310.

HEY SLAVEBOY

Ready to offer commitment, devotion to Leatherman? Possess passion for varied, intense sexual gratification including kink no less stronger than desire for intimacy, affection; have good physical presence, proper attitude? Master considers all serious candidates submitting detailed letter, phone number, returnable photo for interview. Assisted relocation if chosen. Box 5754LF

ASSISTANT DRIVER POSITION

Seeking owner-operator or OTR driver that needs an assistant driver/helper/partner. 40, 5'7", 210 lbs., rugged, responsible and willing to work long and hard. Am willing to invest with right person to purchase a tractor and we work it together as a team. Box 5667LF

SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S/M, bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 37, 6'8", 175 lbs., brown/blue. Send picture, detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039. (LF6231)

LEATHERMAN

WM, 5'6", 135 lbs., 35 yrs. old, S-P hair, hzl eyes, 6 1/2" cut, goatee. Looking for leatherman who has tested HIV-pos and not afraid to continue with his life. Can be kinky, depends on partner — openminded. Leatherman should be about the same. Facial hair a must. Don't be shy. Call Terry (812) 422-3786. Daddy-Son.

MUTUAL RAUNCH

Bearded WM, 5'8", 135, 40, likes hard rock, beer, poppers, fireplaces, rain, wet dirty Lees, leather, boots, seeks slender GM, black a+, 40+ or—into mutual WS, shit, SM, BD, top, bottom, snuggles, ready for monong. relationship, lover, friend, willing to relocate to NC. Box 6236LF

YOUNG MAN 25

5'9", 145, brown, blue, nice face, real straight looking, in shape, hot, healthy, almost smooth body, spund mind, emotionally stable, financially secure, pro carpenter. Seeks permanent place with reasonably in-shape, hot, humpy, healthy, demanding, insatiable, dominate Topman a little older, a little wiser who is physically larger than myself. I believe in hardworking, sweaty, rewarding days during which I will be your best friend and partner and hard-fuckin', hot, real kinky, real heavy, experimental, obscene, perverted, fleshy, sweaty, raunchy, no-holes-barred, no safe word, hard-on, trusting, understanding, romantic? man-sex nights during which I will be your trusting, worshipful, grateful, helpless, obedient, hot-for-it little man. Your looks are not as important as your integrity, honesty, beliefs, attitude, ability to function in the real world, and true desire for a permanent relationship and the good, bad, effort and hard work it takes daily to maintain it. It is an effort that is not always easy and doesn't occur overnight. I will relocate for the right man or couple. If interested, take the time and write with a photo and you will get the same for starters. Serious inquiries only. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Box 6208

THE FINEST OF MASTERS

A youthful 50s top awaiting weekend slaves to 40s for large, well-equipped dungeon. Adventurous enough? Write Thom, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123 for application.

TIT TORTURE

POB 4622, SF 94101

TOTAL RUBBER FREAK

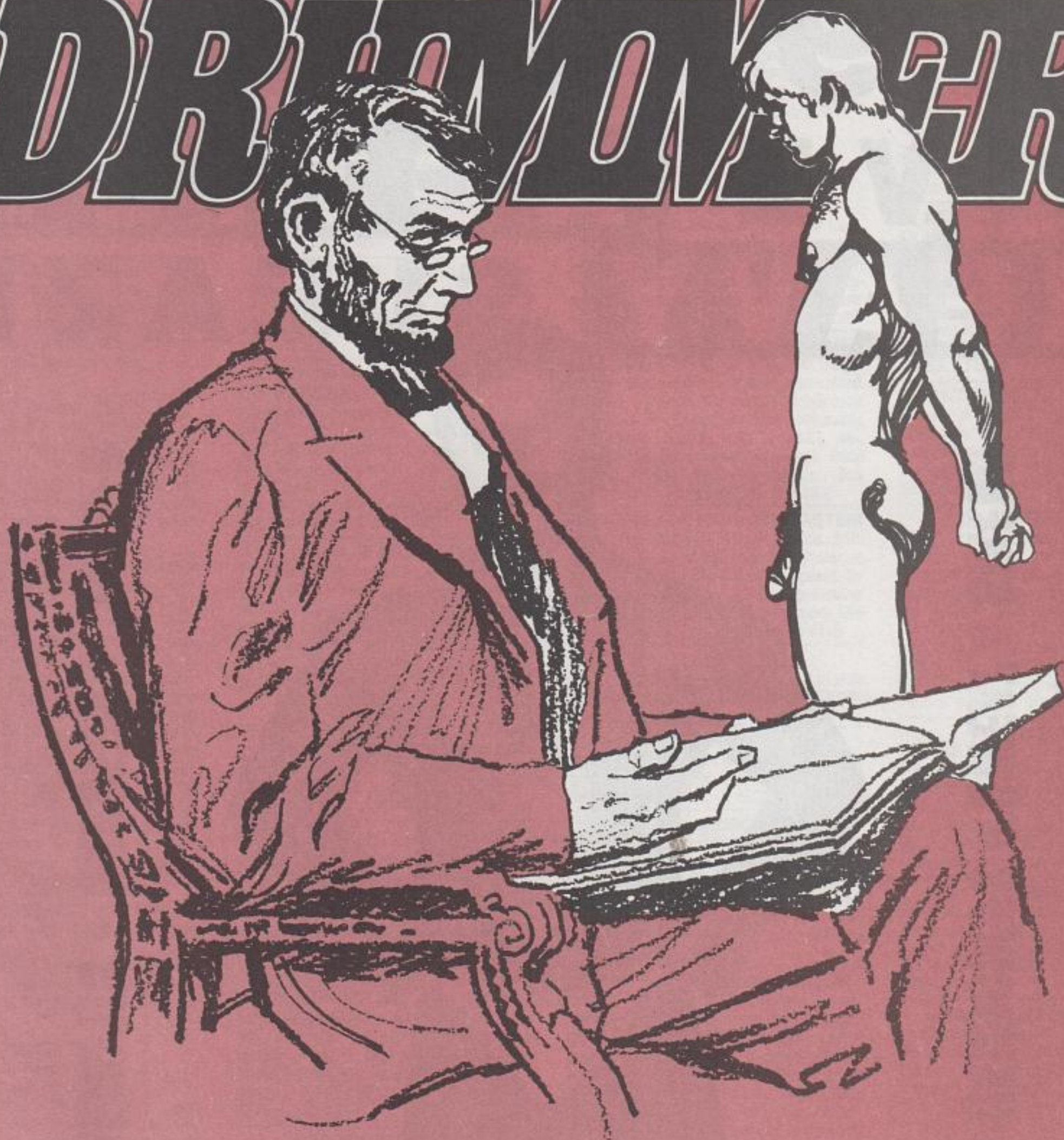
needs sadistic rubber master for obscene tattoos/piercings and permanent hair removal on this 32-yr.-old GWM, 6', hairy jock. Able to relocate immed. Send detailed response to Brian P., PO Box 66975, Seattle, WA 98166. All inquiries answered.

SM LEATHER LIFESTYLE

WM, 40, 5'11", 195, brn. hair and eyes, seeks others for mutual pain and pleasure. S&M, B&D, TT, piercing, shaving, watersports, enemas, hoods, gags, toys, aroma, smoke turn you on??? Primarily bottom but have had training and can switch for the right person if that's what you want . . . Let's trade photos and phone numbers. All letters acknowledged . . . Get your leather ready!!! Box 5514LF

LOOK WHO SUBSCRIBES TO DRUMMER
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME YOU DID?

DRUMMER



DESMODUS, INC.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314

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<input type="checkbox"/> 4 issues <i>Sandmutopia Guardian</i>	18	24	33
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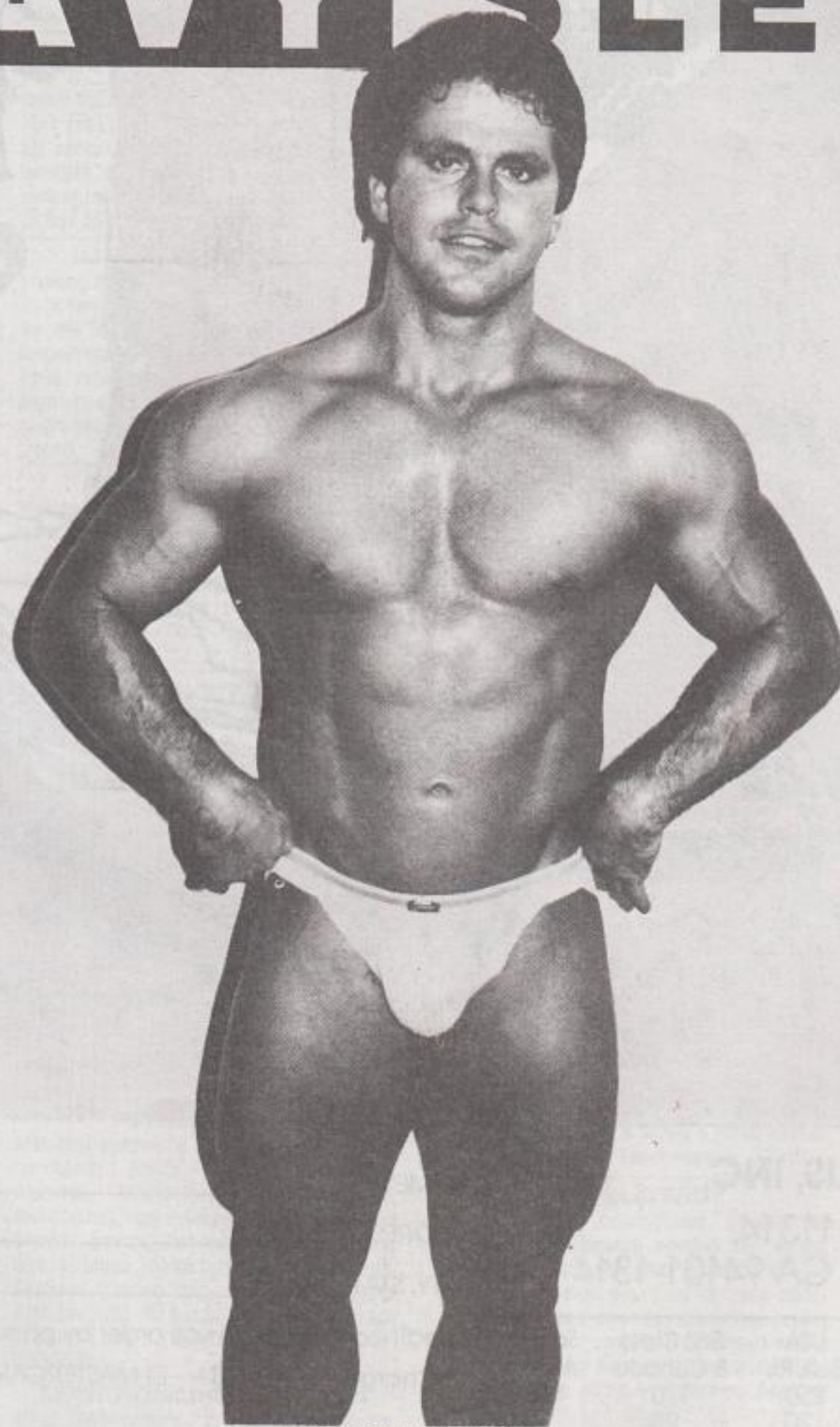
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LIVE ACTION HEAVY SLEAZE

SPANKING • HANDCUFFS • SWEAT • BIKERS



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DADDYS • ARMPITS • HARNESS • LEATHER

LEATHER • TOPS • HAIRY • UNCUT • BOOTS

\$2.00 + TOLLS, IF ANY. YOU MUST BE 18. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY.

**BLOND WEIGHTLIFTER**

6'3", 195 lbs., 27-year-old jock, good-looking, interested in contact with a dominant, aggressive, inflexible topman with a mean streak. Enjoy extensive verbal and physical humiliation. Interested in me 35 yrs.+ Into well-worn leather, work boots, businessmen, badass working-class men, cops, bikers, mechanics, cigar-smokers. Safe sex only. Serious. Photo gets mine. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 41-year-old Daddy/Master. If you have a serious desire to be the live-in son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master, include photo and phone with your response. You must be willing to relocate. Box 4426LF

DAD SEEKS SON

Dominant Daddy, 6'1", 170, 42, seeks son/partner. Possible relationship, TT, B/D, experimentation, safe sex, discipline. Dad can be affectionate and nurturing or demanding and controlling. If you are looking for a full life with just one Master, write with photo to Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES

Master, 36, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Box 451, 89 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, S&M, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640.

ULTIMATE SLAVE

For your ultimate fantasy: W/M 26 5'8", 125 lbs. brn/grn smooth, cln shvn, 7", U/C, 28" w, 1/2 Latin, looking for that special Master who is educated in the arts of slavery. Professional people are given special treatment! (415) 337-2008 Eves. San Francisco, CA or write to Drummer Box 5875LF.

DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants totally submissive, young, slim, low-limit, masochistic slave for new heights, needed release. Novices must want fantasies turned into safe, sane, rough reality. Travel, visit Miami weekly. Live in NYC. Master: 6', 175, 45. Apply/letter, phone, photos: Suite 769, 263-A West 19th Street, NYC, 10011. (LF6017)

BOTTOM/SON? CALL DAD NOW

Chicago Daddy/top seeks son/bottom for intense physical/mental relationship. Must be in shape, masculine manboy who needs to be controlled by taller (6'4") man. Into spanking, fucking, getting sucked, jocks, and creative play. Want a long-term relationship with Dad? Proud to be a boy? Serious? Call John, (312) 682-4558 after 6:30 PM Chicago time.

ARE YOU A LEATHER DAD

over 6'2", 30-45, into S&M, motorcycles and boots? If yes to some or all, this Leather Boy wants to be your son/property. I'm 26, 6'2", submissive, slim, hot looking, college educated with the same interests and more. My head is together and I know my place in life. If you want a real leatherboy and not someone into leather and sneakers, then drop me a line, SIR. I will answer all letters. PO Box 6155, San Francisco, CA 94101.

OFFICER ROY OF SARASOTA, FL

Please contact your buddy either thru mail or by phone. Thank you. Scott Macomber, PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480 or (305) 832-1450 eves.

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47, 6'2", 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF

WHITE ASS TOY

34, 5'8", 155 lbs., available for one or more BLACK MEN. Hole has recently moved up to stretching. Craves long sessions with fun substances. Has some toys, small to huge. Fists possible with proper training. Ass available nationwide especially SF and NYC. Letters with pictures get first reply. Box 5649LF

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 39, blue, blond, WM seeks a submissive, obedient, affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger, but attitude and desire to serve are most important. If you have an attitude of submission and a need for discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring, strict daddy. Write or call (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond, VA 23240. (LF5668)

PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME, SIR!

WM, 34, 5'10", 162, strawberry blond, hot & horny, needs verbal abuse, raunch, humiliation, discipline. Use me, Sir, to fulfill your fantasy, make me beg for more! Safe sex. Phone & photo gets mine, Sir. Will travel. Jay Stevens, PO Box 62128, Virginia Beach, VA 23462. (LF5868)

DADDY NEEDS SONS

Ex-professional football jock, 41 yrs., 6'1", 225 lbs., bearded, will be traveling about U.S. and Canada this Spring—be part of my fantasy. Photo, phone and explicit letter. PO Box 193, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada N2J 2X0

CRAP YER PANTS & GRIN

Club forming for guys who like to shit their pants, crap their shorts, load their Levi's... or make other guys do it. Send SASE to Sebastian, PO Box 38713, L.A., CA 90038.

COCK TORTURE

Looking for depraved C/T scenes. Into piercing, mutilation fantasies, piss hole stretching, electricity. I have a cock with a PA and pierced tits that also enjoy weights and clamps. Also enjoy long fisting sessions. I'm 5'3", 150 lbs., 40 and into leather. Mitch, PO Box 5276, San Francisco, CA 94101. (415) 861-7898. (LF5648)

**THE STOCKADE
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TRAINING • BONDAGE
DISCIPLINE • SLAVES**

- ✓ Learn to be the best
- ✓ Not just for bottoms
- ✓ Slave Training
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- ✓ Limit Expansion

If you remember the Quarters or the Compound, if you were ever sent there, if you ever sent anyone there—then you will be interested in the Texas Stockade. Opening February 1988. Write for details and fee schedule: The Stockade, PO Box 822, Forney, TX 75126.

NAKED SEXSLAVE/HOUSEMAN

24-45, masculine, healthy, wanted for Master and partner, stable dynamic, sex-crazed, versatile, grey-haired/bearded motorcycle men, both 54. Duties: Master's bike buddy, cocksucking, assplay, WS, TT, C&BT, wax, whip/paddle, BD, cooking, housework. Good service, loyalty, more. Master Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

SEEKS BLACK RAUNCHY MASTER!

Novice, heavysset BLACK freak, 210 lbs., 5'8", 37, 6½". Seeks HUNG Raunchy Master to train and use me! Big ASSHOLE opened for farting, rimming, dildos, scat, deep fucking, (condoms) gangbang and much more, SIR! PO Box 805522, Chicago, IL 60680-4116

ABS

Strut that gut. Then you face the test of your life. Your tough belly is on the line. Let's talk. (212) 675-3615.

MAN PARTS

Cock, balls, hole, ass. Like to show mine, like to see yours. Your pix get mine. Chuck, PO Box 681, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

YOUNG HANDSOME COP

My uniform and great body hide an eight-inch downward-bent hook dick which needs a masculine man to humiliate, twist and deform it further while I worship your healthy penis. Attractive, endowed and macho only. Send raunchy letter and photo for same. PO Box 5724, Savannah, GA 31414

GUNFIGHTER/OUTLAW/TOPGUN

Leather stud, 34, 5'11", 165, into horses, Harleys, bike-leather, horse leather, gun-leather. Other tops who get off thinkin' about being fucked in the saddle or across my bike by an outlaw with a pair of Colt .45s are prime candidates for enslavement. All-American boy "Billy-the-Kid" stud, full leather, armed, and deadly. You: 21-35, clean-cut, healthy, into leather, guns, bondage, fuckin', bootlickin', pain, abuse, piss, slavery. Gotta show me you want this more than any fuck you've ever had. I'm gonna outgun ya and bring ya to your knees, cowboy. Have gun, will travel. (703) 690-6962.

TRAVELING SON

30s, 5'10", 150 lbs., am into Fr, Gr, hot ass/buns, FF, spanking, light S/M, recycled beer shower and 3-ways. Top only for FF, prefer bottom for the rest. Travel frequently from Chicago to Chatt., TN; Des Moines to Cleveland; Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5296LF

HIGH INTENSITY

Slave training administered to serious slave by WM, BB, 30, 5'8", 165 lbs. You should be in shape, under 40 and into BD, C&BT, TT, shaving and servitude. Send detailed application and photo to LF4883

SLAVE LOVER WANTED

Surrender topless photo of slim body with descriptive letter and relocate. Be submissive, obedient, loyal, honest, AIDS free or safe sex. Your new Master is 47 and 300 lbs. End your problem today. Mr. Jones, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433. I'll be squeezing you within days!

ASIAN SM BONDAGE MASTER

Or smooth hispanic or white man wanted by good-looking blond, 5'7", 138 lbs., smooth body in good shape. Ropes, chains, leather restraints, wax, clamps, suspension, tit torture, etc. Travel regularly throughout USA including NYC, SF, DC, Colorado. Photo appreciated. PO Box 691303, West Hollywood, CA 90069. (LF6051)

WANTED: YOUNG TRUCK SLAVE

45-year-old trucker wants young slave to learn trucking from the bottom up. Permanent only. Will supply what I think you need. Call weekends or send letter with picture. Box 6057LF. (619) 723-8481

HOT LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 36, 5'11", 185, brown/blue, moustache, seeks other hot Tops/bottoms to 43. This man has hairy pecs w/hard nipples that demand mutual heavy play. Dig heavy, sweaty JO workouts, jockstraps, chaps, uniforms, uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. Am stable, educated, healthy, professional. Potential big brother/Dad for right man. Into photography, BB, hiking. No fems/drugs. Reply w/hot photo /phone to Box 4675LF.

INDIAN TORTURE!

W/M, 32, lean, muscular, masculine, tough, seeks savages, other prisoners for capture, bondage, torture games. Tie me to the stake and keep me writhing, sweating, and groaning as you test my manhood with slow, diabolical torture! Safe and sane only. Other historical torture scenes too. Come on! Box 6129LF

MIKE C

Remember those wild nights in S.F. with Jack Daniels in 1983? Saw you last in Redding 2 years ago. I'm back in California. Please write: Bruce, PO Box 8207, Salinas, CA 93912-8207

WANT A LEATHER BUDDY

Leatherman, GWM, 40, tall, wants to hear from others like myself who are turned on by the sight, feel, smell of Leather. I cannot wear it enough and know there are others who get off being around another MAN also clad totally in glorious Black Leather. Write with your thoughts, fantasies, photo of you in Leather. No heavy S&M, no drugs or smoking. Into boots, heavy j/o, just two buddies in head-to-toe Black Leather sharing that and each other. Box 6168

HAIRY, YOU'RE WANTED

Top GWM, 36, seeks hairy, sugar-brother bottom — 26-46. I'm 5'11", husky, nonsmoker, gentle but firm Gr/A. Prefer taller men, no fats, no drugs, muscular "+" not necessary, spanking to light S&M. No weekend sex. Long-time mate. Photo gets answer. Box 6162

COLLEGIATE SPANK

Bi/WM college student seeks WM, 18-26, to receive bare-assed spanking with a very large and enduring hand. Safe sex possible afterwards. Can travel from Virginia through Connecticut with occasional road trips south to Florida. Prefer no facial hair. All mid-Atlantic states. Box 6145

DEAR SIR:



QUIET MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easygoing but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling. Son/slave should be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and nonfem. Located in NY but travel around the country. Photo/letter to Box 4711LF.

HUNGRY CUM GUZZLER

Hunky, expert cocksucker craves thick, creamy mouthfuls of jism from hot, healthy, well-hung, in-shape Tops. Uncut with cheese a plus. Also into hairy, sweaty armpits, deep rimming, and recycled beer. Any race, 20 to 55. Fantastic oral worship only. No Greek, pain or scat. Box 6078LF

SATAN WORSHIP

Attractive, healthy, W/M, 28, 5'11", 150, seeks discrete masculine guy for serious Satanic relationship. Send details, description, photo if possible. Will consider relocating. Can travel. Into leather and most scenes. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. Others into Satanism please write. Box 6102LF

BOYSTUD REDUCED TO SLUT!

Do fantasies of humiliating arrogant, smooth, boystuds turn you on? Punk mohawk turned into slut, swim team captain in panties, younger brother's shaving revenge, crying boystuds as pissholes, butt lickers, cum lappers, self-suckers, etc. Let's talk/write. Paul. Box 6113

COCK SLAVE

Looking for ambitious, straight-appearing, lean Top, with hot mind, body and cock, wanting/deserving service. I'm 5'8", 138, smooth, honest, hard-working. Interests: outdoors, exercising, travel, rural living, long sessions. Let me be your partner, lifemate; make and train me to be your cock slave. No cigarettes, fem. PO Box 1044, Westerly, RI 02891.

CONTROL

WM, Top, 5'11", 37, seeks bottoms same size or smaller for exploration via mental and physical torture. You will be verbally and physically abused to the point where you will beg for more—to the point where you are controlled. Call (714) 957-2642, 7-11 pm for appointment/discussion or write Box 6094LF

GLORY HOLE ADDICT

wants to be trained & chained at a busy raunchy public suck hole to expand limitations. Big thick cocks especially needed to widen throat muscles. Contact the cock-sucker at (907) 276-5016 or write PO Box 200594, Anchorage, AK 99520-0594. Travel frequently. (LF6121)

MASCULINE MALE SLUT

Attractive GWM, 37, 5'8", 150, wants to serve as girl slave/male maid to dominant Master. Needs strict discipline, verbal abuse, forced femininity. Photo and phone, please, Sir. Box 6203

DISCARDED OR UNSOLD SLAVE

wanted by dungeonmaster of major S/M organization. You will give up all memories of your former life, dispose of all you own, and be captured naked for training to a lifetime of loving, caring fulfillment in pleasing my every whim. Punishment can be avoided if you are never disobedient, but severe/creative if you are. Box 6257

BOOTS LEATHER BONDAGE

Seek mature muscular top interested in boots bondage hoods oil jocks biking softball weights rigid service shaving C&B work hot lube. (312) 274-5479. Box 6260LF

ANIMAL TRAINER

(see Editorial, Texas Issue 103 & subsequent letter, 105). Still searching for my potential owner/master. Object: total submission as barnyard animal. Basic requirements: 1) A secluded farm or ranch, with other animals for company. 2) Major experienced in S/M & B/D. Heavy mental scenes, including hypnosis, a plus, for behavior modification, and animal metamorphosis. Knowledge of horses, etc., and correct use of tack. 4) No FF, excessive drugs & alcohol. 5) You must be masculine. No preppies, yuppies or wimps. 25-50. 6) Recent photo. Heavier scenes will be seriously considered for long-term ownership (branding, gelding, etc.). Will travel. Nationwide. I will pay for all boarding expenses. Box 6253

FEEL IT • TOUCH IT FIND IT IN DEAR SIR

LOOKING FOR BUDDY

33, WM, 6', 175, hairy looking for masculine hairy MEN. Burly, older men preferred. None turned down. Inexperienced so looking for firm teacher. Will answer all. Photos exchanged. Box 6286

BODY BUILDER IN NEED

WM, 37, BB looking for a buddy or instructor or dad to show & work out together. No bullshit. Guys who are independent, stable (35 to 50) belong to gym with high standards, Wall Street exec, I am. (212) 924-2253. Eric is the name. Letters with photo will get mine, please! Box 6285

LEATHERMASTER WANTED

Topman, masculine, sought by bottomman, 27, blond, good-looking, likes boots, uniforms, leather, etc. Possible relocation. Box 6283

SEEK DOMINANT SON

Executive, 57-year-old, 5'11", 172 lbs., silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks 18 to 36 to 5'9", masculine, boyish, horny jock ass stud, commanding body worship, rimming, water-sports. This hot butt Dad craves verbal abuse, mild ass beating, shaving, piss, enemas, sucking. Call (415) 929-7124. (LF6242)

ARROGANT MASTER WANTED

GWM, 27, 5'11", 140, black/hazel. Need Master to totally control me, mentally and physically. My last decision will be to become YOUR slave permanently. Brainwashing, S&M, B&D, CBT/T, whipping. Anything YOU desire. No limits. Please send photo and phone with YOUR orders. Box 6239LF

SMALL COCK NEWSLETTER

for men who have/want/love/hate/laugh at/worship tiny endowments. Submit photos, true stories, fantasies, art. Confidential. Box 6255

FATMEN/BEERGUTS

Hot couple seek men into fat, beerguts. Into piss, beer, fat. Exchange photos, letters, videos. Box 6256

HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126

ALABAMA

BONDAGE TOP

Blond, blue, beard, hairy, 29, wants bottoms with bondage fantasies wanting to become realities. If you're a W/M, 21-40, fat, slim, or stud send a detailed letter with fantasy, photo, address, and phone. I'm hot, horny and waiting. Central Alabama (Montgomery). Box 6107LF

ALASKA

FULL BODY MASSAGE

I am a licensed masseur who enjoys promoting a sense of well-being by means of massage. Improve mental and physical health. A quiet, comfortable atmosphere is provided. Will treat you like a king!! (907) 272-9045

SWISS LEATHERMAN COMES TO ALASKA

Muscular, bearded Top, early 50s, 5'11", 155, in good shape, perfect health coming to Alaska mid-July. Wants muscular, trim guys for good times/friendship; tit-work, optional FF, dirty talk, hole-stretching. Perfect health essential. Want to meet interesting people in places reachable by air, train, bus, or be picked up from there. Write with photo by mid-June latest to Boris Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basle, Switzerland (LF5048)

ARIZONA

BOOTLOVING BOTTOM

29-year-old kinky boot and leather lover seeks leatherclad or booted men for fun and fantasy, in person or via mail. Wet, wild, and raunchy times are a big turn-on for this bootlickin' Phoenix area slave. Replies with pics appreciated to PO Box 60245, Phoenix, AZ 85082-0245. (LF6204)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

RESPECTFULLY SUBMISSIVE

WM, 5'8", 140 lbs., sorely needs bigger, very masculine, well-built, clean-cut, sexually dominant man to respect, serve, and please. Leather, B/D, light S/M, athletics, weightlifting. No drugs, smoke, or fat. Please write: 6114 LaSalle Ave., #204, Oakland, CA 94611. Thank you.

BUTTPLAY BOTTOM—SF

Handsome, professional, hung W/M, 39, bottom with exceptional butthole seeking handsome, hung (cut) W/M top for clean, safe & kinky assplay. Stick your proud dick in deep. Plusses: smooth skin, brains & discretion! Relationship possible or join small buddy group. Box 5557LF

LEATHER HOME

Mature, sane, nonsmoking GWM into leather, SM scene, wants to find a stable man with similar interests to find and share home in San Francisco. I have furniture etc. and at present live in small apartment. I want to move. Let's join forces, pool ideas, and find suitable place together. Just drop me a note with your name and phone number, to PO Box 31782, San Francisco, CA 94131.

SEEK HIV POS MASTER

Healthy 39, WM, 6', 170, needs steady bearded topman into domination, pushing limits and safe anal play. (415) 285-5449

TOP BOY

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., br/gr, 28w, Smooth, Clin-Shvn, 7" u/c Top for High Caliber Professionals. (415) 685-5035 Aft. 11pm PT (LF5875)

BIG GUY FROM VISALIA

Little Guy repentant. Needs your discipline. Send instructions. PO Box 14693, San Fran. 94114-4693.

STRICT DADDY 45+

needed by cute, young black boy once raised on woodshed discipline: verbal abuse, firm hand, and razor strap to mend my ways. Seeks no-nonsense daddy. Write 408 13th St., #455, Oakland, CA 94612.

YOU

Are a leather fan, Gr/A, a Master at tit torture, and B/D. Enjoy topping a strong personality and harnessing an overenergetic mouth. You are fun, sexy, and seek a bottom to share living expenses, ideas, hopes, sexual fantasies, etc. You are HIV-neg. I'm 33, good-looking and want to tag along through many adventures with you. Write Ed, PO Box 4534, San Francisco, CA 94101.

BODYBUILDING WORKOUTS & BONDAGE

Muscular, good-looking, well-built dominant big brother, intelligent, educated, very masculine, athletic, healthy cleancut, all-American type. GWM, 36, 6'0, 185 seeks kid brother/son/partner to: 1) Coach serious trainee who wants to muscle up & needs motivation, in regular, relentless bodybuilding workouts. 2) Submissive bottom, for extensive bondage sessions, lt. S&M, particularly seek novice, who wants to learn the ropes, from an experienced, trustworthy, gentle, yet firm, dominant jock. Slow, safe, sane, flexible sessions, limits respected, fantasies pursued. No pain, marks, drugs, unsafe action/sex. Prefer younger 18 to 28, good-looking "pretty boy" types. Cleancut, healthy, intelligent, submissive, yet masculine. Must want to train, need motivation, ready for long-term commitment. Great opportunities and much more possible for qualifying, sincere young guy who wants/needs a dominant big brother/daddy/friend. Must respond with descriptive, detailed letter and good photos for reply. Box 6264

SERVICE ME, ASSHOLE

Drink my piss, eat my ass, suck me off. 39 y.o. GWM top man wants you on your fucking knees doing whatever I tell you to do. No photo/no dick. Box 6254

SPIT ON MY FACE

while I suck your dick. Box 6250

SEEKING MASOCHIST

Experienced S.F. sadist with lots of toys seeks one pain-craving, Levi-boot masochist who knows what he wants and can take it. Fantasy-seeking JOers and limp-wristed fairies who wimp out early in a scene need not respond. S is into whipping, gut-wrenching CBT, paddling, TT, bondage, suspension, etc., and M can pick his own poisons in advance within agreed limits. S is tall, early 40s, cut, nonsmoker, neg, intell., and health and safety conscious. M must be neg, cut, nonsmoker, 30-45, good cocksucker, Bay area, and relationship-oriented. Not into FF, scat, damage. Box 6247

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Serious long-term position for slave born to serve. You must need training, confinement, discipline and be committed. Sexual desires and limits discussed/respected/expanded. Let's hear your ideas and needs. All answered that send phone and photo. Fresno. Box 6281

LEATHER HUNK COVERMAN SCOTT ANSWER AND CENTERFOLD LEATHERMAN HARKER WADE
COME TO LIFE FROM THE RED HOT PAGES OF THE ZEUS PUBLICATION... **ODYSSEY TWO** IN

CAPTURED

SESSION ONE & SESSION TWO

THE ALL NEW/ALL BONDAGE/ALL JACK-OFF/TWO PART VIDEO FROM ZEUS STUDIOS

SESSION ONE: HARKER WADE GETS SCOTT ANSWER "SLUNG UP"



Muscle leather stud Harker Wade manhandles his massive uncut meat fantasizing what it would be like to get blond bodybuilder Scott Answer's beautiful ass slung up, stretched out, and tied down for a deep butt session. Entering Harker's dream we find Scott stripped down to chaps, boots, and gloves; nipples pierced and padlocked; his cock three ringed; neck chained and collared; freshly shaved clean and spread out helpless in Harker's sling. Harker moves in on his captured muscle slave working his smooth, hard body over good. Harker yanks on Scott's nipple locks, chews on his overloaded balls, and roughly opens up Scott's tight shaved asshole with a huge dildo. Sweating profusely while bucking, writhing, and flexing against his leather restraints, Scott's cock erupts and he blasts a heavy load which Harker smears all over his sweaty tits and pits, making Scott suck his own cum off Harker's hands. Two of the hottest Zeusmen work their asses off to get your load. This is no-nonsense jack-off Zeus Bondage Video. Session Two on same tape.

SESSION TWO: SCOTT ANSWER GETS HARKER WADE "STRUNG UP"



The tables are turned on Harker Wade as Scott Answer takes control in CAPTURED/Session Two. Construction foreman Scott watches college jock prick-tease Harker on a summer job site. At the end of a long, sweaty day, Scott suggests Harker hang around after the other hard-hats leave... for a beer. With his sweaty bubble butt itching for the 6'2" blond, hairy chested foreman, Harker gets jumped by Scott and roughoused into his private "office." Harker's body gets thoroughly manhandled as Scott strips his college muscle jock out of his cut-offs, sweat soaked denim shirt and raunchy jock... down to his construction boots; then spreadeagle suspends him for an intense on-the-job-site training session. Scott forces a massive butt plug up Harker's tight little ass, and works his tits over hard. Sweating, straining and unable to stand it any longer, Harker bucks and shoots a super load while still spreadeagled. Both these Zeus hunks get off by showing off their hot, hard bodies tied up, worked over, and forced to shoot for you. They want your dick to explode while jacking off to their muscles tied up tight. Hot? You bet your ass. Zeus gets as close to your bondage nut as it's possible to get. Both sessions on same tape.

ZV-1000/CAPTURED - Sessions one & two (approximately 40 minutes) **\$45.00**
ZM-438/ODYSSEY TWO (magazine regularly \$10.00) **with the purchase of the video CAPTURED ... \$5.00**

CAPTURED

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of CAPTURED only)... \$5.00 \$

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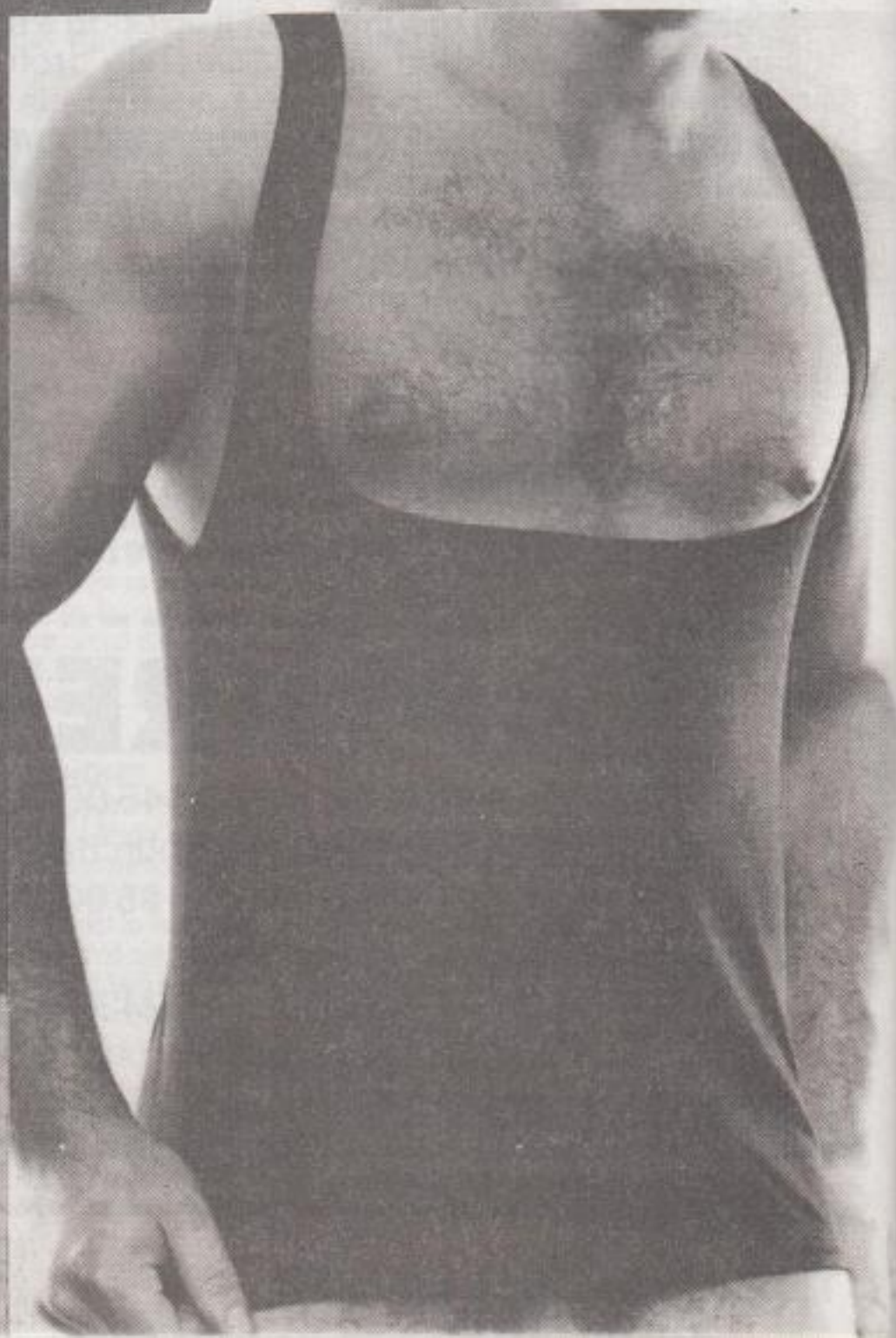
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BALL STRETCHERS:

- ☐ 1" Plain (6.00)
- ☐ 1 1/2" Plain (7.00)
- ☐ 2" Plain (8.00)
- ☐ 2 1/2" Plain (9.00)
- ☐ 3" Plain (10.00)

BALL STRETCHERS W/SEPARATOR/DIVIDER

- ☐ 1" (9.00)
- ☐ 1 1/2" (10.00)
- ☐ 2" (11.00)
- ☐ 2 1/2" (12.00)
- ☐ 3" (13.00)
- ☐ MASK, BLINDFOLD, LEATHER LINED (13.00)
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- ☐ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD, Part 2
- ☐ KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL
- ☐ MY DADDY WAS BAD
- ☐ FATHER/SON
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- ☐ PORN CALLS
- ☐ SAILING TO HELL
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California residents add 6% sales tax.

Use street address for UPS delivery when possible for speedier delivery.

ADD A BUCK (THAT'S \$1) PER ITEM FOR POSTAGE!

**BUTCH BLACK GUYS**

get my dick hard. Trim white guy (5'7", 130, 32), horny and experienced, seeks intense S&M scenes with dominant blacks who have a sense of humor. Box 5951

SO MANY WORDS-SO LITTLE REALITY

Mature, experienced San Francisco Master considering expansion of His family. Your body and mind will be expected for complete service and obedience and you will join existing slave naked for Master's use, abuse and enjoyment. Limits—physical and mental—will be met and expanded. Headspace and attitude of prime importance. Many arrangements/possibilities but begin by sending detailed information, photo, phone to PO Box 410261, San Francisco, CA 94141-0261.

BONDAGE BOY

Good-looking, well-built all-American type (5'8", 145, 31) craves hot, dominant top for bondage/submission scenes from the more basic (restraint, gags, hoods, shaving) to the more esoteric (long-term confinement, public display, group servicing, forced substance intake, etc.) Open to expanding limits to accommodate your needs. Photo, orders to Box 5902LF.

SCAT ME

I need to suck the filthy shitholes of huge beefy butts or young hunky football studs and chunky body builders. I want you to unload that big dump from your bloated dirty asshole right into my toilet mouth. Uniforms, jockstraps, verbal a+. I am well-built GWM, 32, 5'9", 160 lbs., good looking. Write: Boxholder, 584 Castro, #160, S.F., CA 94114-2588

SLEAZE SESSIONS

Sore nipples, spent dicks and used assholes, tweaked-out, burnt-out, spaced-out sleaze, watching porno flicks for hours and pounding our puds, waiting for you to cum to our South of Market pad for J/O, cocksucking and safe anal play. We're 2 hot buddies, handsome, well-built 30s. Want to meet hotguys 21-45 Bay Area residents or visitors. Reply with photo, PO Box 5921, S.F., CA 94101-5921.

TOILET BUDDY

Very hot-looking Latin, 30s, muscular, well defined likes mutual shit scenes and steaming piss. Get off on watching turds, gaping assholes, recycled beer, shit smearing, dirty jocky shorts and lots of grunting action. Looking for filthy minded, hot hunky and hung studs to get our sweat holes going. Box 6056LF

60-YR.-OLD DOMINANT GRANDAD

seeks submissive sons, grandsons, contemporaries of all ages! All fantasies considered, but you must be submissive! Box 5943LF

BRUTAL TORTURE

from 37, 6'2", 180-lb. executioner. You need it, I've got it. Under 40 northern CA men. Private country detention. Submit foto, application. PO Box 563, Forrestville, CA 95436.

MUSCULAR LEATHER DAD

seeks son willing to serve and work-out with Dad. Long-term, live-in situation possible for right son. Dad is mid-40s, masculine, healthy and muscular. Leather and safe sex. Send photo and letter. Box 4944LF

RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

LET'S FUCK AROUND

24, masculine and hot, looking for other hot guys to fuck around with. Your pleasure is my satisfaction. No pain, pure pleasure. Call Kevin in San Francisco. (415) 923-9413.

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

wanted by retired GWM, 63. You're 18-40, 5'9" or under, slender, smooth, submissive, drug/smoke-free, honest, enjoy cats, cooking, the arts. Accept shaving, nudity, complete supervision, safe sex, being owned, affection, light bondage, no rough stuff. White, Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full letter, phone, photo. Box 6123LF

SUFFER SLINGS

Assholes of outrageous fortune; take up arms. Two tall, headstrong Tops play with heavy-hung, hard hairy men whose brawn, brains challenge our bodies and imagination. Phone in audition with scene, acts: Give us a reason to give you our parts. We'll work the piss out of you. (415) 923-0501.

DIABLO DEVIATES

An association of leathermen into hot, safe, deviate sex. Offering contact roster, newsletter, sex parties, 24-hour playroom with toys, equipment and porn libraries. Service area is Alameda, Contra Costa and Solano counties, but city men are welcome. For details SASE to: DV8's, PO Box 27672, Concord, CA 94527-7672.

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Gdkg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S., #237, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

Handsome, masculine, muscular bottom, L/L, BM, 38, 6'1", 175 lbs., healthy, intelligent, athlete. Needs training in B/B, S&M, TT, shaving, prolonged assplay, toys. Seeks commanding, imaginative, experienced Top, hung and muscular. Safe and sane, Sir. Photo & phone. Box 5959LF

WET AND DIRTY WALLOWIN'

Gdkg W raunch pig, mid-30s, 5'7, 135, wants young-lkng sweaty jock-types, punks, construction workers to piss down my shirt and in my 501 fly, dump hot shit on my crotch, chest and face or with my cock up his ass. FF a possibility. Mutual heavy rimming, wallowing in raunchy clothes, mattress. Some restraint, group scenes, Latino, Mediterranean a plus. Photos get first reply. Box 6164

TOUGH SUBMISSIVE

Tie me up and put my hot mouth to work on your stiff dick. Tall, slim, good-looking, hypersexual white guy, 31, into mental and physical control, stimulation, light pain (tits, balls), visuals, jackoff, some W/S, seeks attractive, creative man for mutually satisfying, depraved scenes. Box 6143LF

BOTTOM SEEKS HUNG TOP

Experienced, hairy, x-hung, masculine Top needed to 'enlarge' my sexual education. WM, 27, 5'10", 165 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, moustache, healthy, need training in SM, FF, TT, condoms, assplay, deep throat. Mike McG., PO Box 13314, Suite 286, Oakland, CA 94661.

CASTRO COUNTRY BOY

Deep throat and tight end—versatile! Find a need and fill it! (415) 431-4293.

SEX BUDDY(S)

35, 5'11", 165, moustache, trim beard. Pierced tits—PA. Mostly bottom. Seeking fun-time realizing and expanding limits and experience (CBT, nipple work, assplay, WS or ?) Let's hear your interests. Box 6191

SLIM, SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING

WM, 30, looking for hot big-dicked top/dad/buddy. Too independent for slave, but want to experience leather. Especially like hairy, uncut. Prefer 33-45, honest, sane, aware. I'm 5'6", 140, brn, grn, more than curious, and ready. So go ahead, write w/photo. Box 6209LF

PIERCED, POURED AND SCORED

GWM, 44, (c)hunky, tattooed, pierced biker wants challenging experiences and good times. Limits explored/expanded. Versatile and creative. CBT, TT, WS, BD, FF (top). Enjoy cigars, uniforms, shaving. Raunch and outdoor activities a plus. Travel midweek. Your photo/cassette tape gets mine. Bob, PO Box 32392, Oakland, CA 94604 (LF6238)

SIT ON MY FACE

Submissive WM, 39, 5'9", 180, black hair, brown eyes, hairy, is anxious to serve. Into rimming, cocksucking, licking big boots, humiliation, uniforms, WS, spanking. Not into FF, scat or piercing. Overweight very welcome. Boxholder, PO Box 4065, San Francisco, CA 94101.

HAIRCUTS

Crew cuts, flat-tops, white sidewalls, etc. Let's have some fun with our haircut fetish and get it off safely. 2336 Market, Box 123, San Francisco, CA 94114

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST

Bootlicking, pain-craving cocksucking GWM cut neg prof S.F. masochist, 44, 6'2", 200, seeks GWM cut neg sadist wearing 501 button-fly Levis and black leather military boots who truly turns on to his slave's sweating, moaning, screaming and writhing in sessions of bootlicking, whipping (bare back, ass, belly, crotch) and ball torture (weights, vices, spreaders, slapping, whipping) and SS Fr. Not into FF, scat, piercing, WS, rimming, damage, or Gr. Travels now and then around CA, NY, IL, GA and TX. Also seeking S.F. Nautilus workout buddy. Box 5989

DRUMMER DADDY

seeking tall, trim, muscular slave. You will be stripped, chained, & led to my dungeon. Relationship possible for intelligent, professionally employed man capable of stepping out of the slave role and serving as companion. Drummer Daddy is in his 40s, brown hair, bearded, 6'1", 170 lbs., nonsmoker. Nude photo, phone, letter to Box 4988LF.

MASTER HAS SLAVE TO SHARE

My boy serves who I tell him to, in a way that pleases both you and I! I'm 29, 6'4", 175 lbs. My boy is 35, 5'10", 175 lbs. We're both good-looking. I'm top and get off sharing my well-trained boy with other top men who like a fully trained slave into bondage, asswork, cocksucking, SM and total pleasure to whom he serves. Let's get together! Box 5752LF

ALL AMERICAN BOY

33, 5'11", 145 lbs., muscular/slender. You: raunchy, creative, affectionate, cerebral top. Into: heavy bondage, rubber, piercing, genital modification fantasies, light scat, hugging, kissing, worship. Also: film, BB, politics, camping, new-age thought. No FF, brutality, whipping. Pluses: uncut, collegiate, yuppie, Italian, straight. Relationship possible. Photo/detailed letter: Box 34, 2370 Market St., S.F., CA 94114.

BB SLAVE WANTED

to sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough set of curls. Your boss is into hot wax, animal/slave training, smoke, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin', rock and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit, so if interested and live or are visiting in this area, call (415) 944-9984 or (415) 282-2483 and leave a message. If not in the area, write: Boss, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598.

HUNGRY MANSEX

GWM, 33, 5'7", 155 lbs., brown hair, bearded, attractive, seeks hot, horny, hairy men for anything-goes pig sex. At lunch, before work, after work, any time . . . SF residents or visitors send photo/phone and your favorite turn-ons. Box 5151

DEAR SIR — ALWAYS THE BIGGEST AND THE BEST**SONOMA COUNTY**

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22 in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!!! Box 5150

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM, SIR!

Sir! I am here to serve you as your bondage slave. I've been experienced in bondage, assplay, cocksucking, some SM and am willing to be trained to expand myself. I am 35, 5'10", 175 lbs., good-looking and ready to please you, Sir! Photo appreciated, Sir! Box 5650LF

WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6', 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

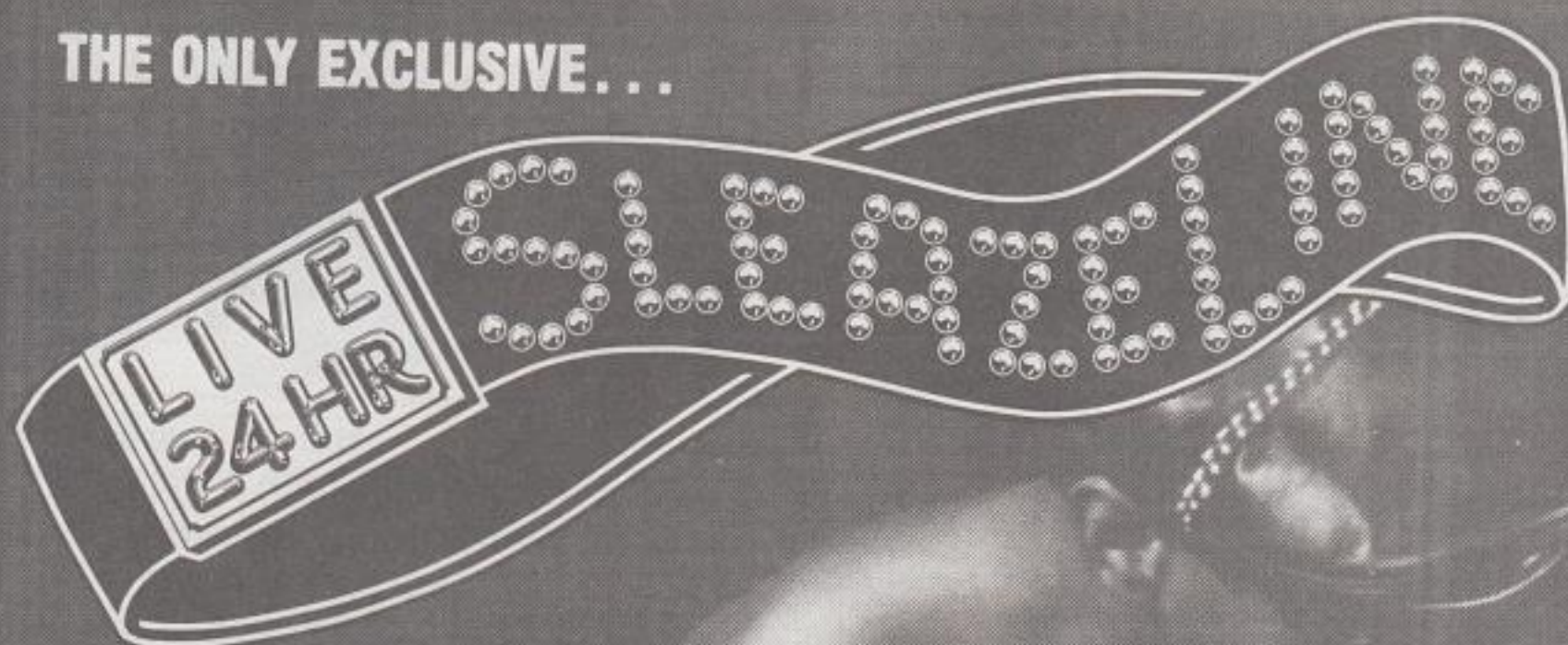
SADIST WANTS MASOCHIST

Must be monogamous, respectful, honest, healthy lifestyle, committed & sensitive to my needs. You must enjoy, need & want to be totally controlled. I enjoy a variety of different scenes involving the giving of pain, safe & sane. I'm WM, 43, 5'10", 163 lbs. No drugs. Reply with letter, photo, phone. PO Box 14212, Santa Rosa, CA 95402.

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER TOP

Masculine, white, 30-yr.-old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced levelheaded top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M . . . but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe sex oriented (no fluid exchange, blood, FF). Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

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**SHARE SOME
SWEAT WITH
UP TO 8
OTHER
MEN**

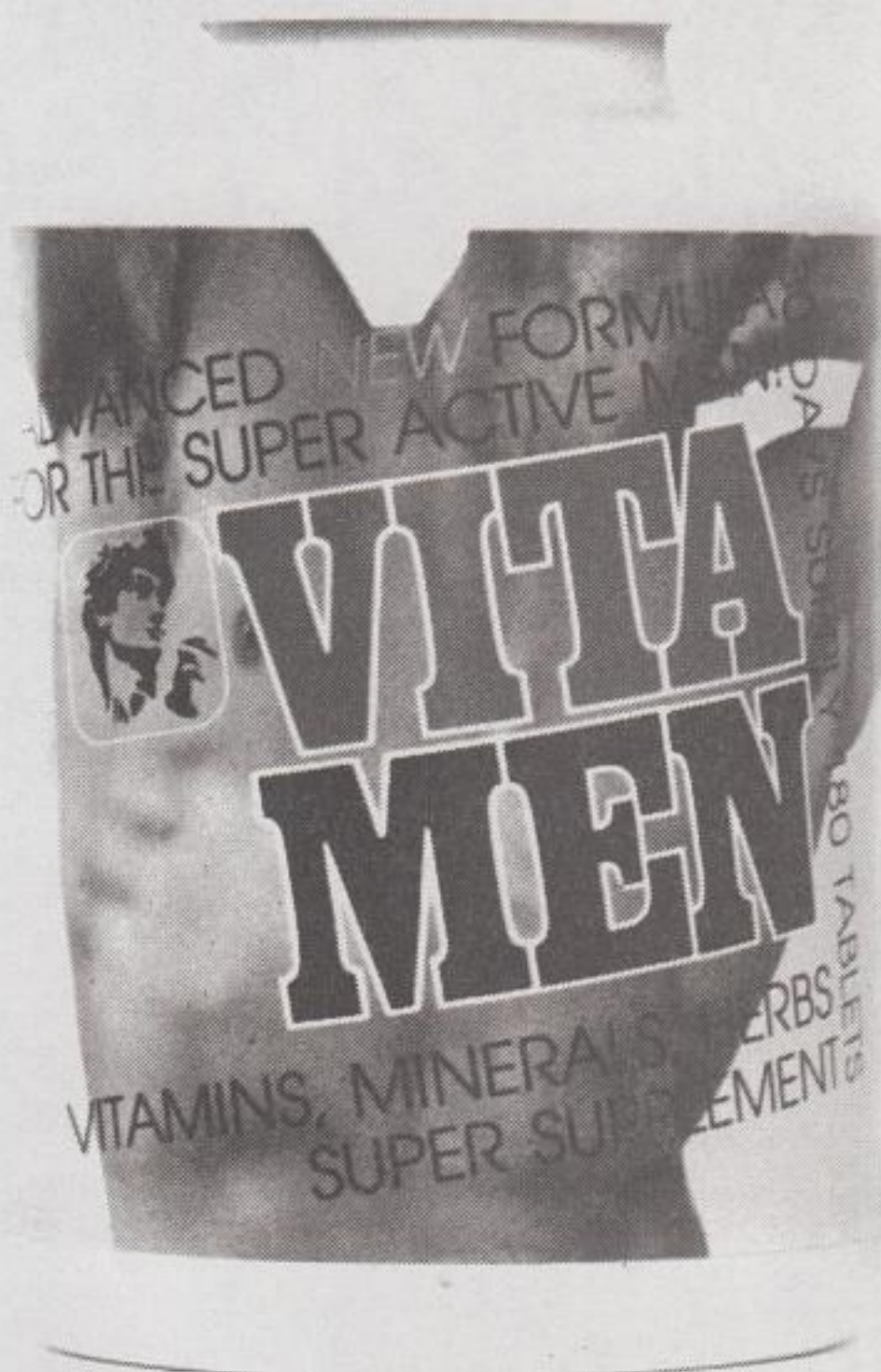
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\$2 PLUS TOLL IF ANY.
18+ ONLY.
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SO WHY DO ALL THESE GUYS SWEAR BY VITA-MEN AND WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT IT?

30 DAYS SUPPLY 180 TABLETS



You probably don't need the VITA-MEN formula if you are not a male, 21 years of age or older. Or if you are and you consume a perfect diet daily, with little or no junk food, consume no alcohol nor smoke, keep regular hours and there is little or no stress in your life.

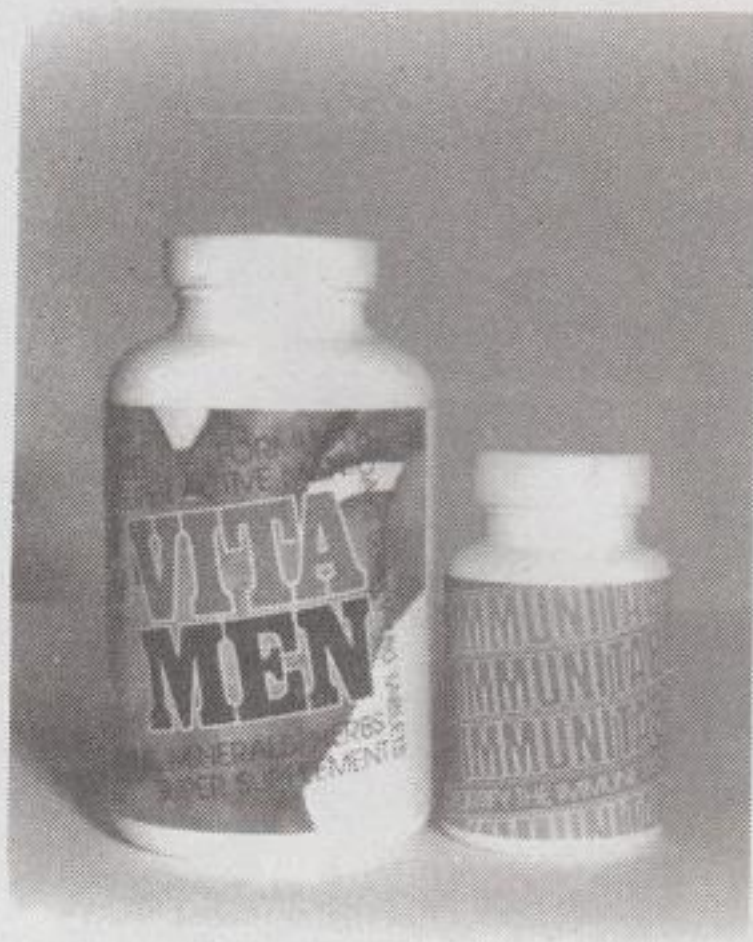
And if your idyllic life includes no exposure to whatever it is that causes colds and flu, along with many of the other communicable diseases that plague mankind.

Now, we certainly are not claiming that VITA-MEN or IMMUNITABS will make you immune to all the things that are going around, but considering what is going around, we honestly feel that your chances are considerably better if your body is operating with its immune system on battle-stations alert.

There are a great many reasons for preferring VITA-MEN products to the run-of-the-mill drug store variety. Or even most of the mega-formula brands with something for everyone.

If you are a young man, aged 21 to whatever, after cleaning up your act, may we suggest you perfect your diet. You are whatever goes inside you. And VITA-MEN was designed by dedicated doctors to do just that, buddy.

THE MEGA FORMULA PHYSICIAN-DESIGNED FOR THE ACTIVE MAN



SPECIAL 2 for 1 OFFER!

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San Francisco, CA 94142-2009



☐ Quick! Send me _____ months of VITA-MEN @ 24.95 each. Include a free 12.95 bottle of IMMUNITABS with each.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

☐ Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Guaranteed by VITA-MEN laboratories. San Francisco, CA. Dealer inquiries invited.



MUSCLE DAD LOOKING FOR PLAYER

Muscle Dad, 41, beefy muscular build, great chest and arms, masculine, good-looking, seeking masculine Dad/Buddy/Son, 25-55, for mutual good time. Pec work, muscles, J/O, Leather. Open to suggestions. Married/Bi OK. Reply with photo to Boxholder, Box 486, 584 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SON WANTED BY DADDY

You are an obedient boy needing love and discipline administered by affectionate businessman type Daddy with strict standards. Dad is 42, 6'3", 255 lbs., balding, hairy and loving, with high standards for your behavior. Send honest revealing letter and picture. Box 4934LF

MATURE BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Good-looking, professional WM, 35, 5'8", 168 lbs., well built, looking for professional man over 40 who can introduce me to leather lifestyle and share with the excitement of healthy body, dressed in leather and a productive professional career as well. You won't be disappointed if you are genuine. Box 6050LF

HUNG BLOND JOCK DIGS COPS

Good-looking athlete, trim, tan 28 boy, 6'1", 165 lbs. Huge thick cock. Looking for hot studs, cops, military, to be arrested, strip searched, cuffed and used. All American Boy into BD, CB/T, fantasy. Wrestle me down, bind me, gag me and rape me repeatedly. Come on, Sir, arrest me! Box 6054LF

DEEP/WIDE ASSHOLE

FF versatile, TT, CBT. W/M, 42, 6', 170 lbs., clean shaven. Palm Springs. (619) 321 2819. Before 12 PM

ASS-EATING ADDICT

wants to meet clean-shaven, healthy leathermen in San Diego area for mutual rimming sessions in my sling. Is also into toys (bring your own!) and shaving. Let's give our butts a workout. GWM, 40, 165 lbs., blond, hairless. Box 5647

ASS MASTER WANTED

Hot, experienced, 34, 6'1", 170 lbs. Into: service, VA, mindtrips, bondage, shaving, ballstretchers, assplay, toys, fists and more. Will submit to any safe scene. Want to explore other fantasies, piercing, gangfucks? You: white/Latino, 28-40, dominant, masculine, hot. Strictly top. Body builders, hung a plus. Sir, please send instructions/photo (returned). Box 5773LF

WANTED EXPR. LEATHER SADIST

Muscular, tattooed Italian S has hot Italian M to share. Looking for hot S with attitude and endurance for long, rugged session ordering M into heavy S/M, BD, hoods, gags & other fantasies. Detailed letter/phone to Box 585, 8306 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211. (LF5906)

WHIPMASTER!

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903)

MASTERS/SLAVES WANTED

by Master, 25, 5'11", 150, and his slave, 37, 5'10", 160, to assist in achieving pleasure/satisfaction through SAFE and SANE SM, BD, VA, CBT, mindtrips, leather/military fantasies, body worship, assplay, submission, obedience. If serious, open-minded, and interested, whether experienced or novice, call (619) 237-0586. No phone J/O. (LF5897)

TALL, HUNG, HORNY

I'm looking for in-shape regular guys (under 35) who need some meat shoved up their chute and enjoy having someone else in charge. Box 5950

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 5888.

UNIFORMED BUST

Decidedly for... abuse-hungry. White stud sonofabitch, gung-ho to discharge duties as Convict/Slave/Animal Prisoner/Captive to sadistic, kick-ass, tall-booted, uniformed Black stud 43 who demands intense disciplined workout, exacting punishment torture to reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Direct letter w/mandatory foto to: PO Box 2524, Chino, CA 91708. (LF5987)

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.i.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot bootied leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 P.M.

STUD SLAVE

Very hot, hard-body bottom, muscular, 5'10", 175, 36, wants raunchy muscular top to put me in my place. Age (younger or older) unimportant. Good bod and dominant attitude are. If you want a stud slave, with spirit, write with pic to Suiteholder, Suite 304, 12228 Venice Blvd., L.A., CA 90066.

S&M RELATIONSHIP

Good-looking, 5'10", 165# brn/brn mid-30s (look 28) bottom/slave seeks more than hot times with good-looking Superior TOP/MASTER (18-37). S&M adventures plus intimacy, caring, and sharing friendship + fun. Can we go camping in the mountains, Sir? Tom, 11020 Ventura Blvd. #271, Studio City, CA 91604

HAIRY/BEARDED TOPS WANTED

for aggressive sweaty sex. Join me, GWM, 27, 5'9", 175, 6" in using my buddy, 32, 6', 190, 8", as a fuckhole. TT, WS, VA, dildoes, spanking to push him to the limit. PO Box 988, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

GOLDS GYM MUSCLE FRATERNITY

Openings for fuckin' huge, overly aggressive, roided-out, muscle machines only!! Iron-pumpin'-bull tough ape on campus, 6'4", 250 lbs., muscle into rape! Dig bashin'? Huntin' in packs? Gang fuckin'? Got some unwilling mouth in mind? We'll jump 'em. Tease gets cuffed, punched, stripped, and fucked full of cum! Yal Let's do it! Box 6189

HOUSEMAN/SLAVE WANTED

Two dominant WM professionals (42/44) seek mature bottom as permanent houseman/servant in unique household. We will provide love, discipline, further personal development. You must totally commit mind and body to our service/satisfaction. Prefer healthy, intelligent, obedient WM 25-45. Submit detailed letter/photo to SHACK, Box 6210LF.

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 47, into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T, T/T, ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11 PM-9 AM. (818) 843-5428.

HOT UNCUT SADIST

37, lean and mean, (Orange Left) seeks hot (uncut?) masochist (orange right); Includes yellow, purple, black, brown, red and ??? Bottom must NEED Pain, give and receive lots of TLC! Ed Pane, PO Box 127472, San Diego, CA 92112.

N ORANGE CTY DADDY NEEDED

GWM, 32, seeks affectionate Daddy 35-40 for safe sex and discipline. Son will worship only one Daddy Light SM, very affectionate. PO Box 1147, Fullerton, CA 92632.

UNCUT!

If you are an experienced fellator who prefers that rare delicacy, a really uncut cock with lots and lots of skin, well hung from an athletic, attractive, 40-yr-old hot stud, come and get it! Slurpy, munchy, juicy, mmmmmh good. San Diego area 35 plus experts only. No kids, no outoftowners. Box 6280

BONDAGE BOTTOM WANTED

for relationship by GWM, 34, 5'10", 165, clean shaven, hairy. YOU: Trim, good-looking, hairy chested (the hairier, the better) and love to cuddle and being tied up and gagged. If you also enjoy movies, TV, theater, music, travel (especially by ship), Judy Garland, Billie Holiday, reading and want a permanent relationship, write now. Please, no phonies, drugs, alcohol, and be sincere because I am. All answered. Box 6271

EXPERIENCED TOP

WM 40s into safe SM including B&D, TT, CBT, shaving. Seeks attractive, in-shape bottom under 40. Experienced or eager novice into playroom scenes. Send letter with specific interests, photo, phone to Box 6245

STERN, BEARDED MASTER

33, 6'3", 210 & hairy-as-hell into mental cruelty, intense V/A & ethnic taunts. Expect bootlicking, stomach punching & spit on your face. Be ready for violent rape scenes, public abuse & wet dog food. I'll make you grovel, faggot! Will consider all masculine men; specialize in bluecollars, cops, Italians, farmers, clones, beards and hairy guys. No smoke/drugs. I am a nice guy with a mean streak. Safe & will respect limits. So. California but travel widely. Box 6246LF

COLORADO

DENVER DRUMMER DADDY

25, 5'9", 160 lbs., dark hair, moustache. Seeks son for face fucking and ass plowing. Limits respected, but must be willing to expand them. Must be in shape, under 30, and willing to commit himself to my lifestyle. Send detailed letter with current experience and specifications, photo and phone. Box 5967LF

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 48, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

CONNECTICUT

QUEER

wants straight guy into using a fag as a means to abuse. Use me as a human urinal and toilet. Must be into fucking and being sucked. Must like fist-fucking too. Lure me through verbal deception into the above. You do not like queers, you use them. No one-timers, no master-slave scenes. Must be willing to commute. Complete discretion assured. No photographs exchanged. Screening through meeting only. Write: BOXHOLDER, PO Box 899, Deep River, CT 06417.

DC-METRO

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9½ Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

DADDY'S BOY

WM, 32, seeks tough but tender jock-wearing dad. This boy is into paddles, straps, some TT/C&B, mild SM but heavy into ass play, dildoes, etc. Are you my Daddy? Allen (202) 332-7017. (LF5983)

SUBSCRIBE TO DRUMMER

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5'10", bl/bl, 150 lbs., mustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

SLAVE WANTED

You will serve me and do as you are told. Applications sent to: Mr. F, 1111 Arlington Blvd., #409, Rosslyn, VA 22209. You—20-35, tight, not fat body. Send photo above.

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

WM, 35, 5'11", 200, blond, blue eyes, looking for master to serve. Oriental or black preferred but willing to serve all. Not into drugs, scat or unsafe sex. Please, Sir, let me know how to serve your needs. Box 6249LF

FLORIDA

TOP THIS OLD DADDY

Big bearded old Daddy wants young boyish top son for wild sex, mutual light S&M, and fantasy. Nonsmokers only! Photo to Aardvark, PO Box 7294, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

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23, 6', 170, dark hair, moustache, hot, hard, masculine, seeks Dad, 30-50, with big hairy chest for mutual tit work/muscle chest fantasy. Into workouts, L/L, raunchy talk, hard man sex. Need Dad to share the pleasure of being a man with his son. Phone, photo. Bob, Box 5867LF

TOPMAN/DAD WANTED

You: 30+, hairy, aggressive. Me: 31, 6', 230, black/blue, beard/stach. Into FF, CB/T, S/M, B/D, verbal abuse, dildoes, shaving, leather, and uniforms. Stable, employed homeowner. Strong will requires heavy hand. HTLV-3 neg. Beginning BB. History and photo sent upon contact. Send letter and photo to: Behr, PO Box 3166, Venice, FL 34293. (LF6058)

WANT BOTTOM TRAINING

Retired college science teacher who loves leather and boots wants safe-sex training as a bottom by someone knowledgeable, careful and caring. I'm ignorant but want to learn. Divide time between Eastern North Dakota and Florida panhandle. AIDS negative and in good physical shape. Correspondence welcome to trade ideas. Box 6156

I NEED A DADDY

to please, obey and work for. Handsome, hung, houseboy is eager, sincere. Please call (305) 525-2043, John.

**FIND YOUR BAD BOY
IN DEAR SIR****S. FLA. RAUNCH PIG**

WM, 35, 5'8", 155, raunch pig wants good-looking BB studs to treat me like a toilet. Anything goes. I want to suck your filthy shit hole. Piss in my mouth. Tie me up. Send photo; I will exchange letters, soiled articles with other raunch pigs. Box 6169

COCK TORTURE SPECIALIST

Sought for innovative, prolonged cock bondage, torture, pisshole dialation. Medical techniques, i.e.: numbing catheters, other devices a plus. Challenge my head with your letter and put my dick in your hands. Will travel to genuine pro. Ex-elect marine medic, do not freak easily. (Miami) Box 6217LF

SADISTIC CIGAR SMOKERS

wanted, leathermen, truckers, cops who know how to kick ass, fuck butt and feed cock to this Orlando area masochist that is 25 years old, 6'0", 160 lbs. Tattoos and beards a plus. Box 6183

TOP THIS OLD DADDY!

Big, bearded old Daddy wants young boyish top son for wild sex, mutual light S/M, and fantasy. Nonsmokers only! Photo to Aardvark, PO Box 7294, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

OFFICER ROY OF SARASOTA, FL

Please contact your buddy either thru mail or by phone. Thank you. Scott Macomber, PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480 or (305) 832-1450 eves.

GEORGIA**ATTRACTIVE NOVICE**

31, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, romantic, mature, arts-oriented, seeks similar men 25-50 for safe introduction to rubber/leather/spandex, bondage, plugs and other mutually-agreed-upon activities. Eventually seeking a permanent, monogamous relationship with right person for life of love, laughter, caring and sharing. Atlanta area. Box 5774LF

ESOTERIC

Satyr, 28, hunky, intelligent, imaginative wants similar buddies for mutual, depraved raunch and kink. Safe but expansive exploration of deepest sexual fantasies: shit/piss exchange, ass inspections, shavings, piercings, TT, CBT, floggings, nudism, exhibitionism, tattoos, prolonged JO, et. al. Photos and detailed letters receive prompt attention. Box 6128

SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar, seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, B/D, TT, photos, S/M, etc.) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125. (404) 636-1688.

TWO HOT EXHIBITIONISTS

Basically monogamous couple into exhibitionism, voyeurism. We are: (a) Daddy type, 5'9", 165, brown, balding, blue, moderate body hair, (b) Dark, hairy, Italian, 5'11", 175, dark brown hair, brown eyes. Into most kink, including BD, WS, FF, VA, TT, plus. Want hot, masculine man (men), or couples for periodic ritualistic sessions. PO Box 14411, Atlanta, GA 30324.

**BRACHIOPROTIC EROTICISM
AFICIONADO**

to get together with same. Robbie, Suite 200-C8, 10800 Alpharetta Highway, Roswell, GA 30076.

ILLINOIS**EXPERIENCED TOP
CHICAGO SW AREA**

Former Hellfire member. Present member of GMSMA. I'm in 40s, white and prefer my bottoms/slaves younger and into everything, which would include an excellent cocksucker, WS, fisting, TT, CBT, electricity, bondage and whipping. Safe sex first. Have complete dungeon. Send photo, letter and phone to Big Ed, Box 5651LF.

ASS EATING BOTTOM

Pig bottom seeks Top or bottom with hot asshole. Into all kinds of kink and raunch, W/S, hot wax, tit work, spit, snot, armpits, piercing. I am HIV neg W/M 30s, 5'10", bearded. Need to eat your ass. Call (312) 477-0763. (LF5898)

HORSE WANTED

6'1½", 205 lbs., 59-yr. engineer, master, wants any age, 220 lbs.+ BB or muscular, heavy-set slave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts; mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. (LF5901)

CHICAGO MASTER

Level-headed white daddy, 48, 6'3", 190 lbs., with well-equipped dungeon/playroom, wants bottoms/slaves for humiliation, discipline, S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings, JO, etc. Can fulfill your desires. Novices accepted. Limits respected. Like to teach teachers, humiliate jocks. Asians & Latinos welcome. Bring your jock, let's play. Box 6101LF

YOUNG GUY IN LONGJOHNS

Looking for young guys into union suits, longjohns and underwear. 38, GWM into most underwear/uniform scenes. Safe scenes including J/O, French A/P with lots of underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 606 W. Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

MY HARD BELONGS TO DADDY

I have a good job and a great lifestyle but need a furry bearded daddy to make it complete. Your son is 32, 6', 230, smooth. Like leather, bondage, and making my dad feel good. Looks aren't as important as a loving but firm attitude. Please, Dad, don't keep your son waiting. Box 6221

TYRANTS!

Ambitious novice, 27, yuppie, trim, fit, masculine, rebellious seeks aggressive captor to besiege, bind, and ravish me unmercifully. PO Box 5863, Chicago, IL 60680-5863.

22 STRAIGHT WM SUBMISSIVE

5'9", 145 lbs., seeks good-looking young master to make me submit. Fantasies: dog training, cross dressing, humiliation, bondage, forced sex, group activities with cute young slaves, discipline—no pain. Box 6284

HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC, 39/40, into exploring leather world seeks to meet compatible COUPLES to share our playroom (fucking, sucking, 69). ONLY into watching, being watched (NO contact). Interests—Jocks, Leather/Levi, Uniforms, Dad/Son couples. Hairy a plus. NO kinky, far out or heavy scenes. Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, IL 60641. LF6053

INDIANA**LET ME HELP**

Discreet WM, 25, 5'8", bearded, professional is interested in meeting inexperienced boys of all ages. This caring disciplinarian wants to correct your bad habits. We all have limitations. I'll respect yours. Any photo, phone appreciated, but not necessary. All answered. Write! You know you should. Box 6152LF

IOWA**YOUNG BB NEEDS FUCKBUDDY**

22, 6'1", 210, wants hot masculine men (top or bottom) 21-40 for safe but serious play. Interests: bondage, shaving, CBT, SM, spanking, massage, and ??? Special turn-ons (not required): uncut, hairy, tattooed. Long-term relationship possible with right guy. Can travel. Photo and detailed letter to Box 6071LF

NOVICE SEEKS TRAINING

Sir? This bottom needs you, a HOT muscular TOP, to expand my limits and whip me back into proper physical shape for your use. This bottom is a white male, 29, 6'2", 248 lbs., and will try anything except piercings, scat, head shaving, or permanent damage. Box 6262LF

KANSAS**MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE**

Dominant Master/daddy, 36, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

KENTUCKY**SUBMISSIVE SLAVE**

27 yrs. old, 6'2", 185 lbs., 7", ex-Navy. Into bondage, being gang raped, suck cock, public/private humiliation. (Would like to relocate in California.) Send photo and my orders. Kevin Marks, PO Box 14814, Louisville, KY 40214. (LF5756)

LOUISIANA**MOTORCYCLE COP**

New Orleans WM, 32, 6', 165, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, harnesses, jeans, jackets, caps, belts. Prefer to be bottom, but am versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a H.D. by days, and I ride Yamaha V-Max at night in leather. Also have a Suzuki GSX-R1000 and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and police gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504) 282-0729. PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't to leather, call someone else.

MARDI GRAS TOILET

Attractive, 160, 6', 38 toilet wants safe master to take me to bars and parties and force me to recycle your beer drinking friends. All fantasies lived. Photo gets immediate response. Box 6190

MARYLAND**ON-CALL SLAVE & SHAVING SERVICE**

Wanted, GWM slave 18-40 to be on call. Into shaving, TT, CBT, B/D. Must have transportation. Send photo, limits & telephone. Most limits respected. No drinkers or drugs. Also tired of shaving your slave or do you want a shave? Write: reasonable prices. Address, letter to Sir. I am 174, 6'3. Box 6153LF

ROAD SIDE DICK PIG

ME: 26, 5'10", 160, red head w/freckles; too pretty for own good; bottom. YOU: 30-45, slim, muscular, bald a +; Top. Into: Gr/p, Fr a/p, W/S, FF, V/A, Leather, enemas, dildoes, 3-way, photos; anything considered. Phone & photo, please. Box 6243

MASSACHUSETTS**TOTAL SLAVE AVAILABLE**

30-year-old GWM available to healthy masters for forced feeding with bondage, smearing, urinal service. Need to be humiliated and forced to eat my own. Box 6147

SMALL MASCULINE MAN

Into heavy physical abuse and bondage wanted by masculine, hairy, hung, sadistic 40-y.o. into C/BT, body punching, whipping. You be trim, in shape, and able to endure punishment along with affection. Box 5986LF

LEATHER BIKER

Bearded, full-leather Harley rider, also intelligent professional, wants buddy for friendship, riding, conversation and good hard safe sex. Am WM, 38, 5'10". Box 6098LF

TRAINING NEEDED

GWM, 50, 6'1", 195, mature and sane, mostly bottom. Interested to meet or correspond with mostly/totally Top men. Have experience, but need to learn or be trained. Open to suggestions, ownership to work towards, as well as open to experimentation. Seek honesty. Replies to PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146. (LF6140)

NOVICE SLAVE

33, 5'6, 130 seeks proper intro to bondage, discipline, servitude. Boston-Providence area. Box 6211

SPANKING HAZING DISCIPLINE
for bad boys. Tell me what you've done wrong. This 32-year-old hunk's hand and mind awaits to administer proper punishment. Box 6185

CROSSROADS...

Where Leathermen Meet.

By placing an ad in this section, a bar or other business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen.

By accepting the ad, *Drummer* is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather/SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars; in other

CROSSROADS WHERE LEATHERMEN MEET



areas, they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen go to socialize.

Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too. -Fiedermaus



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**DAD SEEKS SON MASTER**

for 48-year-old slave, 6'1", 190 lbs., white. Seeks son Master for exploration via mental and physical abuse and control. PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146.

MILITARY EXECUTION

or prisoner soldier fantasies explored and photographed by GI Joe with a thing for boots, uniforms and heroes. Strictly private. PO Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187.

FUCK BUDDY WANTED

Bi WM 29, 5'9, 175, stocky, Greek passive. Like denim & poppers. PO Box 1369, Brockton, MA 02403.

MICHIGAN**HOT MASTER**

has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050. (LF5686)

BUTCH BOTTOM

seeks dominant leatherman into bikes, it. B/D, Gr/a/c, size L, uncut a plus, blk or wht, mustache, good shape and intelligent. Me: 40, tattooed, self-sufficient, self-contained, dark Irish looks, friendly and experienced. Looking for the real thing—no bullshit. Let's do. Box 5905

MINNESOTA**DEMANDING MASTER**

Seeks total devotion. Expect disciplined life-style, gardens, torture, motorcycle, complete obedience to my way. Become partnered to highly alternative priest. Magick, metaphysics, spiritual training. Must take joy in hard labor, believe in criticism/control as Master's right. Give me permanent total control for ownership beyond this life. Box 6060LF

HOT HUNGRY BOTTOM

Can you top this handsome, healthy, 34-year-old WM? I'm 6'3", 185 lbs., with all-American-boy good looks. If you have virile good looks and are intelligent and secure, as I am, experienced in FF and using toys, then my greased hole won't disappoint you. Safe sex only! J.R., 5005 Bryant Ave. S. #188, Minneapolis, MN 55419

BONDAGE MASTER

Do you need to be tied, gagged and tortured by an experienced but sane bearded 34-year-old Master? Then send me a letter, including a picture and phone number. Permanent live-in position possible for right boy. PO Box 22602, Minneapolis, MN 55422 (LF6093)

BOUND AND GAGGED

48, 5'9", 175 lbs., loves bondage and older men, 50-65, safe sex, bottom but will reciprocate, answer all, photo appreciated. Like bandana gags, necktie bondage, lipstick humiliation a turn-on. Box 6261

MISSOURI**SLAVE/HOUSEBOY/SON**

White professional man, 40, white, 6', 175 lbs., seeking small and boyish slave/houseboy/son, any race. Desire lifetime relationship. Sexual desires and limits discussed/respected/expanded. Must relocate and be subservient. Send revealing photo(s), application, address, phone. Will answer all. Box 5751LF

HUMILIATE & ABUSE

this slim WM, 52, who is ready to submit, worship, service hot horny studs who are foulmouthed, demanding, lean and lewd. Box 6214

SLAVE TRAINEE AVAILABLE

Inexperienced St. Louis Greek passive needs young attractive arrogant jock to serve, worship and submit mind and body to for training, bondage and discipline, verbal abuse, spanking and fulfillment of Master's fantasies. Would-be slave is 28-year-old white professional who is 5'11", 170 lbs. with brown hair. Box 5908

NEVADA**UNCUT SLAVE**

34, tall, slim. Need Master any race. Need dirty feet, toys, humiliation, etc. Safe ongoing training needed to expand. Some training but not expert. Will try. Sir. 290 E. Plumb Lane, #114, Reno, NV 89502.

NEW HAMPSHIRE**BUDDY TO BUDDY MANSEX**

WM law student, 35, 6'2", 210, beard, moustache, hairy chest, from Alaska, seeks hairy, uncut 27-45 man for permanent (move to Alaska) or temporary relationship. Man to man sex—sweaty crotches, skin, pits, tits, butts, poppers, imagination, rough and loving. No whipping, scat. Travel New England. (603) 225-4577. (LF5818)

WHITE MOUNTAINS

Leatherman, GWM, 42, 5'11", 170, bearded, seeks buddies into full leather, Levis, boots, tattoos, piercings, Harleys, S&M, TT, CBT, hard safe sex. Letter and photo to Box 6252LF

NEW JERSEY**NOVICE**

Good-looking, 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes—slave/son in Ny metropolitan area—into bondage, fucking, hot wax, sweaty jockstraps, handcuffs, safe sex—needs dominant, beefy Italian type to 50 yrs. No drugs/alcohol. All replies answered, Sir! Box 5685

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONE CALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

COCKSLAVE BONDAGE TRAINEE

Seeks 18+ Menudo type boy/man, slender, hairless body with thick cock to transform this GWM of 41, 5'6", 145 lbs., drug/virus free non-smoker into cock worshipping slave. Pierced nipples/cockhead. Interests include cock modification/piercings, cock control/chastity devices, urethral stretching, ass play, leather/latex bondage, exhibitionism/humiliation. Box 6216LF

TATTOOED DIRTY BIKER

Blackwood. Heavy tattooed biker seeks other bikers (local area only) who live in and worship dirty engineer boots, filthy torn levis or full leather and enjoy riding together followed by a prolonged J/O session where we exchange each other's piss and cum on our levis and boots. Local bikers only. PO Box 284, Blackwood, NJ 08012. Send letter & photo for reply. (LF6229)

LEATHER FETISH

Looking for someone with leather fetish. S&M not necessary. Love of leather a must. I'm 55, 6'1", beer gut. Jersey City. Box 6258

LIVE-IN

GWM 18-30 son into heavy C&BT, TT, whipping and long-term bondage, desired by GWM dad into same. You will live days on Soloflex machine and in my well-equipped playroom. I'm into creative scenes. Leave your age, height, weight, heaviest scenes and best time to return call. CJ — (201) 874-6909. I-78 and I-287S. (LF5982)

BOUND/GAGGED/HELPLESS

Muscular, white, 31, 6', 170, wants bottom with moustache to bind, gag, and blindfold, 501s a must; leather optional. JO, safe sex, or no sex. Longer scenes preferred. Send photo/phone to Box 6263

WANTED: SLAVEBOY

Daddy, 31, 6', 190 wants a slave boy. Applications are now being accepted from those 25 or under, novice preferred. You will be kept naked at all times except for your collar and will experience CBT, TT, bondage, hot wax, hard spankings, humiliation, shaving, enemas, safe sex as well as cooking and housework. Possible permanent live-in situation. Your application should include a detailed letter outlining your experiences and expectations. Morris County area. Photo/phone answered first. Box 6240

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725, after 8 PM (LF4769)

NEW YORK**SHIT BUDDY WANTED**

GWM, 35, 6', 150 lbs., blond, smooth wants regular mutual scenes with man under 40. Horny for hot, dirty action! Write PO Box 987, Grand Central Station, NY, NY 10163.

WRESTLING

Take on a Brooklyn bruiser. Man-to-man action. Call (718) 492-0940

MY MOUTH, YOUR TOILET

Need shit, piss, puke, snot dumped in my mouth, face. Need to be fucked simultaneously. Groups only (2 or more plus me). Am 38, 150, handsome. Call (212) 691-6474 between 7-10 PM

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

Trim, 6'1", 51, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF

NAKED BOTTOM

Exhibitionist, WM, 37, 6', 180, needs top to keep me naked, display me, have me perform for you, friends, parties. Into bondage, TT, CBT, shaving, leather, W/S, aroma, toys. Indoors or outdoors. Let's hear your ideas and make them happen. Just keep me bare-ass and exposed. Live upstate. Box 5696LF

SHIT BUDDY WANTED

GWM, 35, 6', 150 lbs., blond, smooth wants regular mutual scenes with man under 40. Horny for hot, dirty action! Write PO Box 987, Grand Central Station, NY, NY 10163.

WESTERN NEW YORK

pig slave, white, 36 yrs. old, 6', 165 lbs., full beard and 'stach, seeks hot master and/or lover to expand my limits for fun and games on a regular basis. Safe, sane sex aware. I'm into leather and rubber gear, uniforms, verbal abuse, bondage, boot service, watersports, S&M etc. Sir, I need tied up, lick on Your boots, suck on Your used scum bag, and have You use my pig slave holes to please Your needs. Regular phone buddy also. Box 5656LF

PISS & RIM SLAVE AVAILABLE

to serve hot topmen, daddies & masters. Clean-cut, blond, trim, 35 yr. old pig will give your crotch & ass the attention it deserves. Sir! Write to: Frank, PO Box 1394, Ansonia Station, NYC, NY 10023. Photo/phone if possible. (LF5695)

SON SLAVE SLIM SMOOTH

Body to 25, boyish looking, must be prepared to surrender your mind, will & body entirely ready to be trained into total complete slavery by your actt hung Daddy Master. Send full-length revealing photo phone letter of worthiness to serve to Master Don, PO Box 243, S.I., NY 10306, or call (718) 979-0328. Must be ready to relocate. (LF5674)

BONDAGE

31, 175, 6'2", very handsome, brn/brn. Desires dominant bodybuilders and leathermen to show this submissive bottom the ropes. Into muscles, BD, SM, TT, CBT, hoods, hot wax, gags, toys, smoke, aroma, condoms and SAFE SEX. Torture me, I'll worship you and let's cum together. Photo/phone/letter to Box 5670LF

RAUNCHY SEX PARTIES

OK, so we have to be careful, but there must be L.I. studs to get together in couples or groups for smoke, beer, poppers, tit work, J/O, mutual dildoes, videos and games. We can still drink our own piss. Send photo to this 6'1", 160 lbs., blond, 7", handsome stud for fast reply. Let's party! Box 5749LF

TALL BIG-FOOTED BOTTOMS

Do you want to act out sweaty locker room scenes, frat hazing, brothers, and other exciting head trips with a hot WM, 31, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Frank between 8 PM-12 Mid. at (212) 675-7352 to meet (no phone J/O) in NYC for regular explosive action. Tall tops welcome too. (LF5769)

BIG BUTCH BOTTOM

seeks an experienced Top, a man who knows what he wants. I don't look like the obedient type. I'm 6'2", 250 lbs., good-looking, blue eyes, light brown hair; into toys; tits, balls, assplay. You tell me what I can do for you. Mike Martin, c/o 400 W. 43, #14P, NY, NY 10036. (LF5777)

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190 seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V/A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF, W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF.

MAKE ME WANT IT

WM, mid-30s, NYC area bottom, new to scene—tall, lean, well-developed pecs, dark hair, moustache. Fantasies: leather, spankings, paddlings, slow tit torture, cock/ball torture. I need a patient MASTER to show me the ropes so I will no longer be a novice. PO Box 780, Horace Harding Sta., Flushing, NY 11362-9991. (LF5863)



TELECONTACTOR

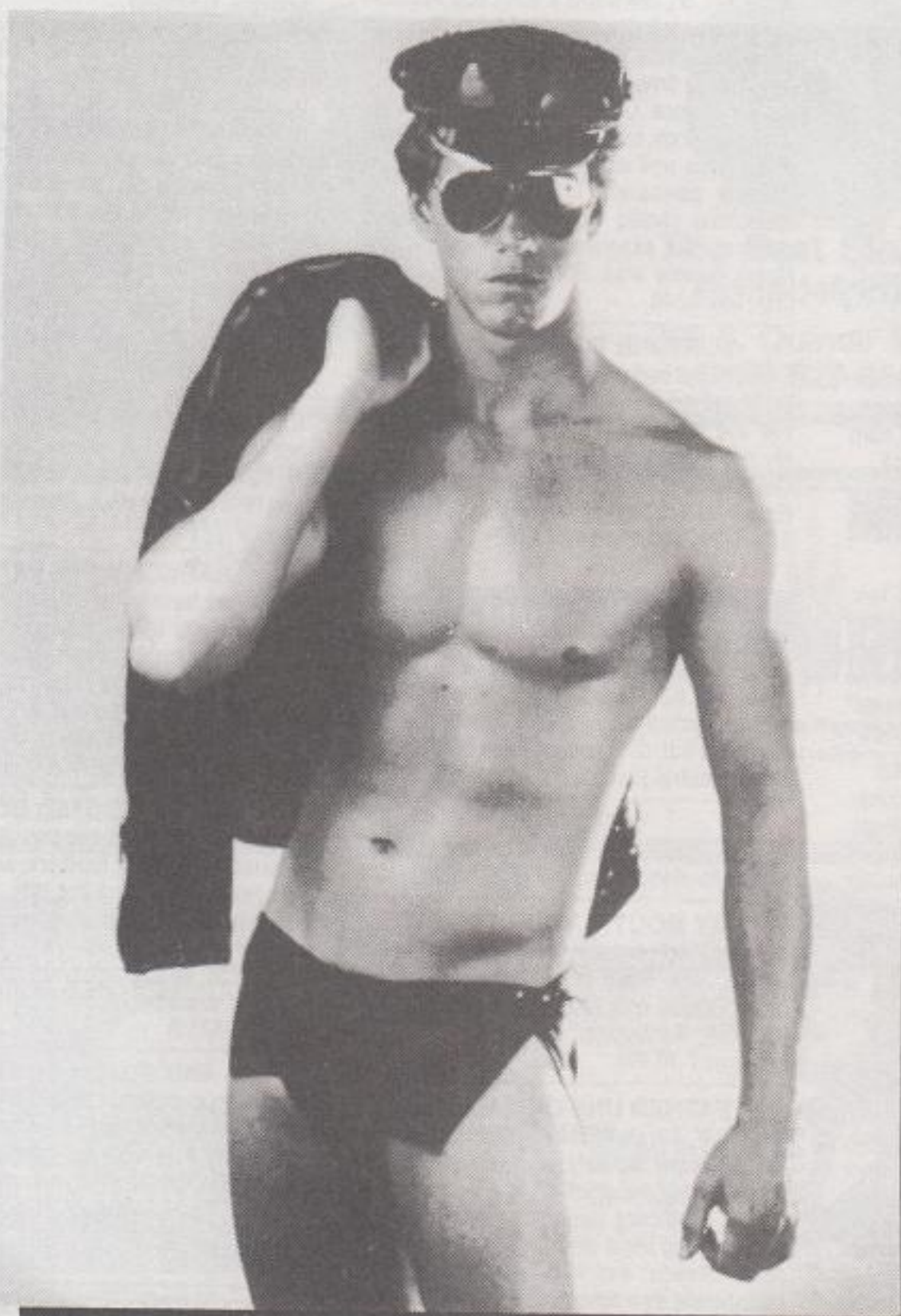
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What Could Be Safer?

(212) 953-3600

**COP SHITHOLE SUCKER**

Well-built, healthy 28 y.o. WM, 5'11", 165 lbs., European, uncut, wants to suck on your filthy shithole. Special attention given to COPS, construction workers and body builders with huge and beefy butts. I'm masculine, beer drinker and turned on by straight guys. I need a macho cop to plant his butt on my face and let me have a good taste of it. Please, officer, call or write. Box 6124. Tel. (718) 846-0845, Danny. Discretion assured.

23 Y.O. BONDAGE TOILET

Straight construction-biker for singles, groups. Serious only. Letter, photo, phone. Box 6087

ON-CALL BOTTOM NEEDED

Looking for bottom. Must be mature, prefer under 5'8". Time to spend at the gym (not looking for BB), at the Spike, J's and time to provide services when needed. I'm 45, 5'9", 180, very quiet, pensive and serious minded. Most limits respected. Box 6097LF

TUFF DAD SEEKS SADIST SON

I'm 6'1", 195, 51, beard, leather, good-looking, masculine. Seek trim to BB, aggressive, sane but quasi-sadistic for monogamous safe no bodyfluids exchanged. JO, TT, VA, BD, hugging, loving. No drugs, FF, WS. Be educated, successful, aggressive! Letter/photo/phone: Box 6118LF

OWN, USE, ABUSE & LOVE ME

Tall, healthy, SM/cooked 34 WM masochist offers life to gd-lkng hung, firm Master. No limits. Permanent ownership and control. Please my Master's every need as his naked, hairless, pierced, branded, toilet-trained, B&D'd, F/F'd, waxed, burned, prodded, cock-sucking, assfucked slave. No return. Box 6135LF

RAUNCH DUDE

31, 160, hot into mutual assplay and fun, W/S. Looking for smelly partner to enjoy. Getting into each other man to man. Box 6266

HOT YOUNG NYC DAD DRINKS

Handsome fag dad, 34, 6'1", 210, beard, hairy, yuppie executive offers support/worship/rim/suck as grateful, obedient property of clean, muscular, healthy, straight son who lets me jerk off while taking a long, slow leak down my throat. Sincere, no scat/Greek/SM/BD. Box 6224LF

TOUGH BODYBUILDER SON WANTED

by 6', 200-lb. muscular top dad. Son must need cock and ball torture, tit work and gut punching. Dad will develop weak spots and make his big boy a real contender. Live in and serve his dad's every need. Photo and phone a must. Smooth body wanted for this hairy he-man. Box 4717LF

FIRE ISLAND WEEKENDS

Private accommodation incl. separate well-equipped dungeon available for rental to SM couples weekends or longer periods at attractive beach front house. References required. Telephone for details: (516) 597-6484

JOCK SERVICE

Two guys would like to service bodybuilders and real jocks. After the workout, enjoy a cold beer and our hot tongue massage. Queens, Brooklyn, Bronx and L.I. only! Joe, (718) 762-2544.

DIRTY-MINDED PIGS WANTED

by SM Top, 30, Manhattan. Leather, rubber, boots, toys, Spandex, high times. Phone number to: Bud Hughes, Columbus Circle Station, PO Box 20406, NYC 10023.

LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need to be punched, kicked and stomped. Age/race unimportant, but where your head is, is all important. If you understand what this is all about, and need to be worked over, include your phone and photo. Other leathermen of same mind welcome to reply also. Box 4840LF

22 Y.O. CONSTRUCTION WORKER

5'9", 140, brown, blue, lean, tight, muscled, tattooed, beer drinking, healthy body. Seeks in-shape, over 6', mean top to serve mentally and physically. Have no limits, into it all. Hot letter, photo, phone. G.F., PO Box 30182, NYC, NY 10011-0102. (212) 228-1819.

CARETAKER

I need a live-in caretaker (slave) for beautiful estatelet, on LI, New York. You will garden, and do maintenance, and retire at night to your very own cottage, where other activities will be available. You will need to send proper photos, medical and sexual history, references and the reasons you want this position. Slave's salary will be paid. Apply Box 4255LF

YOU WANT A BIG STRONG MAN

to hold you, to envelope you, to caress and use your hot little body. I'm 6'2", 240 lbs., 34 years old and good looking with light brown hair and blue eyes. You're young and slim and, maybe, a little inexperienced. That's OK. I'm a patient teacher, safe and sensual. Jeff Martin, 400 W 43, #14P, New York, NY 10036. Photo, if you have one, gets same. (LF5777)

PHYSICAL TRAINING

GWM, 43, 6', 198 lbs., out of shape needs direction from in-shape Coach/Topman. Goal: overcome flab, develop trim, tight body for Coach/Topman's use and enjoyment in extensive sexual training. Coach is thoroughly Top, mature, dominant, extremely well hung, always horny. Awaiting instructions, Sir. Live upstate/travel. Box 5949LF

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Tall, dark-haired, educated white male, thirties, wants to hear from others who regard strict, no-nonsense discipline as a valuable and indispensable means to instill good behavior and correct errant ways. Have straps etc. for administering sound discipline, willing to take the same. Write detailed letter including experiences, photo. Box 6055LF

SHIT AND PISS

White, 5'7", 135 lbs., hairy ass, crotch, 7" cock, moustache, wants toilet bottom for regular ass eating, piss drinking sessions. I'm 52 and like experienced men who know what they want. Age not important as hunger and thirst. Box 6018

BAREHANDED SPANKINGS

GWM wants playful spankings from man (25-young 65). Accompanying safe sex optional. Uniform helpful but not necessary. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. My place/no parking problem. But write to: L.S.A., 132 W 24th St., NYC 10011.

TAKE A DUMP IN MY MOUTH

Hot blond asslicker needs heavy humiliation from filthy-minded Topmen. I'm 27, 5'10", beard, 150 lbs., good-looking pig. If possible, send photo/phone to: PO Box 468, Prince Street Station, New York, NY 10012.

ANIMALS

Leather Top into scene. Phone to: Bud Hughes, Columbus Circle Station, PO Box 20406, NYC 10023.

KINKY SLAVE EATS SHITS

(& serves you totally, too). GWM, 33, good-looking, seeks dom top for very kinky multifaceted relationship. We can have real fun getting into: instant rimming any place, anytime; regular scat meals, munching, & snacks; tongue toiletpaper service; head stuck-locked down bowl at ur whim; drinking toiletbow & tongue cleaning it on command; heavy/long-term bondage at your pleasure (leather, rope, steel, straitjacket); stockade and pillory; confinement & cages; boots & sneakers; being butt of endless practical jokes & frat-hazing; enforced chastity; uniforms & rubber; public humiliation; houseboy/servant role & lifestyle; doing dishes & washing & waxing floors; extreme respect & obedience training; paddling & punching; exhibition of & discipline on my black & blue marks; barking like a dog & braying loudly like a jackass; WS; publicly pissed pants & bladder control. I can be as submissive as you can be creative, kinky, & abusive. I have lots of toys & a filthy original mind, too. Monogamy has kept me healthy until now, & until the health crisis is over, it's necessary to be owned by one sadist or a small group, but that's no barrier to the unusual. I realize that some people were meant to "give shit," & some were meant to receive it, & I know for sure that I am one of the latter. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship. Am intelligent, mature, masculine, good company. Wish to find same in others. Box 349, 70A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011. (LF6290)

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

to train me to serve him. I am beginner but eager to learn. Photo if possible. Thank you, Sir. Box 6279

FAN OF FANTASIES

Seek NYC area men into any of the following: VA, SM, BD, LL, uniforms, role-playing, body worship, threesomes, French. I'm submissive, 32, 5'9", 165, clean-shaven, hairy and a nice guy. Sorry, no smokers, anal sex, rimming, drugs. Your age, race, appearance unimportant. Your intelligence, imagination, creativity vital. Box 6277

WANT RESULTS? ADVERTISE IN DEAR SIR**SLAVES SHOULD BE SHAVED!**

Experienced inventive, safe and sane Master demands session include shaving (at least) your worthless slave body and (preferably) your heads as well. Box 6276

SLAVEBOY: DADDY CALLS!

Live NYC, earn GWM leathermaster's care. Boyish 21+, inexperienced OK, transformed into perfect possession, given luxury, good home, travel, security, fulfillment in belonging to successful, sexy topman. Photo(s), phone number preferred. Box 6273

RAUNCH ANYONE?

WM, 28, 5'10, 150, masculine, wants to see your shit dumped, steaming piss and lick that smelly asshole. Also enjoy verbal abuse and dirty talk. Latins especially welcome. Let's hear your ideas. Phone/photo to Box 6267

LEATHER BUDDY

Hot 6', 175, 40, in-shape needs real man, 30-50, for imaginative scenes. Big guys, leather, muscles, hairy chests, beards, moustaches, uniforms, piercings are turn-ons. Heavy into nipples. Let's explore police, bikers, workouts, etc. Be men together, act safe and let our fantasies go. Box 6248LF

FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

Two hot guys—35 & 45—seek others for mutual ass play. Respond to LRI, Box 447, Huntington Station, NY 11746.

TOP SEEKS HOT BOTTOM

for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, athletic, top, masculine, sensitive, adventurous, into many scenes—especially spanking, (safe) Gr/A, assplay, B/D. You: any race, good body, serious about a commitment. Phone (a must), photo to Box 774, 263A W 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE

NY director/writer seeks non-actors for theatre production in May. Men living leather lifestyle needed to explore beauty and isolation of this community during the age of AIDS. Serious replies requested for serious project. Box 6163

UNIFORM HEADTRIPS AND . . .

Hot dude into cop and firemen macho gear. I'm 38, H'some, 6 ft, 185, manly. Guaranteed to blow your mind away. Into most trips. RAP to me about yours. Your fantasy or real life scene is probably mine. PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480-0421. Travel U.S. It's dick drippin' time, buddy.

BIG RED-HOT NIPPLES

on slender trim frame, 6', young fifties. Require abuse, bondage, pain, from titmaster. Other service given too. Any age, race, but young hairy dominants preferred. PO Box 81, NYC 10011.

MAN 35-55 WANTED

by sexy 38-year-old seeking long-term permanent relationship only—Trade-offs (212) RE-41856. Nick.

ULTIMATE

Pig shit bottom, 32, 160, 5'11", looking for the "ultimate" in satanic trips. Tell me where to be and when. If you're not dangerous, don't bother answering ad. Chemicals a +. 496A Hudson St., Suite F41, New York, NY 10014.

BODYBUILDER SEEKS VERY TALL

Are you 6'4" or taller? Dig muscle? Like some give-and-take S&M? Am 5'10", 192, 41, very muscular. Rick, 496A Hudson, #H24, New York, NY 10014.

PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

Cell Block 28. 28 9th Avenue, New York City, NY 10014. Downstairs Meets every Wednesday 8 PM-2 AM. Doors close 1 AM. Free soda bar & clothes check. BYOB. Admission \$6. Bring in this ad for a free membership. For more information, stop by or phone (212) 367-7484. Leave message on machine.

LEATHER BONDAGE SLAVE

seeks hot Master to expand limits and fantasies: leather/rubber gear, hoods, straitjackets, mummification, kidnapping/dungeon/hospital scenes, shaving, piercing, animal/slave training, exhibitionism and safe sex. No drugs. Slave: good-looking GWM, 45, 5'10" 179 lbs. Box 6289LF

POLICE OFFICER'S SHIT

Uncut, scorpio toilet stud wants to worship hard, smelly turds from big MACHO COPS, construction workers, gas station attendants. All bluecollar type workers welcome. I'm straight acting, well built, 28 y.o., 6', 170 lbs., blond hair, moustache, blue eyes. Like to get down on my knees to clean shitty straight butts, smell thick, hot manturds, drink piss from big uncut dicks. Looks and attitude important. Billy (718) 849-1270. J/O calls OK between 9PM and midnight. Box 6265

**SM REALITY**

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38, 5'10", 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my 3/4" protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5444

SADIST 42

seeks personal full-service toilet into pain, humiliation, abuse, exhibitionism for use as ashtray (cigar butts), asswipe, punch-kick bag. Masochist/slave will not be permitted to come while serving Sadist. Applicants shall strip, kneel and write groveling, humiliating letter. State qualifications, etc. Photo appreciated. Box 6287

VERSATILE AND HOT

Seeking experienced masters or slaves. Am 40 y.o., 160, 5'11", 7" cut, healthy, brown hair and moustache. Educated and professional. Respect same. Open to most scenes. Box 6259

NORTH CAROLINA**BI WM**

24, 5'11", 220, married BB seeks Master to fulfill secret desire for bondage, S&M & slave training. Military, muscles, and equipped dungeon a plus. Must be discreet. Fayetteville area. Box 6251

NORTH DAKOTA**WANT BOTTOM TRAINING**

Retired college science teacher who loves leather and boots wants safe-sex training as a bottom by someone knowledgeable, careful and caring. I'm ignorant but want to learn. Divide time between Eastern North Dakota and Florida panhandle. AIDS negative and in good physical shape. Correspondence welcome to trade ideas. Box 6156

OHIO**CIN/DAYTON AREA**

160 lbs., 6'1", 52-yr.-old, size 13 boot, heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat, heavy pain. Eves. until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks U.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Experience the trauma of the British school-boy. GWM 39, excellent shape. PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114.

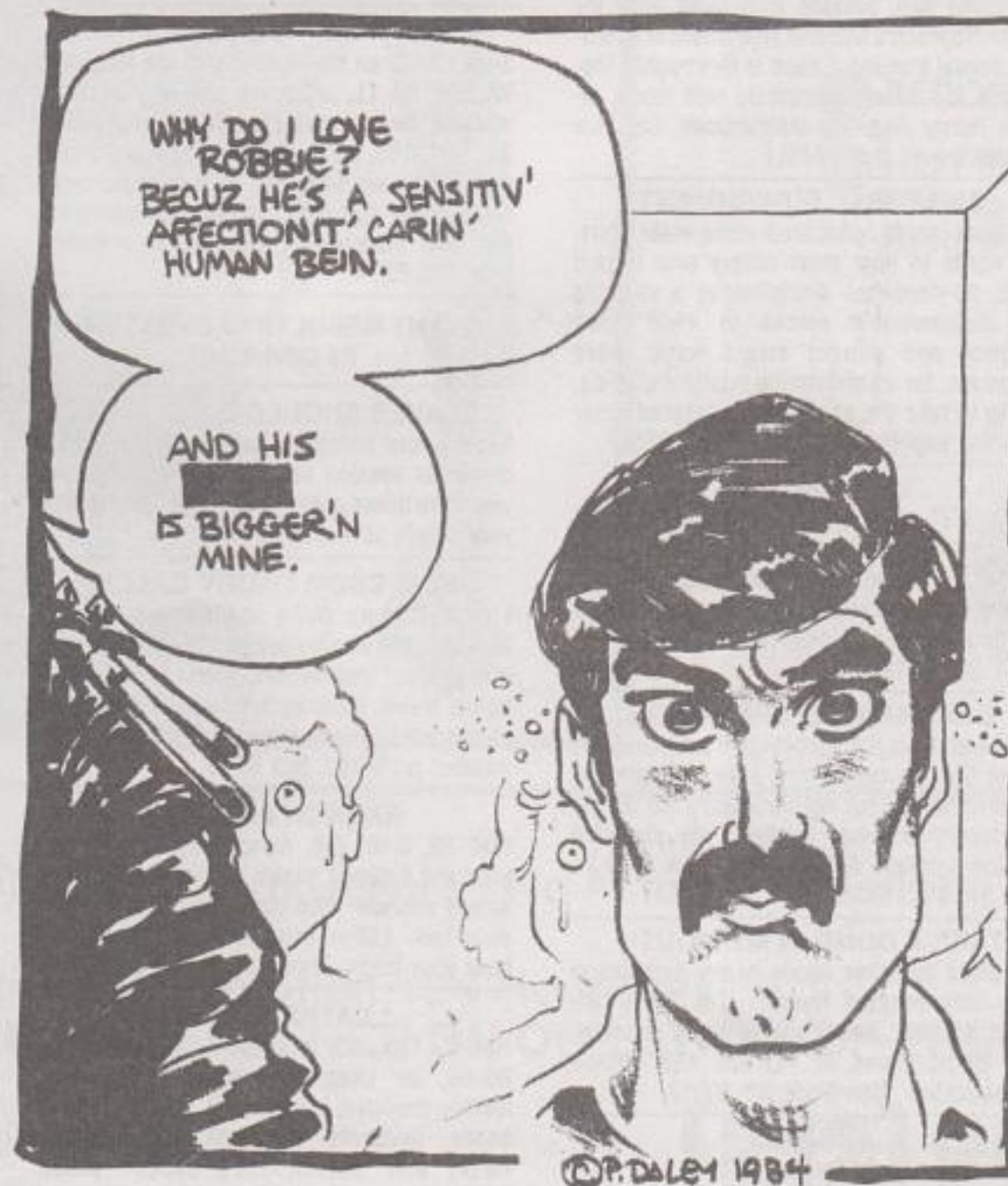
RAUNCHY UNDERGEAR

WM, 28, 160 lbs., former swimmer, looking for men into brief scenes. Heavy raunch desired. Love piss and shit stained underwear. Older, experienced men welcomed. Let's get together soon. Photos, letters and used underwear exchanged. Springfield/Dayton area. Box 6064

DADDY WANTS SON

Good-looking GWM, 43, 200 lbs., 6'3", beard, seeks obedient submissive son needing love and discipline administered by an affectionate, heavy-handed, masculine daddy. Daddy is hairy top looking for Gr/P. Son into B&D, CBT, TT, and shaving. Letter with photo to PO Box 970, Westerville, OH 43081. (LF6063)

ASSO ALWAYS SEEMS
TO WAX MOST ELOQUENT
IN RUSH HOUR ELEVATORS:

**OREGON****VERSATILE COCKSUCKER**

Athletic, slender, sex slave? 30ish wants AIDS-safe cocksman for regular raunch. PO Box 2556, Portland, OR 97209

PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

PENNSYLVANIA**BASIC TRAINING**

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill instructor. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Pennel, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

Slave, 29, 5'9", 155, hairy, moustache, seeks Daddy/Master into WS, Spit, Leather, Uniforms, Toys, BD, VA, SM, CBT/T, Smoke. Need man to dominate me and expand my limits/horizons. Moustache or beard a must. Photo, phone preferred. PO Box 53373, Philadelphia, PA 19105. (LF5655)

SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex; 38, 5'10", 44" ch, 32" w; seeking submissive, level-headed bottommen for play times in S&M, B&D, CBT, etc. No raunch—am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

TENNESSEE**NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE**

More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 41-yr.-old GWM Daddy gives you the final rubdown with hot oil and commands, "You passed, son. Cum." Send age, height, weight, and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless 6'4" 205-pounder at Box 5034LF.

TEXAS**DALLAS**

Hot, horny hole needs large tool, hands, toys. GWM, 32, seeks above. Nude photo gets response. Member Leather Fraternity. Box 5459LF

AUSTIN LEATHERMASTER

38, 6'2", 185, brown/blue, bearded, intelligent professional, monogamous, seeks ownership of inexperienced Austin slave, 30-40, professional, under 6', sexually uninhibited, masculine, trim. Smoker preferred. Photo, letter revealing your slave attitude and kind of MASTER you need to serve. Safe/Sane. Be one with ME. Box 6112LF

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6158LF

**DOMINATION + OWNERSHIP**

Obedient but cocky slave desires complete ownership by master seeking one man to own, dominate and train. Will give respect and loyalty you deserve. No limits for the master to whom I commit. Over six foot and bearded a plus; all answered respectfully. Texas based but could relocate. (713) 526-9557. Box 6205

BROWNNOSERS

Dallas-based Top of German descent, 32, 5'10", 145, br/gr, with oversize dick and dirty asshole travels frequently. I am looking for other young, good-looking men (like myself) who are into raunch or scat. In-shape brown-nosers contact Box 6223LF

READY TO SERVE

WM, 35, 5'8" seeks Master to serve. Interests include bootlicking, cock worship, C/B torture, dildoes, B&D, rubber, light S&M, TT, and toys. I am well-built, good-looking GWM. Write with photo, get same. Box 6227

LUBBOCK

Highly versatile and very horny WM, 34, 5'9", 165, 7½ cut, HIV-, into CBT, TT, leather, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. Muscled studs, cops, military are special turn-ons. Will consider many types of scenes with really hot men. Letter, photo & phone to Box 6269LF

VERMONT**HOT VERMONT BOTTOM**

42, brown and blue, 120 lbs., 5'6", needs Tops to train me. Into all except fistfucking. Turn-ons: uniforms, leather, jockstraps, humiliation, slapping ass, cock toys, cops, all law enforcement officers. Would also like to try W/S, T/T. Wayne D. Bannister, RD 2, Rt. 30, Box 2102, Middlebury, VT 05753. (802) 462-3173 (LF5750)

VIRGINIA**BB SLAVE**

Very attractive, successful, 31, 5'5", 140 lbs., 7", bubble butt, big chest/arms seeks master(s) or master with slave(s) to submit to mind control, SM, BD, toys, shaving, leather/levi, etc. needs. You: under 40, hung and in good shape. Willing to relocate. Travel. Photo. Phone. Mike, Box 6206LF

WASHINGTON**SEATTLE FF BOTTOM**

WM, 41, 6'4", 195, cut, moustache, brown hair. Have lover and looking for weekday activities. Some experience. Need to explore and expand limits. Hairy tops a plus. Box 6116LF

WISCONSIN**SUBMIT**

Submit to those desires inspired by your current reading and mail a letter of application. Degree of experience not as important as degree of willingness. Box 4876LF

CANADA**QUEBEC!**

Montreal. Are you coming soon? Do you need a good guide? Professional massage and possibly a place to stay. Don't miss this offer with a 36-year-old Quebecois. Adam, C.P. 442, Socc.C. Montreal, Quebec, H2L 4K3

**DR. SOUGHT**

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/beard, seeks "doctor" to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per ½-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

AUSTRALIA**SLAVE, HEAVY MASOCHIST**

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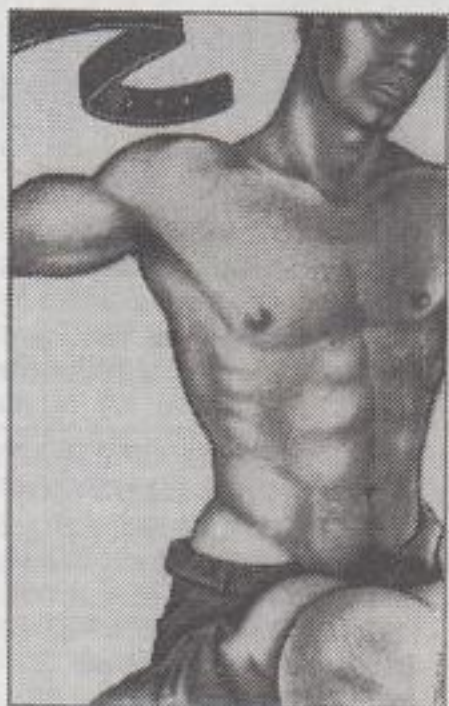
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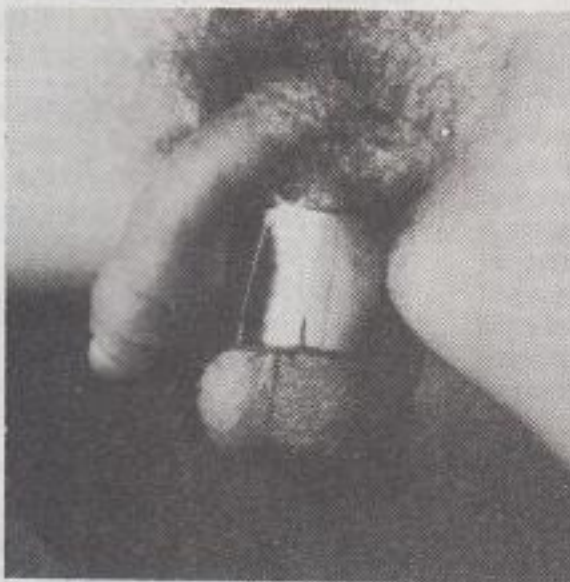
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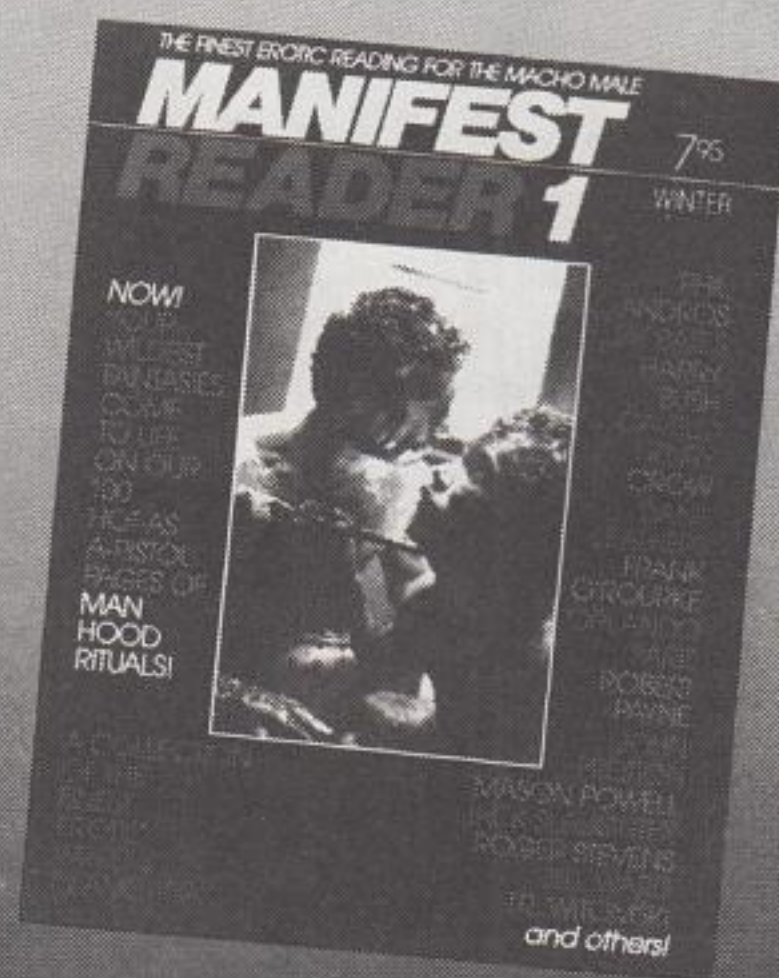


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THE FALCON GOD IS WATCHING

The following is taken from the December "Newsleather" of the Wasatch Leathermen MC, Salt Lake City:

Immediately following the end of Falcon Flight '87, we began negotiations on purchasing a four-unit property for use as a clubhouse and housing. The price was remarkably low for the great location, condition, and value—nice, older east-side residential area close to downtown SLC (sounds like a goddam real estate ad, doesn't it?). There were a few frustrating days while we waited for the financing to go through, but the Wasatch Leathermen prevailed and now own a five-room brick house with full basement, and, separately on the same lot, a triplex of excellent two- and three-bedroom apartments for rent to members only.

The clubhouse has a spacious kitchen, a large meeting room, a small meeting room, a full bath, and a room which we'll soon change into a bar. The basement has two bedrooms, a half bath, a shower room, and lots of space for our planned sauna, spa, workout room, and dungeon. The attached one-car garage will be remodeled soon for bike storage and repair.

We invite you, our S/M leather and motorcycle brothers, to enjoy our clubhouse with us. Anytime you happen to come to Salt Lake City, we have a convenient place for you to stay and play.



A feature of the first club party and overnigher of 1988, which will be held at the clubhouse beginning the night of January 2 and ending sometime the next day, will be a ceremony honoring the retiring officers and installing the new officers both elected and appointed. The party and ceremony will be open to Pledges, Associates and their guests. However, the ceremony requires that without exception, the participants and guests be naked except for boots, vests, ball stretchers, cockrings, piercings, and the like. You don't have any of the above? Then, STARK NAKED, MAN! STARK NAKED! After the ceremony, many of the participants and onlookers will undoubtedly retire to the basement where a sling, fuckhorse, bondage paraphernalia, and other delights will be waiting.

Ed. It's almost enough to make me want to move to Salt Lake City! I definitely want to visit. You guys interested in an action photo spread in Drummer?

—AFD

LEATHER-S/M CLUBS TO MEET

The S/M-Leather Contingent's participation in the National March for Lesbian and Gay Rights was an enormous success. More than a thousand women and men, representing scores of organizations and including hundreds of unaffiliated people, attended our conference on Saturday, October 10, at the Departmental Auditorium. And many times that number marched with us on Sunday, October 11, either in the organized S/M-Leather Contingent or in other contingents, wearing our "Safe-Sane-Consensual" T-shirts, or in leather.

Our participation helped make the March on Washington the tremendous achievement it was. And our collective organizing effort brought S/M-Leather organizations and our community together as never before. Now it's time to take the next step forward. The Saturday conference in DC resolved to call a planning conference to explore forming a national network of S/M-Leather organizations. Those present felt that the time was ripe to formalize the ties and communication between our organizations and to better establish an identity for the S/M-Leather Community.

That conference has been scheduled for Friday, February 12 through Sunday February 14 in Dallas, TX. Everyone interested is encouraged to attend and participate, whether you are currently affiliated with an organization or not. Groups, however, are encouraged to designate at least one official representative.

The Disciples of de Sade are organizing the conference and registration. The tentative agenda for the conference is: Friday night, registration and hospitality suite; Saturday morning, workshops; Saturday afternoon, plenary session; Saturday evening, party (Fetish & Fantasy); Sunday morning, implementation workshops; Sunday afternoon, final plenary meeting (until 6 p.m.). We hope to see you in Dallas.

—Jim Richards, Disciples of de Sade
Conference Coordinator

Ed. The outcome of this conference could greatly influence the way Leather-S/M clubs and Leather-S/M men and women in general interrelate for many years to come. The potential is great for us to improve communications within the various leather and S/M communities, and perhaps even more importantly, to develop a mechanism for improving the understanding of leather and/or S/M among those who currently fear and reject it. If you are a member of an existing leather or S/M organization, make sure someone is in Dallas representing your group. If possible, get there yourself.

—AFD

LIVING IN LEATHER III

The Seattle Chapter of the National Leather Association proudly announces that it will host the Living in Leather III Conference during the weekend of October 7-10, 1988, in Seattle. Chair of the Conference Committee is Jan Lyon, with Associate Chairs Wayne Gloege and Dean Dunlap. Workshops will be featured, with nationally significant members of the Gay and Lesbian leather community covering a variety of current concerns, political, social, and technical. The committee is planning an extensive vendor/exhibitor area, featuring leather/

OVERSEAS CLUB LISTINGS

Club names marked with an asterisk (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction, please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, hetero-, homo- and bi-sexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster—they may or may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather-Levi-motorcycle or social clubs; (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

If any club wishes to change its listing, please let us know. Send information or updates to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Notifications of incorrect addresses or defunct organizations, will be appreciated.

A.S.M.F. Paris
B.P. 463-03
F-75122 Paris Cedex 03
France

Bart, Inc.
Cheruskerring 47
D-4400 Hunster
West Germany

Black Angels Koln
c/o Ferdi Wetzels
Postfach 1503
D-5100 Aachen
West Germany

Club LL
Elandsgracht 29-31
1016TM Amsterdam
The Netherlands

**European Confederation of
Motorcycle Clubs (ECMC)**
Loge 70 (Schweiz)
PO Box 725
CH-8025 Zurich
Switzerland

FHK
c/o Postfach 3041
D-6140 Bensheim 3
West Germany

FLC (Frankfurt Leder Club)
c/o Hartmut Polaschek
Henderstrasse 21
D-6000 Frankfurt am Main 1
West Germany

Freundeskreis Hessen-Kurpfalz
c/o Postfach 3041
D-6140 Bensheim 3
West Germany

F.S.M.C. Marseille
c/o Jean-Pierre Fouque
37, Rue Mazargan
F-13001 Marseille
France

Gruppe Leder, S/M (GLSM)
Eichholz 56
PO Box 323448
D-2000 Hamburg 13
West Germany

***Iron Tigers MC**
c/o Bear
6 Hillview Ave., Rowville
Melbourne, 3179 Victoria
Australia

Leathermen Dusseldorf
c/o Alf Dahlwitz
Ratzingerstrasse 44
D-4000 Dusseldorf 1
West Germany

*LFRR

c/o Club Go In
Steeler Str. 183
4300 Essen 1
West Germany

MC Milano
c/o Aldo F. Prandina
Via Castelmorone 1/A
I-20129 Milano
Italy

MCF Leather, MC
PO Box 536
I-50100 Firenze
Italy

MFSK

Postfach 10 07 52
D-5000 Cologne
West Germany

MLC e.V.
Postfach 330 163
D-8000 Munchen 33
West Germany

MS Amsterdam
Postbus 3540
NL-1001 AH Amsterdam
The Netherlands

***MS Panther Koln E.V.**
Postfach 5163
D-4620 Castrop-Rauxel
West Germany

MS Rotterdam
Postbus 22184
NL-3003 DD Rotterdam
The Netherlands

M.S.C. (SW)
The Secretary
c/o 57 Park Road
St. Marychurch
GB-Torquay TQ1 4QS
England

MSC-Barcelona
A.P. Postal 9063
E-08080 Barcelona
Spain

MSC-Belgium
c/o Louis de Brauer
Rue du Lombard 15
B-1000 Bruxelles
Belgium

MSC-Berlin e.V.
Postfach 30 39 69
D-1000 Berlin 30
West Germany

MSC-East Mercia
c/o Leicester Place
24 Dryden Street
GB-Leicester
England

*MSC-Finland

PL 48
00531 Helsinki 53
Finland

MSC-Finland II
Hameenpuisto 41 A 47
Tampere
Finland

MSC-Hallamshire
PO Box 215
GB-Sheffield S1 1GD
England

MSC-Hamburg e.V.
Postfach 7683
D-2000 Hamburg 20
West Germany

MSC-Hannover e.V.
Postfach 4149
D-3000 Hannover 1
West Germany

MSC-Iceland
PO Box 5521
125 Reykjavik
Iceland

MSC-London
B.M. Box 8370
GB-London WC1N 3XX
England

MSC-Midland Link
36 Heathmere Ave.
Yardley
GB-Birmingham B25 8RQ
England

MSC-MSC
c/o Frank Charles
25 Kensington Road Chorlton
GB-Manchester M21 1GH
England

MSC-North East
c/o 16 Hindley Gardens
GB-Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE4 9LH
England

MSC-Pennine Chain
c/o Stuart Teale
14 St. John's Grove
Eastmore Road
GB-Wakefield WF1 3SA
England

***MSC-Rhein-Main-Frankfurt**
c/o Horst Puepke
Muehlheimer Str. 10
D-6000 Frankfurt/M 61
West Germany



latex craftsmen, tailors, and vendors whose products will be introduced in a major fashion apparel show. Also planned are several social events. Other Leather/SM organizations from around the country are being invited to participate. Special provisions are being made for disability and low-income access to the Conference.

The Conference will open Friday evening, October 7, with a meet-and-greet and registration for attenders. Saturday will feature a fashion/apparel luncheon. Workshops will occupy the bulk of Saturday and Sunday. Additional events are being considered for Monday, October 10.

The National Leather Association is a national political, social, and charitable organization of Gays and Lesbians of Leather. The Seattle Chapter of NLA is host group for this Conference, assisted by NLA/BC. NLA/Seattle has won recognition with its first two Living in Leather Conferences. We are looking forward to a large, professional, and interesting Conference in 1988.

More information on the National Leather Association and on the Conference may be secured by writing: NLA, PO Box 17463, Seattle, WA 98107.

—Jan Lyon, NLA/Seattle
Living in Leather III Chair



HOT ASH LIGHTS ONE

Hot Ash is almost a year old. Originally conceived as a social club for cigar-smoking men in New York City, popular demand for a correspondence branch has forced me to go international and I love it!

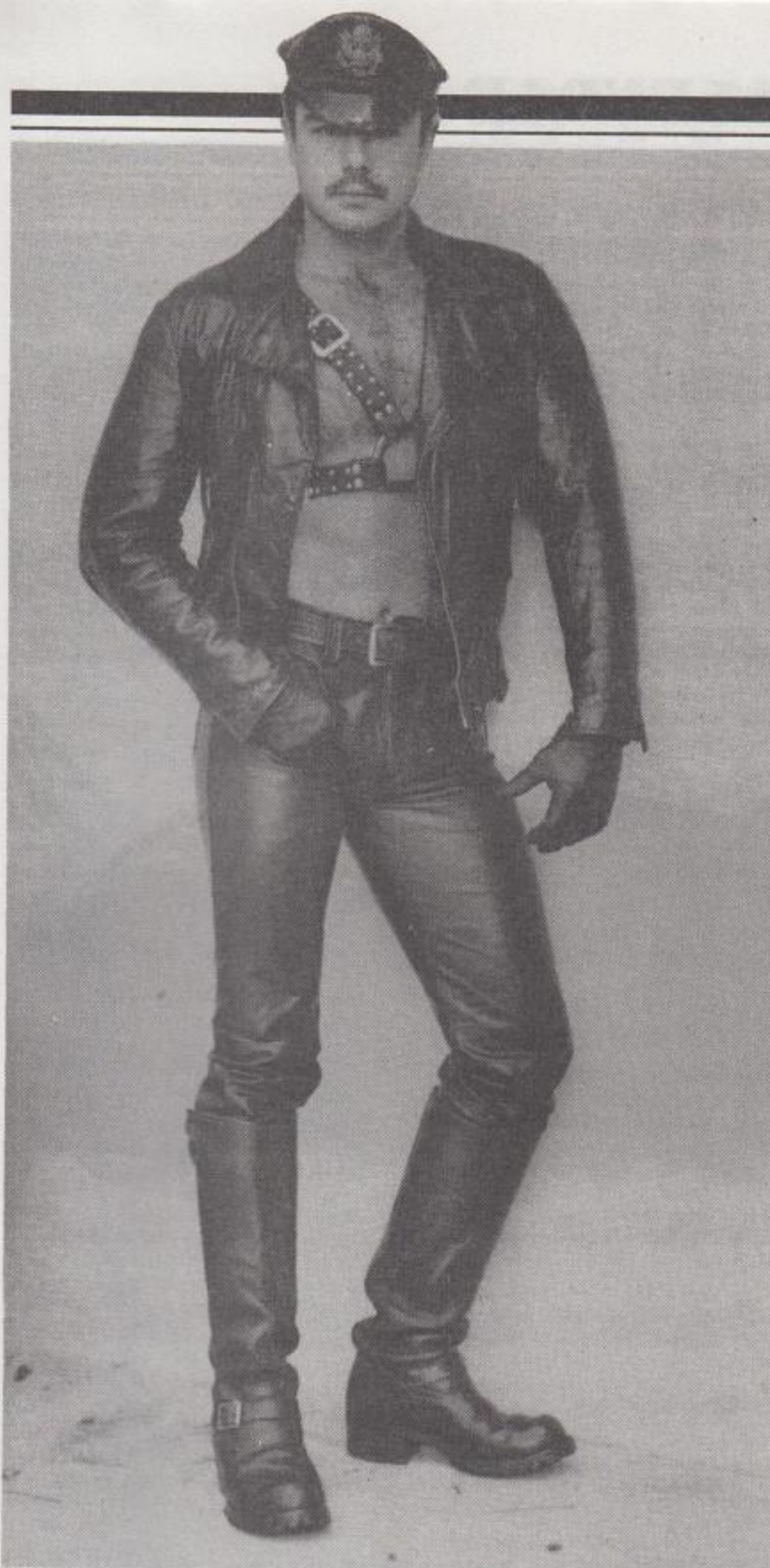
What has Hot Ash done? We've held three bar nights at the Spike, three at J's, and joined GMSMA and other leather groups in support of Gay Pride at the Saint. (One member of Hot Ash provided boot service!) What's up for the future? Parties, bar nights, smokeouts, field trips, a walking tour of Manhattan's hand-rolled cigar stores, baseball games and more. Cost? So far it's free, except for your own postage.

For info send self addressed stamped envelope to: HOT ASH, c/o AWS, PO Box 20147 London Terrace Sta., NYC, NY 10011.

—Tony Shenton
Hot Ash

MR. S DENVER CLOSSES

Alan Selby of Mr. S Leather, San Francisco, has sadly announced that Al Dashner, owner of the Mr. S Leather franchise in Denver, died on December 17 from complications due to AIDS. Al was an active club supporter in Denver and in Chicago before that. He was one of the judges at the 1987 International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago.



MR. SAN DIEGO LEATHER 1988

The BULC leather bar in San Diego recently held the Mr. San Diego Leather 1988 contest produced by Mark Holmes of Hard Labor Leather. This year's winner was Michael Pereyra, who is also the coverman and Mr. December and the Gauntlet II 1988 calendar.

ORIGINAL ART FROM SEAN

You've seen Sean's art often in the pages of *Drummer* and the publications of Larry Townsend. Now, for the first time ever, Sean is making some of the originals available to the general public. All are black-and-white, ink illustrations originally commissioned to depict scenes from stories by the world's leading S/M authors. Most of them are explicit in erotic/sexual content and male-to-male action. The originals are approximately 12X15" on 14X17" heavy art paper, and were reduced for earlier publication and in the 40-page catalog, now available for \$5. Also some areas of the art have been blackened out with a censorship dot *in the catalog only*; the originals are uncensored. These are one of a kind and will go fast. The \$5 catalog charge will be deducted from your first order. To get your catalog write: Sean the Artist, c/o 7627 W. Lexington Ave., West Hollywood, CA 90046.

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D-7800 Freiburg
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MSC-Suisse Romande
PO Box 3343
CH-1002 Lausanne
Switzerland

NLC Franken
Humboldtstrasse 136
D-8500 Nurnberg
West Germany

R.M.C.
BCM/RMC
GB-London WC1N 3XX
England

The Rurals, MC
Postbus 435
NL-6040 AK Roermond
The Netherlands

Scandinavian Leather Men-Arhus
A Men's Club
Postbox 370
DK-8100 Arhus C
Denmark

Scandinavian Leather Men-Kobenhavn
SLM-Kobenhavn
Schacksgade 9, kld. th
DK-1365 Kobenhavn K
Denmark

Scandinavian Leather Men-Norge
Box 4287
Oslo 4
Norway

Scandinavian Leather Men-Stockholm
SLM-Stockholm
Box 9239
102 73 Stockholm
Sweden

***SLC Stuttgart**
c/o Jurgen Mack
Postfach 13 12 16
7000 Stuttgart 13
West Germany

SM Dykes (W)
c/o SM Gays
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London WC1N 3XX
England

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***SMil (Mixed S/M)**
SorgenFrigade 8B 11th
2200 Copenhagen N.
Denmark

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B.M. Box snc
GB-London WC1N 3XX
England

South Pacific MC
Box 823 GPO
Sydney, N.S.W. 2001
Australia

SOW (W)
PO Box 236, Strawberry Hill
2012 N.S.W.
Australia

Spreadeagle
23K Rowley Way
Abbey Road
GB-London NW8 05Q
England

Tom's Club
Pihlajatie 26
Helsinki
Finland

North American Club Lists will appear again in the next issue.

LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your events listed here, send us the appropriate information well in advance.

FEBRUARY

- 9 •Meeting—Dreizehn; Boston.
- 10 •S/M in Cartoons & Animation—GMSMA; NYC.
- 11-16 •Carnival in Cologne; West Germany.
MS Panther's Costume Ball on 13th.
- 12 •Forbidden Fantasies Seminar—GMSMA; NYC.
•Black Leather Party—MSC Finland; Helsinki.
•5th Birthday Party—Manchester Superchain MSC; Manchester, England.
- 12-14 •**Conference of S/M-Leather Clubs, hosted by Disciples of de Sade; Dallas.**
•Black Frost Gypsy Caravan—Black Guard 11th Anniversary; Minneapolis, MN.
- 13 •Black Hearts Ball—National Leather Association; Seattle.
•Black Hearts Dungeon—Seattle Dungeon Guild; Seattle.
•Inferno Night—CHC; Chicago.
•Daddies/Daddies' Boys Seminar—GMSMA; NYC.
•Tossin' and Kissin' Night—East Mercia MSC; Leicester, England.
- 14 •Uniform Party—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
- 20 •Crisco Wrestling—Tribe MC; Tool Box, Toronto.
•Cullom House Party—M.A.F.I.A.; Chicago.
- 21 •Anniversary Party—The 15; San Francisco.
- 24 •Black & Blue Ball—GMSMA; Cell Block, NYC.
•Wrestling—GMSMA; NYC.
- 27 •Diablo Deviates Party; Concord, CA.
•Small Group Discussions (CoEd)—GMSMA; NYC.
- 28 •3rd Annual Washington State Mr. Leather Slave Auction; 8 p.m. at the Eastlake, Seattle.

MARCH

- 4-6 •Palm Springs Weekend—Illustrated Men.
- 5 •Toga Party—Tribe MC; Hooterville Sta, Toledo.
- 8 •M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.
- 9 •Permanent Piercing—GMSMA; NYC.
- 12 •How to Live with your Non-SM Lover Seminar—GMSMA; NYC.
- 14 •Psychology of S/M—SigMa; Washington, DC.
- 19 •Corporal Punishment Party—The 15; SF.
•Inferno Night—CHC; Chicago.
- 26 •International Ms Leather Contest; SF.
•Diablo Deviates Party; Concord, CA.

APRIL

- 1-4 •Ostertreffen—MSC Berlin; Berlin.
- 8-10 •Do a Fool XVII—Tribe MC; Detroit.
- 9 •Tattoo Bar Party—Illustrated Men; Orlando, FL.
•M.A.F.I.A. Party; Chicago.
- 11 •Artistic Bondage—SigMa; Washington, DC.
- 13 •Small Groups—GMSMA & LSM; NYC.
- 15 •Setting the Scene Seminar—GMSMA; NYC.
- 15-16 •Mr. Idaho Leather Contest—Lion Regiment; Boise.
- 16 •The Art of Discipline Seminar—GMSMA; NYC.
•Inferno Night—CHC; Chicago.
•West Coast School for Lower Education—The 15; SF.
- 24 •Shakedown Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
- 27 •Enemas—GMSMA; NYC.

MAY

- 8 •M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.
- 9 •Pain/Stress/Challenge/Pleasure—SigMa; Washington, DC.
- 12-15 •Maitreffen—SLC Stuttgart; Stuttgart.
- 13 •Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.
- 14 •Advanced Bondage Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.
- 15 •20th Annual Poker Run & BBQ—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
- 20-22 •Warehouse Party—MSC Belgium; Brussels.
- 20-23 •Zurich International—Loge 70; Zurich.
•10th Birthday Party—The London Blues; London.
- 21 •Whip & Flog Party—The 15; SF.
- 22 •Blacksmith Trip—GMSMA; NYC.
- 25 •Rubber—GMSMA; NYC.
- 27-29 •13th Anniversary—ASMF Paris; Paris.

JUNE

- 3-5 •Where Eagles Dare III—California Eagles MC.
- 11 •M.A.F.I.A. Party; Chicago.
- 18 •CBT Torture Party—The 15; SF.
- 19 •Leather Pride Night at the Saint—GMSMA; NYC.
- 22 •Tit Torture—GMSMA; NYC.

JULY

- 1 •Golden Fleece Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
- 8 •M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.
- 8-10 •Leather Connection—MSC Barcelona; Barcelona.
- International Cologne Leathermeeting, Panther on Tour—MS Panther Koln; Cologne.
- ECMC Bike Run—SNC London; London.
- 9 •Annual Picnic—GMSMA; Hauska House, Pocono Mts., PA.
- 16 •Bondage Party—The 15; SF.
- 29-31 •Kirmessparty—LN Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf.

AUGUST

- 5-7 •Finlandization 1988—MSC Finland; Helsinki.
- 12-14 •Europe's Leatherparty—MSC Hamburg; Hamburg.
- 13 •M.A.F.I.A. Party; Chicago.
- 20 •Torture Party—The 15; SF.
- 26-28 •Grill Party am Rhein—Black Angels Koln; Cologne.

SEPTEMBER

- 2-3 •M.A.F.I.A. 10th AMG; Chicago.
- 8 •M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.
- 16-18 •Kumpeltreffen—LFRR Essen; Essen.
- 17 •Spank, Belt, Strap & Paddle—The 15; SF.
- 23-26 •Oktoberfesttreffen—MLC Munchen; Munich.
- 25 •19th Annual Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.

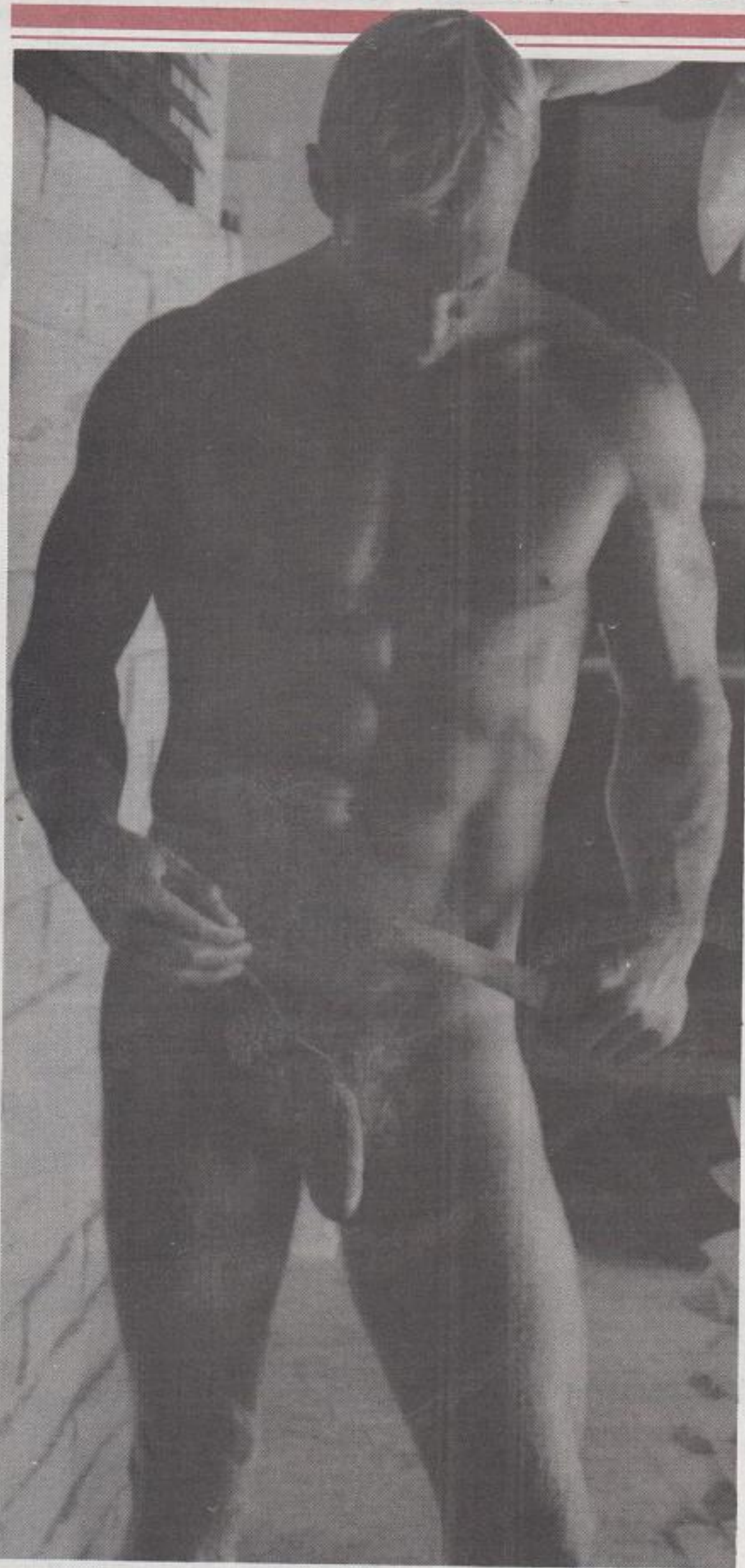
OCTOBER

- 7-10 •Living In Leather III—National Leather Association; Seattle.
- 14-16 •Birthday Event—MSC London; London.
- 15 •Mad Doctors Party—The 15; SF.

NOVEMBER

- 4-6 •Fox Hunt—The Rurals MC; Roermond, The Netherlands.

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



HERE IS DEFINITELY THE BEEF: This Southern California T.C. travels frequently and widely. He wants to hear from carnivores who are into intensely hot muscle sex and who know what real beef (tough, with the bone in) does to male sexual energy. If you think you can satisfy, or would want to try, then write to TC 1257.

THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN? CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?

Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your black and white photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) with your name and address printed on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name and we will assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos are not returnable.)



STILL WATERS RUN DEEP: Southern Texas WM, 6'5", 200 lbs., likes the outdoors, sports, country music and dancing, country living. He is a native Texan and proud of it. He is definitely a Top but still a novice at S/M—B&D. He is a hairy, uncut Daddy with a strong sex drive looking for a son. This tough customer wants to fuck your brains out if you are under 35, over 5'9", slim and masculine. If you are interested, write with your desires, expectations and a photo to TC 1261.



FREQUENT TRAVELER: This English Tough Customer is 30, 175 lbs., 6' tall, claims to be a slave with an 8" cock. He is looking for Top guys to break him into fisting. Currently enjoys toys, piss, bondage and having his ass well worked on by dominant men. He travels to the United States about 2 or 3 times a month. For those who like the European flavor in hot men, write to TC 1259.



NEEDS BUTT BEAT: This Washington, DC TC wants to be kept naked, photographed and exhibited to other studs. He is 35, 5'9", 140 lbs., has 6" of cut cock and bull balls. If you can get into showing him nude, shaving his body and soundly spanking his bottom, then you may be the man under 40 he is looking for. To capture his attention, send a letter of intent and a photo to TC 1258.

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC number on the back flap. Put this inside another envelope along with a quarter for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

WHEN BUCK'S SPASMING LIMBS QUIETED TO A TREMOR AND HIS HOARSE SCREAMS DIED TO A LOW, CONTINUOUS WHIMPER, NEW TORMENTS WERE DEVISED

IN PASSING



WH-WHA--WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' ?.. AIYAGHHH-H
OH CHRIST, IT'S GETTIN' HEAVIER... STOP... STOP... OH, OH, OH, ... MY NUTS MY POOR NUTS... OH GOD YOU'RE CASTRATING ME...

NAW... JUST A LITTLE "STRETCHING," NO PERMANENT DAMAGE. AFTER ALL, WE COULDN'T LEAVE YORE BOOT JUST HANGIN' THERE ALL EMPTY! HA-HA-HA-HA

THEY CUT THE HALF-CONSCIOUS SHEEP-HERDER DOWN FROM THE TREE AND THROW HIM OVER A SADDLE FOR A SLAM-BANG GRAND FINALE TO THE AFTERNOON'S STRENUOUS ACTIVITY....





MIKE MURRAY

MR. DRUMMER 1986

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Set DZ-102
Cop in Bondage

Set DZ-103
Leather Jock Bound and Disciplined

Set DZ-104
Leather Jock Bound and Gagged

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